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RODMAN THE KEEPER.

“KEEPER of what? Keeper of the dead. Well, it is easier to keep the dead than the living; and as for the gloom of the thing, the living among whom I have been lately were not a hilarious set.”

John Rodman sat in the door-way and looked out over his domain. The little cottage behind him was empty of life save himself alone. In one room the slender appointments provided by government for the keeper, who being still alive must sleep and eat, made the bareness doubly bare; in the other the desk and the great ledgers, the ink and pens, the register, the loud-ticking clock on the wall, and the flag folded on a shelf, were all for the kept, whose names, in hastily written, blotted rolls of manuscript, were waiting to be transcribed in the new red-bound ledgers in the keeper's best handwriting day by day, while the clock was to tell him the hour when the flag must rise over the mounds where reposed the bodies of fourteen thousand United States soldiers,—who had languished where once stood the prison-pens, on the opposite slopes now fair and peaceful in the sunset; who had fallen by the way in long marches to and fro under the burning sun; who had fought and died on the many battle-fields that reddened the beautiful State, stretching from the peaks of the marble mountains in the smoky west down to the sea-islands

of the ocean border. The last rim of the sun's red ball had sunk below the horizon line, and the western sky glowed with deep rose-color, which faded away above into pink, into the salmon-tint, into shades of that far-away heavenly emerald which the brush of the earthly artist can never reproduce, but which is found sometimes in the iridescent heart of the opal. The small town, a mile distant, stood turning its back on the cemetery; but the keeper could see the pleasant, rambling old mansions, each with its rose-garden and neglected outlying fields, the empty negro quarters falling into ruin, and everything just as it stood when on that April morning the first gun was fired on Sumter; apparently not a nail added, not a brushful of paint applied, not a fallen brick replaced, or latch or lock repaired. The keeper had noted these things as he strolled through the town, but not with surprise; for he had seen the South in its first estate, when, fresh, strong, and fired with enthusiasm, he too had marched away from his village home with the colors flying above and the girls waving their handkerchiefs behind, as the regiment, a thousand strong, filed down the dusty road. That regiment, a weak, scarred two hundred, came back a year later with lagging step and colors tattered and scorched, and the girls could not wave their handkerchiefs, wet and

sodden with tears. But the keeper, his wound healed, had gone again; and he had seen with his New England eyes the magnificence and the carelessness of the South, her splendor and negligence, her wealth and thriftlessness, as through Virginia and the fair Carolinas, across Georgia and into sunny Florida, he had marched month by month, first a lieutenant, then captain, and finally major and colonel, as death mowed down those above him, and he and his good conduct were left; everywhere magnificence went hand in hand with neglect, and he had said so as chance now and then threw a conversation in his path.

"We have no such shiftless ways," he would remark, after he had furtively supplied his prisoner with hard-tack and coffee.

"And no such grand ones either," Johnny Reb would reply, if he was a man of spirit; and generally he was.

The Yankee, forced to acknowledge the truth of this statement, qualified it by observing that he would rather have more thrift with a little less grandeur; whereupon the other answered that *he* would not; and there the conversation rested. So now ex-Colonel Rodman, keeper of the national cemetery, viewed the little town in its second estate with philosophic eyes. He no longer felt warming within him his early temptations to put in the missing nail or pick up the rusting axe; "for, if they did these things in a green tree, what will they do in a dry?" he thought. "It is part of a great problem now working itself out; I am not here to tend the living, but the dead."

Whereupon, as he walked among the long mounds, a voice seemed to rise from the still ranks below: "While ye have time, do good to men," it said. "Behold, we are beyond your care." But the keeper did not heed.

This still evening in early February he looked out over the level waste. The little town stood in the lowlands; there were no hills from whence cometh help, — calm heights that lift the soul above earth and its cares; no river to lead the aspirations of the children outward to-

wards the great sea. Everything was monotonous, and the only spirit that rose above the waste was a bitterness for the gained and sorrow for the lost cause. The keeper was the only man whose presence personated the former in their sight, and upon him therefore, as representative, the bitterness fell, not in words, but in averted looks, in sudden silences when he approached, in withdrawals and avoidance, until he lived and moved in a vacuum; wherever he went there was presently no one save himself; the very shop-keeper who sold him sugar seemed turned into a man of wood, and took his money reluctantly, although the shilling gained stood perhaps for that day's family dinner. So Rodman withdrew himself, and came and went among them no more; the broad acres of his domain gave him as much exercise as his shattered ankle could bear; he ordered his few supplies by the quantity, and began the life of a solitary, his island marked out by the massive granite wall with which the United States government has carefully surrounded those sad Southern cemeteries of hers; sad, not so much from the number of the mounds representing youth and strength cut off in their bloom, for that is but the fortune of war, as for the complete isolation which marks them. "Strangers in a strange land" is the thought of all who, coming and going to and from Florida, turn aside here and there to stand for a moment among the closely ranged graves which seem already a part of the past, that near past which in our rushing American life is even now so far away. The government work was completed before the keeper came; the lines of the trenches were defined by low granite copings, and the comparatively few single mounds were headed by trim little white boards bearing generally the word "unknown," but here and there a name and an age, in most cases a boy from some far-away Northern State; "twenty-one," "twenty-two," said the inscriptions; the dates were those dark years among the sixties, measured now more than by anything else in the number of maidens widowed in heart, and women

widowed indeed, who sit still and remember, while the world rushes by. At sunrise the keeper ran up the stars and stripes, and so precise were his ideas of the accessories belonging to the place that from his own small store of money he had taken enough, by stinting himself, to buy a second flag for stormy weather, so that, rain or not, the colors should float over the dead. This was not patriotism so-called, or rather mis-called, it was not sentimental fancy, it was not zeal or triumph; it was simply a sense of the fitness of things, a conscientiousness which had in it nothing of religion, unless indeed a man's endeavor to live up to his own ideal of his duty be a religion. The same feeling led the keeper to spend hours in copying the rolls. "John Andrew Warren, Company G, Eighth New Hampshire Infantry," he repeated, as he slowly wrote the name, giving "John Andrew" clear, bold capitals and a lettering impossible to mistake; "died August 15, 1863, aged twenty-two years. He came from the prison-pen yonder, and lies somewhere in those trenches, I suppose. Now then, John Andrew, don't fancy I am sorrowing for you; no doubt you are better off than I am at this very moment. But none the less, John Andrew, shall pen, ink, and hand do their duty to you. For that I am here."

Infinite pains and labor went into these records of the dead; one hair's-breadth error, and the whole page was replaced by a new one. The same spirit kept the grass carefully away from the low coping of the trenches, kept the graveled paths smooth and the mounds green, and the bare little cottage neat as a man-of-war; when the keeper cooked his dinner, the door towards the east, where the dead lay, was scrupulously closed, nor was it opened until everything was in perfect order again. At sunset the flag was lowered, and then it was the keeper's habit to walk slowly up and down the path until the shadows veiled the mounds on each side, and there was nothing save the peaceful green of earth. "So time will efface our little lives and sorrows," he mused, "and

we shall be as nothing in the indistinguishable past." Yet none the less did he fulfill the duties of every day and hour with exactness. "At least they shall not say that I was lacking," he murmured to himself as he thought vaguely of the future beyond these graves. Who "they" were, it would have troubled him to formulate, since he was one of the many sons whom New England in this generation sends forth with a belief composed entirely of negatives. As the season advanced, he worked all day in the sunshine. "My garden looks well," he said. "I like this cemetery because it is the original resting-place of the dead who lie beneath. They were not brought here from distant places, gathered up by contract, numbered and described like so much merchandise; their first repose has not been broken, their peace has been undisturbed. Hasty burials the prison authorities gave them; the thin, starved bodies were tumbled into the trenches by men almost as starved, for the whole State went hungry in those dark days. There were not many prayers, no tears, as the dead-carts went the rounds. But the prayers had been said, and the tears had fallen, while the poor fellows were still alive in the pens yonder; and when at last death came, it was like a release. They suffered long; and I for one believe that therefore shall their rest be long,—long and sweet."

After a time began the rain, the soft, persistent, gray rain of the Southern lowlands, and he stayed within and copied another thousand names into the ledger. He would not allow himself the companionship of a dog lest the creature should bark at night and disturb the quiet. There was no one to hear save himself, and it would have been a friendly sound as he lay awake on his narrow iron bed, but it seemed to him against the spirit of the place. He would not smoke, although he had the soldier's fondness for a pipe. Many a dreary evening, beneath a hastily built shelter of boughs, when the rain poured down and everything was comfortless, he had found solace in the curling smoke; but

now it seemed to him that it would be incongruous, and at times he almost felt as if it would be selfish too. "They cannot smoke, you know, down there under the wet grass," he thought, as standing at the window he looked towards the ranks of the mounds stretching across the eastern end from side to side; "my parade-ground," he called it. And then he would smile at his own fancies, draw the curtain to, shut out the rain and the night, light his lamp, and go to work on the ledgers again. Some of the names lingered in his memory; he felt as if he had known the men who bore them, as if they had been boys together and were friends even now although separated for a time. "James Marvin, Company B, Fifth Maine. The Fifth Maine was in the seven days' battle. I say, do you remember that retreat down the Quaker church road, and the way Phil Kearney held the rear-guard firm?" And over the whole seven days he wandered with his mute friend, who remembered everything and everybody in the most satisfactory way. One of the little head-boards in the parade-ground attracted him peculiarly because the name inscribed was his own: "—Rodman, Company A, One Hundred and Sixth New York."

"I remember that regiment; it came from the extreme northern part of the State; Blank Rodman must have melted down here, coming as he did from the half-arctic region along the St. Lawrence. I wonder what he thought of the first hot day, say in South Carolina, along those simmering rice-fields." He grew into the habit of pausing for a moment by the side of this grave every morning and evening. "Blank Rodman. It might easily have been John. And then, where should I be?"

But Blank Rodman remained silent, and the keeper, after pulling up a weed or two and trimming the grass over his relative, went off to his duties again. "I am convinced that Blank is a relative," he said to himself; "distant, perhaps, but still a kinsman."

One April day the heat was almost insupportable; but the sun's rays were

not those brazen beams that sometimes in Northern cities burn the air and scorch the pavements to a white heat; rather were they soft and still; the moist earth exhaled her richness, not a leaf stirred, and the whole level country seemed sitting in a hot vapor-bath. In the early dawn the keeper had performed his outdoor tasks, but all day he remained almost without stirring in his chair between two windows, striving to exist. At high noon out came a little black bringing his supplies from the town, whistling and shuffling along, gay as a lark; the keeper watched him coming slowly down the white road, loitering by the way in the hot blaze, stopping to turn a somersault or two, to dangle over a bridge rail, to execute various impromptu capers all by himself. He reached the gate at last, entered, and having come all the way up the path in a hornpipe step, he set down his basket at the door to indulge in one long and final double-shuffle before knocking. "Stop that!" said the keeper through the closed blinds. The little darkey darted back; but as nothing further came out of the window,—a boot, for instance, or some other stray missile,—he took courage, showed his ivories, and drew near again. "Do you suppose I am going to have you stirring up the heat in that way?" demanded the keeper.

The little black grinned, but made no reply, unless smoothing the hot white sand with his black toes could be construed as such; he now removed his rimless hat and made a bow.

"Is it, or is it not warm?" asked the keeper, as a naturalist might inquire of a salamander, not referring to his own so much as to the salamander's ideas on the subject.

"Dunno, mars'," replied the little black.

"How do you feel?"

"Spects I feel all right, mars'."

The keeper gave up the investigation, and presented to the salamander a nickel cent. "I suppose there is no such thing as a cool spring in all this melting country," he said.

But the salamander indicated with

his thumb a clump of trees on the green plain north of the cemetery. "Ole Mars' Ward's place,—cole spring dah." He then departed, breaking into a run after he had passed the gate, his ample mouth watering at the thought of a certain chunk of taffy at the mercantile establishment kept by aunt Dinah in a corner of her one-roomed cabin. At sunset the keeper went thirstily out with a tin pail on his arm, in search of the cold spring. "If it could only be like the spring down under the rocks where I used to drink when I was a boy!" he thought. He had never walked in that direction before. Indeed, now that he had abandoned the town, he seldom went beyond the walls of the cemetery. An old road led across to the clump of trees, through fields run to waste, and following it he came to the place, a deserted house with tumble-down fences and overgrown garden, the out-buildings indicating that once upon a time there were many servants and a prosperous master. The house was of wood, large on the ground, with encircling piazzas; across the front door rough bars had been nailed, and the closed blinds were protected in the same manner; from long want of paint the clapboards were gray and mossy, and the floor of the piazza had fallen in here and there from decay. The keeper decided that his cemetery was a much more cheerful place than this, and then he looked around for the spring. Behind the house the ground sloped down; it must be there. He went around and came suddenly upon a man lying on an old rug outside of a back door. "Excuse me. I thought nobody lived here," he said.

"Nobody does," replied the man; "I am not much of a body, am I?"

His left arm was gone, and his face was thin and worn with long illness; he closed his eyes after speaking, as though the few words had exhausted him.

"I came for water from a cold spring you have here, somewhere," pursued the keeper, contemplating the wreck before him with the interest of one who has himself been severely wounded and knows the long, weary pain. The man

waved his hand towards the slope without unclosing his eyes, and Rodman went off with his pail and found a little shady hollow, once curbed and paved with white pebbles, but now neglected, like all the place. The water was cold, however, deliciously cold; he filled his pail and thought that perhaps after all he would exert himself to make coffee, now that the sun was down; it would taste better made of this cold water. When he came up the slope the man's eyes were open.

"Have some water?" asked Rodman.

"Yes; there's a gourd inside."

The keeper entered, and found himself in a large, bare room; in one corner was some straw covered with an old counterpane, in another a table and chair; a kettle hung in the deep fireplace, and a few dishes stood on a shelf; by the door on a nail hung a gourd; he filled it and gave it to the host of this desolate abode. The man drank with eagerness. "Pomp has gone to town," he said, "and I could not get down to the spring to-day, I have had so much pain."

"And when will Pomp return?"

"He should be here now; he is very late to-night."

"Can I get you anything?"

"No, thank you; he will soon be here."

The keeper looked out over the waste; there was no one in sight. He was not a man of any especial kindness, — he had himself been too hardly treated in life for that, — but he could not find it in his heart to leave this helpless creature all alone with night so near. So he sat down on the door-step. "I will rest awhile," he said, not asking but announcing it. The man had turned away and closed his eyes again, and they both remained silent, busy with their own thoughts; for each had recognized the ex-soldier, Northern and Southern, in portions of the old uniforms, and in the accent. The war and its memories were still very near to the maimed, poverty-stricken Confederate; and the other knew that they were, and did not obtrude himself.

Twilight fell, and no one came.

"Let me get you something," said Rodman; for the face looked ghastly as the fever abated. The other refused. Darkness came; still, no one.

"Look here," said Rodman, rising; "I have been wounded myself, was in hospital for months; I know how you feel,—you must have food; a cup of tea, now, and a slice of toast, brown and thin."

"I have not tasted tea or wheaten bread for weeks," answered the man; his voice died off into a wail, as though feebleness and pain had drawn the cry from him in spite of himself. Rodman lighted a match; there was no candle, only a piece of pitch-pine stuck in an iron socket on the wall; he set fire to this primitive torch and looked around.

"There is nothing there," said the man outside, making an effort to speak carelessly; "my servant went to town for supplies. Do not trouble yourself to wait; he will come presently, and — and — I want nothing."

But Rodman saw through proud poverty's lie; he knew that irregular quavering of the voice, and that trembling of the hand; the poor fellow had but one to tremble. He continued his search; but the bare room gave back nothing, not a crumb.

"Well, if you are not hungry," he said briskly, "I am, hungry as a bear; and I'll tell you what I am going to do. I live not far from here, and I live all alone too, I have n't a servant as you have; let me take supper here with you, just for a change, and if your servant comes, so much the better, he can wait upon us. I'll run over and bring back the things."

He was gone without waiting for reply; the shattered ankle made good time over the waste, and soon returned, limping a little but bravely hasting, while on a tray came the keeper's best supplies, Irish potatoes, corned beef, wheaten bread, butter, and coffee, — for he would not eat the hot biscuits, the corn-cake, the bacon and hominy of the country, and constantly made little New England meals for himself in his prejudiced little

kitchen. The pine torch flared in the door-way; a breeze had come down from the far mountains and cooled the air. Rodman kindled a fire on the cavernous hearth, filled the kettle, found a saucepan, and commenced operations, while the other lay outside and watched every movement in the lighted room.

"All ready; let me help you in. Here we are now; fried potatoes, cold beef, mustard, toast, butter, and tea. Eat, man; and the next time I am laid up, you shall come over and cook for me."

Hunger conquered, and the other ate, ate as he had not eaten for months. As he was finishing a second cup of tea, a slow step came around the house; it was the missing Pomp, an old negro, bent and shriveled, who carried a bag of meal and some bacon in his basket. "That is what they live on," thought the keeper.

He took leave without more words. "I suppose now I can be allowed to go home in peace," he grumbled to conscience. The negro followed him across what was once the lawn. "Fin' Mars' Ward mighty low," he said apologetically, as he swung open the gate which still hung between its posts, although the fence was down, "but I hurried an' hurried as fas' as I could; it's mighty fur to de town. Proud to see you, sah; hope you'll come again. Fine fambly, de Wards, sah, befo' de war."

"How long has he been in this state?" asked the keeper.

"Ever sence one ob de las' battles, sah; but he 's worse sence we come yer, 'bout a mont' back."

"Who owns the house? Is there no one to see to him? has he no friends?"

"House b'long to Mars' Ward's uncle; fine place once, befo' de war; he's dead now, and dah's nobuddy but Miss Bettina, an' she 's gone off somewhuz. Propah place, sah, fur Mars' Ward, — own uncle's house," said the old slave, loyally striving to maintain the family dignity even then.

"Are there no better rooms, — no furniture?"

"Sartin; but — but Miss Bettina, she took de keys; she did n't know we was comin' " —

"You had better send for Miss Bettina, I think," said the keeper, starting homeward with his tray, washing his hands, as it were, of any future responsibility in the affair.

The next day he worked in his garden, for clouds veiled the sun and exercise was possible; but, nevertheless, he could not forget the white face on the old rug. "Pshaw!" he said to himself, "have n't I seen tumble-down old houses and battered human beings before this?"

At evening came a violent thunder-storm, and the splendor of the heavens was terrible. "We have chained you, mighty spirit," thought the keeper as he watched the lightning, "and some time we shall learn the laws of the winds and foretell the storms; then, prayers will no more be offered in churches to alter the weather than they would be offered now to alter an eclipse. Yet back of the lightning and the wind lies the power of the great Creator, just the same."

But still, into his musings crept, with shadowy persistence, the white face on the rug.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, "if white faces are going around as ghosts, how about the fourteen thousand white faces that went under the sod down yonder? If they could arise and walk, the whole State would be filled and no more carp-baggers needed." So, having balanced the one with the fourteen thousand, he went to bed.

Daylight brought rain, — still, soft, gray rain; the next morning showed the same, and the third likewise, the nights keeping up their part with low-down clouds and steady pattering on the roof. "If there was a river here, we should have a flood," thought the keeper, drumming idly on his window-pane. Memory brought back the steep New England hill-sides shedding their rain into the brooks, which grew in a night to torrents and filled the rivers so that they overflowed their banks; then, suddenly, an old house in a sunken corner of a waste rose before his eyes, and he seemed to see the rain dropping from a moldy

ceiling on the straw where a white face lay.

"Really, I have nothing else to do, you know," he remarked in an apologetic way to himself, as he and his umbrella went along the old road; and he repeated the remark as he entered the room where the man lay, just as he had fancied, on the damp straw.

"The weather is unpleasant," said the man. "Pomp, bring a chair."

Pomp brought one, the only one, and the visitor sat down. A fire smoldered on the hearth and puffed out acrid smoke now and then, as if the rain had clogged the soot in the long-peglected chimney; from the streaked ceiling oozing drops fell with a dull splash into little pools on the decayed floor; the door would not close; the broken panes were stopped with rags, as if the old servant had tried to keep out the damp; in the ashes a corn-cake was baking.

"I am afraid you have not been so well during these long rainy days," said the keeper, scanning the face on the straw.

"My old enemy, rheumatism," answered the man; "the first sunshine will drive it away."

They talked awhile, or rather the keeper talked, for the other seemed hardly able to speak, as the waves of pain swept over him; then the visitor went outside and called Pomp out. "Is there any one to help him, or not?" he asked impatiently.

"Fine fambly, befo' de war," began Pomp.

"Never mind all that; is there any one to help him now, — yes or no?"

"No," said the old black with a burst of despairing truthfulness; "Miss Bettina, she 's as poor as Mars' Ward, an' dere 's no one else. He 's had noth'n but hard corn-cake for three days, an' he can't swaller it no more."

The next morning saw Ward De Rosset lying on the white pallet in the keeper's cottage, and old Pomp, marveling at the cleanliness all around him, installed as nurse. A strange asylum for a Confederate soldier, was it not? But he knew nothing of the change, which

he would have fought with his last breath if consciousness had remained; returning fever, however, had absorbed his senses, and then it was that the keeper and the slave had borne him slowly across the waste, resting many times, but accomplishing the journey at last.

That evening John Rodman, strolling to and fro in the dusky twilight, paused alongside of the other Rodman. "I do not want him here, and that is the plain truth," he said, pursuing the current of his thoughts. "He fills the house; he and Pomp together disturb all my ways. He'll be ready to fling a brick at me too, when his senses come back; small thanks shall I have for lying on the floor, giving up all my comforts, and, what is more, riding over the spirit of the place with a vengeance!" He threw himself down on the grass beside the mound and lay looking up towards the stars, which were coming out, one by one, in the deep blue of the Southern night. "With a vengeance, did I say? That is it exactly, — the vengeance of kindness. The poor fellow has suffered horribly in body and in estate, and now ironical Fortune throws him in my way as if saying, 'Let us see how far your selfishness will yield.' This is not a question of magnanimity; there is no magnanimity about it, for the war is over, and you Northerners have gained every point for which you fought; this is merely a question between man and man; it would be the same if the sufferer was a poor Federal, one of the carpet-baggers, whom you despise so, for instance, or a pagan Chinaman. And Fortune is right; don't you think so, Blank Rodman? I put it to you, now, to one who has suffered the extreme rigor of the other side, — those prisoners yonder."

Whereupon Blank Rodman answered that he had fought for a great cause and that he knew it, although a plain man and not given to speech-making; he was not one of those who had sat safely at home all through the war, and now belittled it and made light of its issues. (Here a murmur came up from the long line of the trenches, as though all the dead had cried out.) But now the points

for which he had fought being gained, and strife ended, it was the plain duty of every man to encourage peace. For his part he bore no malice; he was glad the poor Confederate was up in the cottage, and he did not think any the less of the keeper for bringing him there. He would like to add that he thought more of him; but he was sorry to say that he was well aware what an effort it was, and how almost grudgingly the charity began.

If Blank Rodman did not say this, at least the keeper imagined that he did. "That is what he would have said," he thought. "I am glad you do not object," he added, pretending to himself that he had not noticed the rest of the remark.

"We do not object to the brave soldier who honestly fought for his cause, even though he fought on the other side," answered Blank Rodman for the whole fourteen thousand. "But never let a coward, a double-face, or a flippant-tongued idler walk over our heads. It would make us rise in our graves!"

And the keeper seemed to see a shadowy pageant sweep by, — gaunt soldiers with white faces, arming anew against the subtle product of peace: men who said, "It was nothing! Behold, we saw it with our eyes!" — stay-at-home eyes.

The third day the fever abated, and Ward De Rosset noticed his surroundings. Old Pomp acknowledged that he had been moved, but veiled the locality: "To a frien's house, Mars' Ward."

"But I have no friends, now, Pomp," said the weak voice.

Pomp was very much amused at the absurdity of this. "No frien's! Mars' Ward no frien's!" He was obliged to go out of the room to hide his laughter. The sick man lay feebly thinking that the bed was cool and fresh, and the closed green blinds pleasant; his thin fingers stroked the linen sheet, and his eyes wandered from object to object. The only thing that broke the rule of bare utility in the simple room was a square of white drawing-paper on the wall, upon which was inscribed in ornamental text the following verse: —

"Toujours femme varie,
 Bien fou qui s'y fie;
 Une femme souvent
 N'est qu'une plume au vent."

With the persistency of illness the eyes and mind of Ward De Rosset went over and over this distich; he knew something of French, but was unequal to the effort of translating; the rhymes alone caught his vagrant fancy. "Toujours femme varie," he said to himself over and over again, and when the keeper entered, he said it to him.

"Certainly," answered the keeper; "bien fou qui s'y fie. How do you find yourself, this morning?"

"I have not found myself at all, so far. Is this your house?"

"Yes."

"Pomp told me I was in a friend's house," observed the sick man, vaguely.

"Well, it is n't an enemy's. Had any breakfast? No? Better not talk, then."

He went to the detached shed which served for a kitchen, upset all Pomp's clumsy arrangements, and ordered him outside; then he set to work and prepared a delicate breakfast with his best skill. The sick man eagerly eyed the tray as he entered. "Better have your hands and face sponged off, I think," said Rodman; and then he propped him up skillfully, and left him to his repast. The grass needed mowing on the parade-ground; he shouldered his scythe and started down the path, viciously kicking the gravel to and fro as he walked. "Was n't solitude your principal idea, John Rodman, when you applied for this place?" he demanded of himself; "how much of it are you likely to have with sick men, and sick men's servants, and so forth?"

The "and so forth," thrown in as a rhetorical climax, turned into reality and arrived bodily upon the scene,—a climax indeed; one afternoon, returning late to the cottage, he found a girl sitting by the pallet,—a girl young and dimpled and dewy, one of the creamy roses of the South that, even in the bud, are richer in color and luxuriance than any Northern flower. He saw her through the door, and paused; distressed

old Pomp met him and beckoned him cautiously outside. "Miss Bettina," he whispered gutturally, "she 's come back from somewhuz, an' she 's awful mad 'cause Mars' Ward 's here. I tole her all 'bout 'em,—de leaks an' de rheumatiz an' de hard corn-cake, but she done gone seole me; an' Mars' Ward, he know now whar he is, an' he mad too."

"Is the girl a fool?" said Rodman. He was just beginning to rally a little. He stalked into the room and confronted her. "I have the honor of addressing"—

"Miss Ward."

"And I am John Rodman, keeper of the national cemetery."

This she ignored entirely; it was as though he had said, "I am John Jones, the coachman." Coachmen were useful in their way; but their names were unimportant.

The keeper sat down and looked at his new visitor. The little creature fairly radiated scorn; her pretty head was thrown back, her eyes, dark brown fringed with long dark lashes, hardly deigned a glance; she spoke to him as though he was something to be paid and dismissed like any other mechanic.

"We are indebted to you for some days' board, I believe, keeper, medicines, I presume, and general attendance; my cousin will be removed to-day to our own residence; I wish to pay now what he owes."

The keeper saw that her dress was old and faded; the small black shawl had evidently been washed and many times mended; the old-fashioned knitted purse she held in her hand was lank with long famine.

"Very well," he said, "if you choose to treat a kindness in that way, I consider five dollars a day none too much for the annoyance, expense, and trouble I have suffered. Let me see; five days,—or is it six? Yes—thirty dollars, Miss Ward."

He looked at her steadily; she flushed; "The money will be sent to you," she began haughtily; then, hesitatingly, "I must ask a little time"—

"Oh, Betty, Betty, you know you

cannot pay it. Why try to disguise — But that does not excuse *you* for bringing me here," said the sick man, turning towards his host with an attempt to speak fiercely, which ended in a faltering quaver.

All this time the old slave stood anxiously outside of the door; in the pauses they could hear his feet shuffling as he waited for the decision of his superiors. The keeper rose and threw open the blinds of the window that looked out on the distant parade-ground. "Bringing you here," he repeated; "*here*; that is my offense, is it? There they lie, fourteen thousand brave men and true. Could they come back to earth, they would be the first to pity and aid you, now that you are down. So would it be with you if the case were reversed; for a soldier is generous to a soldier. It was not your own heart that spoke then; it was the small venom of a woman, that here, as everywhere through the South, is playing its rancorous part."

The sick man gazed out through the window, seeing for the first time the far-spreading ranks of the dead. He was very weak, and the keeper's words had touched him; his eyes were suffused with tears. But Miss Ward rose with a flashing glance. She turned her back full upon the keeper and ignored his very existence. "I will take you home immediately, Ward, — this very evening," she said.

"A nice comfortable place for a sick man," commented the keeper, scornfully. "I am going out now, De Rosset, to prepare your supper; you had better have one good meal before you go."

He disappeared; but as he went he heard the sick man say, deprecatingly, "It is n't very comfortable over at the old house now, indeed it is n't, Betty; I suffered" — and the girl's passionate outburst in reply. Then he closed his door and set to work.

When he returned, half an hour later, Ward was lying back exhausted on the pillows, and his cousin sat leaning her head upon her hand; she had been weeping, and she looked very desolate, he noticed, sitting there in what was to her

an enemy's country. Hunger is a strong master, however, especially when allied to weakness; and the sick man ate with eagerness.

"I must go back," said the girl, rising. "A wagon will be sent out for you, Ward; Pomp will help you."

But Ward had gained a little strength as well as obstinacy with the nourishing food. "Not to-night," he said.

"Yes; to-night."

"But I cannot go to-night; you are unreasonable, Bettina. To-morrow will do as well, if go I must."

"If go you must! You do not want to go, then — to go to our own home — and with me" — Her voice broke; she turned towards the door.

The keeper stepped forward: "This is all nonsense, Miss Ward," he said, "and you know it. Your cousin is in no state to be moved. Wait a week or two, and he can go in safety. But do not dare to offer me your money again; my kindness was to the soldier, not to the man, and as such he can accept it. Come out and see him as often as you please. I shall not intrude upon you. Pomp, take the lady home."

And the lady went.

Then began a remarkable existence for the four: a Confederate soldier lying ill in the keeper's cottage of a national cemetery, a rampant little rebel coming out daily to a place which was to her anathema-maranatha, a cynical, misanthropic keeper sleeping on the floor and enduring every variety of discomfort for a man he never saw before, — a man belonging to an idle, arrogant class he detested, — and an old black freedman allowing himself to be taught the alphabet in order to gain permission to wait on his master, — master no longer in law, — with all the devotion of his loving old heart. For the keeper had announced to Pomp that he must learn his alphabet or go; after all these years of theory, he, as a New Englander, could not stand by and see precious knowledge shut from the black man. So he opened it; and mighty dull work he found it.

Ward De Rosset did not rally as rapidly as they expected. The white-haired

doctor from the town rode out on horse-back, pacing slowly up the graveled roadway with a scowl on his brow, casting, as he dismounted, a furtive glance down towards the parade-ground. His horse and his coat were alike old and worn, and his broad shoulders were bent with long service in the miserably provided Confederate hospitals, where he had striven to do his duty through every day and every night of those shadowed years. Cursing the incompetency in high places, cursing the mismanagement of the entire medical department of the Confederate army, cursing the recklessness and indifference which left the men suffering for want of proper hospitals and hospital stores, he yet went on resolutely doing his best with the poor means in his control until the last. Then he came home, he and his old horse, and went the rounds again, he prescribing for whooping-cough or measles, and Dobbin waiting outside; the only difference was that fees were small and good meals scarce for both, not only for the man but for the beast. The doctor sat down and chatted awhile kindly with De Rosset, whose father and uncle had been dear friends of his in the bright, prosperous days; then he left a few harmless medicines and rose to go, his gaze resting a moment on Miss Ward, then on Pomp, as if he were hesitating. But he said nothing until on the walk outside he met the keeper, and recognized a person to whom he could tell the truth. "There is nothing to be done; he may recover, he may not; it is a question of strength, merely. He needs no medicines, only nourishing food, rest, and careful tendance."

"He shall have them," answered the keeper, briefly. And then the old gentleman mounted his horse and rode away, his first and last visit to a national cemetery.

"National!" he said to himself, — "national!"

All talk of moving De Rosset ceased, but Miss Ward moved into the old house. There was not much to move: herself, her one trunk, and Mari, a black attendant, whose name probably began life as

Maria, since the accent still dwelt on the curtailed last syllable. The keeper went there once, and once only, and then it was an errand for the sick man, whose fancies came sometimes at inconvenient hours, — when Pomp had gone to town, for instance. On this occasion the keeper entered the mockery of a gate and knocked at the front door, from which the bars had been removed; the piazza still showed its decaying planks, but quick-growing summer vines had been planted, and were now encircling the old pillars and veiling all defects with their greenery. It was a woman's pathetic effort to cover up what cannot be covered — poverty. The blinds on one side were open and white curtains waved to and fro in the breeze; into this room he was ushered by Mari. Matting lay on the floor, streaked here and there ominously by the dampness from the near ground. The furniture was of dark mahogany, handsome in its day: chairs, a heavy pier table with low-down glass, into which no one by any possibility could look unless he had eyes in his ankles, a sofa with a stiff round pillow of hair-cloth under each curved end, and a mirror with a compartment framed off at the top, containing a picture of shepherds and shepherdesses, and lambs with blue ribbons around their necks, all enjoying themselves in the most natural and life-like manner. Flowers stood on the high mantelpiece, but their fragrance could not overcome the faint odor of the damp straw-matting. On a table were books, a life of General Lee, and three or four shabby little volumes printed at the South during the war, waifs of prose and poetry of that highly wrought, richly colored style which seems indigenous to Southern soil.

"Some way, the whole thing reminds me of a funeral," thought the keeper.

Miss Ward entered, and the room bloomed at once; at least, that is what a lover would have said. Rodman, however, merely noticed that she bloomed, and not the room, and he said to himself that she would not bloom long, if she continued to live in such a moldy place. Their conversation in these days

was excessively polite, shortened to the extreme minimum possible, and conducted without the aid of the eyes, at least on one side. Rodman had discovered that Miss Ward never looked at him, and so he did not look at her, that is, not often; he was human, however, and she was delightfully pretty. On this occasion they exchanged exactly five sentences, and then he departed, but not before his quick eyes had discovered that the rest of the house was in even worse condition than this parlor, which, by the way, Miss Ward considered quite a grand apartment; she had been down near the coast, trying to teach school, and there the desolation was far greater than here, both armies having passed back and forward over the ground, foragers out, and the torch at work more than once.

"Will there ever come a change for the better?" thought the keeper, as he walked homeward. "What an enormous stone has got to be rolled up hill! But at least, John Rodman, *you* need not go to work at it; *you* are not called upon to lend your shoulder."

None the less, however, did he call out Pomp that very afternoon and sternly teach him "E" and "F," using the smooth white sand for a blackboard, and a stick for chalk. Pomp's primer was a government placard hanging on the wall of the office. It read as follows:—

IN THIS CEMETERY REPOSE THE REMAINS
OF
FOURTEEN THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND
TWENTY-ONE
UNITED STATES SOLDIERS.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not written of the soul!"

"The only known instance of the government's condescending to poetry," the keeper had thought, when he first read this placard. It was placed there for the instruction and edification of visitors, but no visitors coming, he took the

liberty of using it as a primer for Pomp. The large letters served the purpose admirably, and Pomp learned the entire quotation; what he thought of it has not transpired. Miss Ward came over daily to see her cousin. At first she brought him soups and various concoctions from her own kitchen, — the leaky cavern, once the dining room, where the soldier had taken refuge after his last dismissal from hospital; but the keeper's soups were richer, and free from the taint of smoke; his martial laws of neatness even disorderly old Pomp dared not disobey, and the sick man soon learned the difference. He thanked the girl, who came bringing the dishes over carefully in her own dimpled hands, and then, when she was gone, he sent them untasted away. By chance Miss Ward learned this, and wept bitter tears over it; she continued to come, but her poor little soups and jellies she brought no more.

One morning in May the keeper was working near the flag-staff, when his eyes fell upon a procession coming down the road which led from the town and turning towards the cemetery; no one ever came that way, what could it mean? It drew near, entered the gate, and showed itself to be negroes walking two and two, old uncles and aunties, young men and girls, and even little children, all dressed in their best; a very poor best, sometimes gravely ludicrous imitations of "ole mars," or "ole miss," sometimes mere rags bravely patched together and adorned with a strip of black calico or rosette of black ribbon; not one was without a badge of mourning. All carried flowers, common blossoms from the little gardens behind the cabins that stretched around the town on the outskirts, — the new forlorn cabins with their chimneys of piled stones and ragged patches of corn; each little darkey had his bouquet and marched solemnly along, rolling his eyes around, but without even the beginning of a smile, while the elders moved forward with gravity, the bubbling, irrepressible gayety of the negro subdued by the newborn dignity of the freedman.

"Memorial Day," thought the keeper; "I had forgotten it."

"Will you do us de hono', sah, to take de head ob de processio', sah?" said the leader, with a ceremonious bow. Now the keeper had not much sympathy with the strewing of flowers, North or South; he had seen the beautiful ceremony more than once turned into a political demonstration; here, however, in this small, isolated, interior town, there was nothing of that kind; the whole population of white faces laid their roses and wept true tears on the graves of their lost ones in the village churchyard when the Southern Memorial Day came round, and just as naturally the whole population of black faces went out to the national cemetery with their flowers on the day when, throughout the North, spring blossoms were laid on the graves of the soldiers, from the little Maine village to the stretching ranks of Arlington, from Greenwood to the far western burial-places of San Francisco. The keeper joined the procession and led the way to the parade-ground. As they approached the trenches, the leader began singing and all joined. "Swing low, sweet chariot," sang the freedmen, and their hymn rose and fell with strange, sweet harmony, — one of those wild, unwritten melodies which the North heard with surprise and marveling when, after the war, bands of singers came to their cities and sang the songs of slavery, in order to gain for their children the coveted education. "Swing low, sweet chariot," sang the freedmen, and two by two they passed along, strewing the graves with flowers till all the green was dotted with color. It was a pathetic sight to see some of the old men and women, ignorant field-hands, bent, dull-eyed, and past the possibility of education even in its simplest forms, carefully placing their poor flowers to the best advantage. They knew dimly that the men who lay beneath those mounds had done something wonderful for them and for their children, and so they came bringing their blossoms, with little intelligence but with much love.

The ceremony over, they retired; as

he turned, the keeper caught a glimpse of Miss Ward's face at the window.

"Hope we 's not makin' too free, sah," said the leader, as the procession, with many a bow and scrape, took leave, "but we 's kep' de day now two years, sah, befo' you came, sah, an' we 's teachin' de chil'en to keep it, sah."

The keeper returned to the cottage.

"Not a white face," he said.

"Certainly not," replied Miss Ward, crisply.

"I know some graves at the North, Miss Ward, graves of Southern soldiers, and I know some Northern women who do not scorn to lay a few flowers on the lonely mounds as they pass by with their blossoms on our Memorial Day."

"You are fortunate. They must be angels. We have no angels here."

"I am inclined to believe you are right," said the keeper.

That night old Pomp, who had remained invisible in the kitchen during the ceremony, stole away in the twilight and came back with a few flowers; Rodman saw him going down towards the parade-ground, and watched. The old man had but a few blossoms; he arranged them hastily on the mounds with many a furtive glance towards the house, and then stole back, satisfied; he had performed his part.

Ward De Rosset lay on his pallet, apparently unchanged; he seemed neither stronger nor weaker. He had grown childishly dependent upon his host, and wearied for him, as the Scotch say; but Rodman withstood his fancies, and gave him only the evenings, when Miss Bettina was not there. One afternoon, however, it rained so violently that he was forced to seek shelter; he set himself to work on the ledgers; he was on the ninth thousand now. But the sick man heard his step in the outer room, and called in his weak voice, "Rodman, — Rodman." After a time he went in, and it ended in his staying, for the patient was nervous and irritable, and he pitied the nurse, who seemed able to please him in nothing. De Rosset turned with a sigh of relief towards the strong hands that lifted him readily, towards

the composed manner, towards the man's voice that seemed to bring a breeze from outside into the close room; animated, cheered, he talked volubly. The keeper listened, answered once in a while, and quietly took the rest of the afternoon into his own hands. Miss Ward yielded to the silent change, leaned back, and closed her eyes. She looked exhausted and for the first time pallid; the loosened dark hair curled in little rings about her temples, and her lips were parted as though she was too tired to close them; for hers were not the thin, straight lips that shut tight naturally, like the straight line of a closed box. The sick man talked on. "Come, Rodman," he said, after a while, "I have read that lying verse of yours over at least ten thousand and fifty-nine times; please tell me its history; I want to have something definite to think of when I read it for the ten thousand and sixtieth."

"Toujours femme varie,
Bien fou qui s'y fie;
Une femme souvent
N'est qu'une plume au vent,"

read the keeper slowly, with his execrable English accent. "Well, I don't know that I have any objection to telling the story. I am not sure but that it will do me good to hear it all over myself in plain language again."

"Then it concerns yourself," said De Rosset; "so much the better. I hope it will be, as the children say, the truth, and long."

"It will be the truth, but not long. When the war broke out I was twenty-eight years old, living with my mother on our farm in New England. My father and two brothers had died and left me the homestead, otherwise I should have broken away and sought fortune farther westward, where the lands are better and life is more free. But mother loved the house, the fields, and every crooked tree. She was alone, and so I stayed with her. In the centre of the village green stood the square, white meeting-house, and near by the small cottage where the pastor lived; the minister's daughter, Mary, was my promised wife. Mary was a slender little creature

with a profusion of pale flaxen hair, large, serious blue eyes, and small, delicate features; she was timid almost to a fault; her voice was low and gentle. She was not eighteen, and we were to wait a year. The war came, and I volunteered, of course, and marched away; we wrote to each other often; my letters were full of the camp and skirmishes; hers told of the village, how the widow Brown had fallen ill, and how it was feared that Squire Stafford's boys were lapsing into evil ways. Then came the day when my regiment marched to the field of its slaughter, and soon after our shattered remnant went home. Mary cried over me, and came out every day to the farmhouse with her bunches of violets; she read aloud to me from her good little books, and I used to lie and watch her profile bending over the page, with the light falling on her flaxen hair low down against the small, white throat. Then my wound healed, and I went again, this time for three years; and Mary's father blessed me, and said that when peace came he would call me son, but not before, for these were no times for marrying or giving in marriage. He was a good man, a red-hot abolitionist, and a roaring lion as regards temperance; but nature had made him so small in body that no one was much frightened when he roared. I said that I went for three years; but eight years have passed and I have never been back to the village. First, mother died. Then Mary turned false. I sold the farm by letter and lost the money three months afterwards in an unfortunate investment; my health failed. Like many another Northern soldier I remembered the healing climate of the South; its soft airs came back to me when the snow lay deep on the fields and the sharp wind whistled around the poor tavern where the moneyless, half-crippled volunteer sat coughing by the fire. I applied for this place and obtained it. That is all."

"But it is not all," said the sick man, raising himself on his elbow; "you have not told half yet, nor anything at all about the French verse."

"Oh—that? There was a little

Frenchman staying at the hotel; he had formerly been a dancing-master, and was full of dry, withered conceits, although he looked like a thin and bilious old ape dressed as a man. He taught me, or tried to teach me, various wise sayings, among them this one, which pleased my fancy so much that I gave him twenty-five cents to write it out in large text for me."

"*Toujours femme varie,*" repeated De Rosset; "but you don't really think so, do you, Rodman?"

"I do. But they cannot help it; it is their nature. I beg your pardon, Miss Ward. I was speaking as though you were not here."

Miss Ward's eyelids barely acknowledged his existence; that was all. But some time after she remarked to her cousin that it was only in New England that one found that pale flaxen hair.

June was waning, when suddenly the summons came; Ward De Rosset died. He was unconscious towards the last, and death, in the guise of sleep, bore away his soul. They carried him home to the old house, and from there the funeral started, a few family carriages, dingy and battered, following the hearse, for death revived the old neighborhood feeling; that honor at least they could pay, — the sonless mothers and the widows who lived shut up in the old houses with everything falling into ruin around them, brooding over the past. The keeper watched the small procession as it passed his gate on its way to the churchyard in the village. "There he goes, poor fellow, his sufferings over at last," he said; and then he set the cottage in order and began the old solitary life again.

He saw Miss Ward but once.

It was a breathless evening in August when the moonlight flooded the level country. He had started out to stroll across the waste, but the mood changed, and climbing over the eastern wall he had walked back to the flag-staff, and now lay at its foot gazing up into the infinite sky. A step sounded on the gravel walk; he turned his face that way and recognized Miss Ward. With confident step she passed the dark cottage,

and brushed his arm with her robe as he lay unseen in the shadow. She went down towards the parade-ground, and his eyes followed her. Softly outlined in the moonlight she moved to and fro among the mounds, pausing often, and once he thought she knelt. Then slowly she returned, and he raised himself and waited; she saw him, started, then paused.

"I thought you were away," she said; "Pomp told me so."

"You set him to watch me?"

"Yes. I wished to come here once, and I did not wish to meet you."

"Why did you wish to come?"

"Because Ward was here — and because — because — never mind. It is enough that I wished to walk once among those mounds."

"And pray there?"

"Well, — and if I did!" said the girl, defiantly.

Rodman stood facing her, with his arms folded; his eyes rested on her face; he said nothing.

"I am going away to-morrow," began Miss Ward again, assuming with an effort her old, pulseless manner. "I have sold the place, and I shall never return, I think; I am going far away."

"Where?"

"To Tennessee."

"That is not so very far," said the keeper, smiling.

"There I shall begin a new existence," pursued the voice, ignoring the comment.

"You have scarcely begun the old; you are hardly more than a child, now. What are you going to do in Tennessee?"

"Teach."

"Have you relatives there?"

"No."

"A miserable life, — a hard, lonely, loveless life," said Rodman; "God help the woman who must be that dreary thing, a teacher from necessity."

Miss Ward turned swiftly, but the keeper kept by her side. He saw the tears glittering on her eyelashes, and his voice softened. "Do not leave me in anger," he said; "I should not have

spoken so, although indeed it was the truth. Walk back with me to the cottage, and take your last look at the room where poor Ward died, and then I will go with you to your home."

"No; Pomp is waiting at the gate," said the girl, almost inarticulately.

"Very well; to the gate, then."

They went towards the cottage in silence; the keeper threw open the door. "Go in," he said. "I will wait outside."

The girl entered and went into the inner room; throwing herself down upon her knees at the bedside, "O Ward, Ward," she sobbed, "I am all alone in the world now, Ward, all alone!" She buried her face in her hands and gave way to a passion of tears; and the keeper could not help but hear as he waited outside. Then the desolate little creature rose and came forth, putting on, as she did so, her poor armor of pride. The keeper had not moved from the doorstep. Now, he turned his face. "Before you go, — go away forever from this place, — will you write your name in my register," he said, "the visitors' register? The government had it prepared for the throngs who would visit these graves; but with the exception of the blacks, who cannot write, no one has come, and the register is empty. Will you write your name? Yet do not write it unless you can think gently of the men who lie there under the grass; I believe you do think gently of them, else why have you come of your own accord to stand by the side of their graves?" As he said this, he looked fixedly at her.

Miss Ward did not answer; but neither did she write.

"Very well," said the keeper; "come away. You will not, I see."

"I cannot! Shall I, Bettina Ward, set my name down in black and white as a visitor to this cemetery, where lie fourteen thousand of the soldiers who killed my father, my three brothers, my cousins; who brought desolation upon all our house, and ruin upon all our neighborhood, all our State, and all our country? — for the South is our country, and not your icy North. Shall I forget these

things? Never! Sooner let my right hand wither by my side! I was but a child; yet I remember the tears of my mother, and the grief of all around us. There was not a house where there was not one dead."

"It is true," answered the keeper; "at the South, all went."

"Grief covers our land."

"Yes; for a mighty wrong brings ever in its train a mighty sorrow."

Miss Ward turned upon him fiercely.

"Do you, who have lived among us, dare to pretend that the state of our servants is not worse this moment than it ever was before?"

"Transition."

"A horrible transition!"

"Horrible, but inevitable; education will be the savior. Had I fifty millions to spend on the South to-morrow, every cent should go for schools, and for schools alone."

"For the negroes, I suppose," said the girl with a bitter scorn.

"For the negroes, and for the whites also," answered John Rodman gravely. "The lack of general education is painfully apparent everywhere throughout the South; it is from that cause, more than any other that your beautiful country now lies desolate."

"Desolate, — desolate indeed," said Miss Ward.

They walked down to the gate together in silence. "Good-by," said John, holding out his hand; "you will give me yours or not as you choose, but I will not have it as a favor."

She gave it.

"I hope that life will grow brighter to you as the years pass. May God bless you."

He dropped her hand; she turned, and passed through the gateway; then, he sprang after her. "Nothing can change you," he said; "I know it, I have known it all along; you are part of your country, part of the time, part of the bitter hour through which she is passing. Nothing can change you; if it could, you would not be what you are, and I should not — But you cannot change. Good-by, Bettina, poor little child; good-by."

Follow your path out into the world. Yet do not think, dear, that I have not seen — have not understood."

He bent and kissed her hand; then he was gone, and she went on alone.

A week later the keeper strolled over towards the old house. It was twilight, but the new owner was still at work. He was one of those sandy-haired, energetic Maine men, who, probably on the principle of extremes, were often found through the South, making new homes for themselves in the pleasant land.

"Pulling down the old house, are you?" said the keeper, leaning idly on

the gate, which was already flanked by a new fence.

"Yes," replied the Maine man, pausing; "it was only an old shell, just ready to tumble on our heads. You're the keeper over yonder, an't you?" (He already knew everybody within a circle of five miles.)

"Yes. I think I should like those vines if you have no use for them," said Rodman, pointing to the uprooted greenery that once screened the old piazza.

"Wuth about twenty - five cents, I guess," said the Maine man, handing them over.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

APART.

DEAR heart, I love thee so,
I turn my face
Again, again, each day
Toward thy far-off place;
I even note the way
Of clouds, if thitherward they go,
I love thee so.

The time, not by my sun
I count, but thine;
I keep the reckoning
By many a precious sign;
I know so well each thing
Thou dost, my thought can swift forerun
Thy later sun.

Oh, why are we 'apart?
No atom can
From atom in the earth
Remove, but jars the plan
God fashioned in its birth;
How dare we break true love's true heart,
Going apart?

H. H.

OLD ENGLISH GUILDS AND TRADE UNIONS.

WHEN the Duke of Gloucester, uncle of Richard II., of England, had shown his overpowering affection for the young king by cutting off the heads of Richard's most intimate friends and advisers and driving the remainder of his faction from the court, he bethought him of a way to prevent unpleasant consequences to himself from such arbitrary proceedings. A Parliament was summoned in the king's name, by the duke's authority, whose business was to correct the evils of the state and establish order. This was effected by legalizing all the acts of the duke against the king's friends, and by sending more of the unfortunates to the scaffold or into banishment. This was in February, 1388.

The "Wonderful Parliament," or the "Unmerciful Parliament," for by both names it is known in English annals, had not been dispersed many months when it was summoned to meet again, this time more to look after the social and industrial condition of the commonalty than to deal with the turbulent and disaffected nobles. The masses needed this looking after. During the preceding ten years they had not only proclaimed their conviction that society was constructed on an erroneous and unjust plan, but had endeavored to reconstruct it on a system of their own devising. Thousands of them had taken the field, with a determination to right the wrongs of centuries in a few weeks. The first point for which they contended was the abolition of slavery. The great mass of agricultural laborers were bond-slaves to the land-owners, as much a part of the estates as the oaks that grew on them, and were transferred with the land from one owner to another. Somehow it had crept into or been driven into their labor-dulled brains that this was not a natural order of affairs. One Langland had put forth a long poem in the homely language of the people, so that it could be recited and understood by the com-

mon folk, in which the wickednesses of the great in church and state had been painted in glaring colors, and the sufferings and virtues of Piers, the humble plowman, placed in sharp contrast. John Ball, the "crazy priest of Kent," chanted as text the couplet, —

"When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?"

following it with the argument that as in the beginning of the world there were no slaves, so ought there to be none now; that the laborer was worthy of his hire; and that it was cruel wrong for the masters to be dressed in velvet and furs, fed daintily, and lodged in handsome mansions, whilst the laborers were barely clad, fed on rye and the refuse of the straw, with only water to drink, and compelled to brave the wind and rain in the fields. Wat Tyler and Jack Straw led their hungry and ragged hosts to London and forced from the king himself a promise that their grievances should be redressed — a promise which he hastened with kingly speed to break as soon as the deceived peasants had gone home. It was true that the insurrection had been drowned in blood; that the audacious Walter the Tiler had been murdered as he talked to the king, and John Ball and Jack Straw beheaded and then hung in chains; and that the lot of the unhappy serfs was made, if possible, harder than before the insurrection. In spite of this the governing classes were far from being satisfied with the condition of the commonalty. The peasants who had left their miserable homes to join the insurrection did not all return. Some roamed the country as "beggars and common nuisances." Others took refuge in towns, where a residence of a twelve-month and a day released them forever from the claims of their former lords. Of these many sought employment in the crafts practiced in the towns, and thus deranged the prices of artisan labor and caused complaint among the trade opera-

tives. The whole mass of workers in town and country was in the state of ferment and unrest preceding a great social and industrial revolution.

The annalist says this Parliament at its autumn meeting passed "sixteen good acts," touching among other things the condition of laborers and the regulation of beggars and common nuisances. Good the legislation may have been as seen from the stand-point of the ruling class; certainly there were few errors on the side of mercy to the poor folk. Among other acts passed was one designed to elicit information in regard to the nature and condition of the associations of burgher-folk and artificers in the towns. These associations were numerous; the members were closely banded together, and had more than once manifested a spirit of independence that the nobles disliked. Many a serf who had escaped from the estate on which he was born thrall, and had in course of time become a dweller in town and member of a guild, defied the powerful noble from whom he had fled, and found security in the protection of his brother guildmen. It was important to know the numbers and real character of this independent and possibly dangerous element, so writs were sent out to every sheriff in England, calling for returns of all details as to the foundation, statutes, and property of guilds, and also for copies of the charters or letters patent of all mysteries or crafts. The writs were to be issued November 1, 1388, and all the returns were to be made before the 2d of the following February. How many returns were made is not known, but the fact that more than five hundred are still extant gives some idea of the extent and importance of these associations. Some of the charters and regulations contained in the returns have been preserved and published in local histories, but by far the greater number, and the most valuable as throwing light on the social and industrial history of England in one of its most interesting transition periods, slept for centuries in obscurity in the Public Records Office in London, until a few years since

Mr. Toulmin Smith, a zealous literary antiquary, was moved by curiosity to unfold three bundles of parchment and paper, when he found a historical treasure, the existence of which had been hitherto unsuspected. A number of the documents were transcribed with great care and printed for the use of those interested in such social studies.

Two kinds of guilds were recognized in the act of Parliament calling for the returns: the guild proper, or what may be called the social guild; and the associations of mysteries and crafts, or craft guilds. An interest other than merely antiquarian is given the subject by the fact that the social guild is the original of the modern benevolent societies, friendly associations, and organizations such as the Odd Fellows, Good Fellows, church guilds, and others of that class; whilst the craft guild is the parent stock from which have sprung into existence all the industrial organizations of to-day, whether trades unions, international unions, or employers' associations. A study of these old returns, for which we are indebted to the jealous inquiries of the Parliament of 1388, will therefore not only reveal curious phases of English social life five centuries ago, but will furnish the student of the social problems of to-day light from the past that may aid him in his task.

The guild was an institution of English origin. Long before the associations of similar nature appeared on the continent of Europe their existence was recognized in English laws and records. In the latter part of the seventh and beginning of the eighth century a body of Anglo-Saxon laws was formed, among which are found two concerning the liability of the brethren of a guild in the case of slaying a thief. A hundred years later the laws of Alfred recognized the guild. When a kinless man committed manslaughter, the guild helped him to pay the decreed price of blood; when a man without relatives was slain, the guild had a claim on part of the blood-money paid by the slayer. A body of laws for the city of London dating in the time of Athelstan, in the first half of the tenth

century, contains ordinances for the keeping up of social duties in the guilds. From that time down to the period of the returns of the guilds in answer to the demand of the Parliament of 1388 there is frequent mention of these organizations, and some of the returns made in that year speak of the existence of the societies as "from time whereunto the memory of man runneth not."

The leading features of the guilds of Anglo-Saxon times were the establishment of friendly feeling among the members, assistance in misfortune, relief to the family in case of death, and — though this was not insisted upon in all guilds — the promotion of religion. The members of the guild were "brothers." They gave their "wed" or pledge to each other to stand together as brethren of the same family, and to care for the common interest as for their own. They undertook to pay their "gylde" or stated contribution to the common chest, and to perform the duties required of them by the regulations of the guild. The agreement of the Guild of Exeter, dating in the Anglo-Saxon period, runs thus, the original being in Anglo-Saxon: —

"This assembly was collected in Exeter for the love of God and for our souls' need, both in regard to our health of life here and to the after days which we desire for ourselves by God's doom. Now we have agreed that our meeting shall be thrice in the twelve months: once at St. Michael's mass; the second time at St. Mary's mass, after midwinter; and the third time on Allhallows mass-day after Easter. And let each guild-brother have two sesters of malt, and each young man one sester, and a sceat of honey. And let the mass-priest at each of our meetings sing two masses, one for living friends, the other for the departed; and each brother of common condition two psalters of psalms, one for the living and one for the dead. And at the death of a brother, each man six masses, or six psalters of psalms; and at a death each man five pence. And at a house-burning, each man one penny. And if any one neglect the day, for the first time, three masses; for the

second, five; and at the third time let him have no favor, unless his neglect arose from sickness or his lord's need. And if any one neglect his contribution at the proper day, let him pay twofold. And if any one of this brotherhood misgreet another, let him make amends with thirty pence. Now we pray for the love of God that every man hold this meeting rightly, as we rightly have agreed upon it. God help us thereunto."

Here we have provision for regular meetings to which the members must bring contributions of malt and honey, suggesting the subsequent brewing of ale and luscious mead, sweet to the thirsty throats of the guild brethren; religious services with which to celebrate their meetings; aid in case of fires, which in the days of wood and thatch were common misfortunes; relief for families at death; penalties for default of meeting or of prompt payment of dues, and a heavy penalty in case of unbrotherly treatment of a member. These features, or their equivalents, are to be found in nearly all the later guild-ordinances. Another guild, at Cambridge, added to the customary articles of association provision for the members' standing by each other with money and weapons when occasion required.

In looking over the collection of returns made in answer to the order of the Parliament of 1388, we are particularly struck by one fact: the presence of women in the guilds. Out of more than five hundred of these organizations making return, only about five fail to recognize the membership of women. In nearly all of them perfect equality of the sexes is established. Their admission fee and yearly dues are the same as those of men, the same penalties for default or misbehavior are imposed, the same privileges are granted, except that possibly they were not eligible to office, though of this there is no positive evidence one way or the other. They could vote for officers if they could not be voted for; no ordinances could be adopted without their assent as well as that of the male members; they wore the livery of the guild, marched in its processions, at-

tended its feasts, and drank the festival ale with as little restraint as the men. Everywhere and in everything it was "the bretheren and sisteren," and not merely the brothers. Here is a fresh text for the advocates of the equality of the sexes.

The objects of the organizations as set forth in answer to the questions put under this head were numerous and varied. Some professed no other object than "to nourish good fellowship;" others were organized for a special purpose; whilst still others charged themselves with certain works, though these were not the special occasion of their banding together. The Guild of the Young Scholars of Lynn originally was formed with the purpose of maintaining an image of St. William in the parish church and supplying it on each festival day with six tapers of wax. The Poor Men's Guild of Norwich was designed to "help and amend the parish church." Several guilds of the Norfolk sea-side town of Wymnale were formed for the sole purpose of praying for all sorts of people, including shipmen and travelers by sea, and of searching for drowned brethren and burying them. The fact of there being five of these guilds in one small place is suggestive of the dangers of the coast in that vicinity. At York an organization was formed for the annual performance of the play of the Lord's Prayer, "in which play all manner of vices and sins were held up to scorn, and the virtues were held up to praise." This, like the Passion Play at Oberammergau, was considered as a religious observance rather than a dramatic amusement, so that, as set forth in the preamble to the rules, "as those who remain in their sins are unable to call God their father, therefore the brethren of the guild are, first of all, bound to shun company and businesses that are unworthy, and to keep themselves to good and worthy businesses." The Guild of the Blessed Mary, at Chesterfield, was established in 1218, "to hold certain services, and the better to assure the liberties of the town." This must have been one of the town-soci-

eties that were looked on with such disfavor by the raiding knights and nobles whose chief law was that of the strong hand. One guild was established for the promotion of minstrelsy, another for the ringing of the church bells, another for the proper keeping of the parish records. Whatever their original object, the same general features characterized the rules of them all.

The "bretheren and sisteren" were required to be persons of good repute, not rioters or brawlers, or men or women of evil life. Some of the documents specially and very minutely prohibit unchastity in any form. Occasionally restrictions as to the class admitted to membership are found, though in some the extremes of society met on the roll of members. The Guild of Corpus Christi, of York, notable for its gorgeous pageants and curious "mystery plays," was originally restricted to the clergy, though lay members might be admitted and allowed to pay the dues, but not to share in the management. Ultimately it was liberalized, both sexes were admitted, and nearly fifteen thousand names were at one time on its rolls. The Guild of St. Michael on the Hill, Lincoln, was so jealous of the rich and powerful getting control, that its rules forbade any but those of common and middling rank being admitted to membership. The Guild of the Annunciation, Cambridge, was peculiar in its antipathies. No parson, nor baker, nor wife, without her husband was already a member, could be admitted. The prohibition of wives of non-members was probably owing to a fear of the guild-secrets being divulged at home, but why parsons, and above all bakers, should have incurred the special enmity of the fraternity is an unsolved problem.

Various regulations existed as to the manner of electing members, but however admitted the new brother or sister was obliged to take the oath of brotherhood and obedience. In no case could a new member be received except on one of the stated days of general meeting. The customary proceeding is set forth in detail in the rules of the Guild

of St. Katherine, Stamford. It is there ordained that on the Eve of St. Katherine, after evening prayers in the chapel, "the alderman [master of the guild] and his brethren shall assemble in their hall, and drink, and there have courteous communication for the welfare of the said guild. And then shall be called forth all those that shall be admitted brethren or sistren of the guild; and the alderman shall examine them in this wise: 'Sir, or sirs, be ye willing to be brethren among us in this guild, and will desire and ask it in the worship of Almighty God, our blessed Lady St. Mary, and of the holy virgin and martyr, St. Katherine, in whose name this guild is founded, and in the way of charity?' And by their own will they shall answer 'yea' or 'nay.' Then the alderman shall command the clerk to give this oath to them in form and manner following: 'This hear ye, alderman; I shall true man be to God Almighty, to our Lady St. Mary, and to that holy virgin and martyr, St. Katherine, in whose honor and worship this guild is founded; and shall be obedient to the alderman of the guild, and to his successors, and come to him and to his brethren when I have warning, and not absent myself without cause reasonable. I shall be ready at scot and lot, and all my duties truly pay and do; the ordinances, constitutions, and rules, with the counsel of the same guild, keep, obey, and perform, and to my power maintain, to my life's end; so help me God and Holy Dame, and by this book;' and then kiss the book, and be lovingly received with all the brethren; and then drink about; and after that, depart for that night."

Two things will be noticed in this order for making new members: the oath to keep "the counsel" or secrets of the brotherhood, and the drinking ceremonies. The obligation of secrecy is to be found in all the guilds, whether social or of crafts. Heavy fines were levied by some as penalty for revealing the business of the meetings. Drinking occupied a prominent place in everything connected with the meetings of the fra-

ternities. We have seen how the oldest rules that have come down to us from Anglo-Saxon times provided for liberal contributions of malt and honey for the festal carouse. The Guild of St. Katherine, which was more largely of a religious character than most of these organizations, began proceedings with a general drinking, and closed with drinks all around. The "time of drinking" is the expression used in nearly every instance for the festival gathering, but the several guilds of each town had their peculiar observances and rules for those occasions. Thus the numerous guilds of Lynn agree in paying the fees of the officers in good home-brewed. The usual payment was two gallons of ale to the alderman, one gallon to the steward, whilst the clerk and dean were put off with a bottle each. One guild makes the gross amount the same, but distributes it differently, giving all the officers a gallon apiece. The Beverly guilds went to mass on their feast-day, and after service repaired first to their homes and then reassembled in the guildhall to "eat bread and cheese and drink as much ale as is good for them." That they sometimes took a little more ale than was good for them is indicated by the rule in several guild-ordinances that if any become unruly during the time of drinking they shall be compelled to hold in their hands for a stated period a rod of disgrace, or pay a fine. Falling asleep during the carousal was an offense held in great detestation by the numerous guilds of Lynn; but a still greater enormity in their eyes was letting the cup stand. "A hearty swig and pass to your neighbor" was the rule of practice among the jolly "brethren and sistren" of the Lynn societies, and as they sat on the long benches down the hall some musical brother probably struck up the ditty,—

"Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of
bran,
Nor bring us in no white bread, for therein is no
game,
But bring us in good ale.
Bring us in no beef, for there is many bones,
But bring us in good ale, for that goeth down at
once;
And bring us in good ale."

The whole company of brothers and sisters — for all English people were singers in those days — would join in the rousing chorus, —

"Bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale;
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale."

It was ruled, too, that none should come to the feasts or meetings without being decently attired. "No one shall come before the alderman and guild bretheren or sisteren in time of drink in tabard or cloak, or bare-legged or bare-footed," say the ordinances of several guilds, on penalty of a pennyworth of wax for the festal candles to be paid by each cloaked or tabarded or bare-legged offender. Whilst the members were having a jolly time in the guildhall, the poor without were not forgotten. At Stratford-on-Avon, two centuries and more before that town earned its place on the roll of fame by becoming the birthplace of the "Swan of Avon," it was provided that every brother and sister should bring to the feast a great tankard — none of your small, pinched-up affairs, but a portly vessel that afforded a good many long pulls before the drinker could see its bottom. These tankards were to be filled with nappy ale, devoutly prayed over, and given to the poor. So all the guilds of Lynn provided that tankards of ale be given on feast-days "to the poor who most need it." The thoughtful tailors added money to a bottle of ale for the relief of those in distress, whilst brothers or sisters absent "in time of drinking," on account of sickness, were to be remembered, some with a bottle and others with a gallon of ale with which to comfort their hearts at home. But in case of shamming, the one who thus obtained the ale on false pretenses was condemned to pay half a bushel of barley as fine. So great was the love for ale that sometimes the brothers and sisters — for not only these ordinances but a great number of contemporary evidences show that the women could hold their own with the hardest male heads in the way of ale-tipping — slipped into the "ale-chamber" and took sly draughts from the brotherhood's casks. Several ordinances solemnly

prohibiting the entry of any unauthorized persons into the ale-chamber are found, and to make matters sure, every person was ordered to leave the place of the feast before the departure of the alderman, or master, whose duty it was to lock up.

In nearly all the social guilds there was provision for one religious service, generally on the day of the patron saint of the organization. At these services wax candles were burned and offerings of money made, sometimes of a fixed sum, at others of as much as the members could each afford. The offerings were generally invested in bread, which was given to the poor and was washed down by the draughts of ale given during "the time of drinking," the same day or the following Sunday. Most of the fines exacted during the year were in the shape of payments "to the wax," being either contributions of wax or candles for the festival mass, or money towards purchasing the lights.

An entrance fee was exacted from each member, sometimes of a stated sum, six shillings and eight pence being the amount most generally mentioned, and in other cases such as may be agreed upon by the candidate and the master of the guild, the payment being thus graded to the applicant's means. As before explained, no distinction is made between men and women either in the entrance fees or in the annual payments. There is one exception to this. The Guild of the Blessed Virgin Mary, at Hull, provided that if the wife of any brother died in her husband's life-time, and he married again, "as is natural and often done," the second wife shall become a sister of the guild without any fine or payment. That was an encouragement to widowers. The payments were gathered by the wardens and deposited in a strong chest. The duty of collecting and keeping the funds was usually divided among four officers. Two collected the money and placed it in the chest; another locked the chest and kept the key; whilst the fourth retained the chest in his keeping. On the day of annual gathering the account was

rendered, the chest was opened with due ceremony, and the money counted. Stated sums were exacted for annual payments, but it was enjoined on the members that all should contribute according to their means in addition to the stipulated sum.

The money thus collected in the strong box was applied to various uses in time of need. In case of old age or sickness, members of seven years' standing, according to the rules of some brotherhoods, received a weekly allowance until recovery or death. Others imposed no requirement of long membership. Those suffering false imprisonment were aided in the same way, and their cause taken up by the brotherhood. Those whose sickness or trouble was brought on by their own fault, folly, or dissipation were not entitled to help. The young who were able to work but unable to obtain employment were to be helped by the brethren according to their means, either by immediate assistance or by providing employment. A Chesterfield guild had a curious provision for the care of the sick or destitute members. It ordains that "if any brother is sick and needs help, he shall have a half-penny daily from the common fund of the guild until he has got well. If any of them fall into poverty, they shall go, singly, on given days, to the houses of the bretheren, where each shall be courteously received, and there shall be given to him, as if he were master of the house, whatever he wants of meat, drink, and clothing, and he shall have a half-penny like those who are sick; and then he shall go home in the name of the Lord." The Guild of the Palmers of Ludlow recorded that "if any member becomes a leper, or blind, or maimed in limb, or smitten with any other incurable disorder (which God forbid!) we wish that the goods of the guild shall be largely bestowed upon him." The same guild ordained that if any good girl of the membership, of marriageable age, could not have the means of her father either to marry or enter a convent, sufficient funds should be given her that she might make her choice. Whenever a member died, a

funeral with all proper ceremonies and lights was provided, and all the membership were required to be present on pain of heavy penalties.

In some cases it was permitted to lend to a brother from the spare funds in the common chest on good security. In most instances the regulations in regard to repayment were liberal, the debtor not being hardly pressed. But a Chesterfield guild shows no such liberality. Shylock-like, it stands upon its bond: "When any one has borrowed any money from the guild, either to traffic with or for his own use, under promise to repay it on a given day, and he does not repay it, though three times warned, he shall be put under suspension, denunciation, and excommunication, — all contradiction, cavil, and appeal aside, — until he shall have wholly paid it. If he has been sick, the claim of the guild must be the first to be satisfied. And if he dies intestate, his goods shall be held bound to the guild, to pay what is owing to it, and shall not be touched or sequestrated until full payment has been made to the guild." After that it is refreshing to come across the provision in like case of the Guild of St. Benedict, of Lincoln: "If he cannot repay, let him keep it as a free gift."

No money was permitted to be wasted in lawsuits unless by express consent of the master and the brethren. In some of the brotherhoods no member was allowed to give pledge or become surety for another in any plea or suit, without similar consent. No new statutes or ordinances were to be made except on meeting-day and with the assent of all the brotherhood, and in several instances there is a prohibition of any ordinances against the king's right or common law. All quarrels must be laid before the wardens for arbitration. In case one of the parties to the quarrel was contumacious after the award, he must be expelled, and the other defended with the whole power of the guild "against the rebel and unbuxom."

All the brethren and sisters of a guild were to have one livery suit a year, paid for by themselves, and not to be sold to

others within the year, nor then until after alteration. The men's suit was to be of cloak and hood and the women's of hood, all to be of uniform color.

In these days when the doctrines of spiritualism have revived the old belief in ghost-raising, one ordinance of the Guild of the Palmers of Ludlow has a curious interest. It reads, "If any man wishes, as is common, to keep night-watches with the dead, this will be allowed, on the condition that he neither calls up ghosts, nor makes any mockeries of the body or its good name, nor does any other scandal of the kind; lest, by such scandals, the discipline of the church may be brought into contempt, and the great Judge may be provoked to heavier vengeance, who ought rather, by reason of the sins of the people, to be asked for love and mercy. And never shall any women, unless of the household of the dead, keep such a night-watch." What would Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig do under such an order?

In most of the guilds an important feature of the regulations was that concerning the annual procession or pageant. The Guild of Corpus Christi, at York, has already been referred to as established with especial reference to the annual pageant in honor of the real presence. Other guilds, of various descriptions, united with this one in its annual pageant and vied with it in splendor of display. The local records of York show that on one occasion, in the year 1415, no less than ninety-six organizations joined in the procession, and fifty-four distinct pageants were prepared and presented by the craft guilds, while ten guilds carried blazing torches to make the show more glorious. Eleven of the fifty-four pageants had their subjects taken from the Old Testament, the remainder being taken from the New Testament. The Guild of St. Elene, at Beverly, provided that on the festival of St. Elene there should be a procession of the brethren and sisters in livery, with a boy dressed as a queen, to represent the saint, and before him should go two old men, one bearing a cross and the other a shovel, to typify the finding of

the cross by St. Helena, or St. Elene, as she was called in the guild-ordinances. By the rules of another Beverly guild the brethren and sisters were to march in procession on the festival of the Purification with a pageant of the Virgin. The "stage direction" for this pageant, made in 1355, is so quaint that it may be well to reproduce it in full:—

"Every year, on the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Mary, all the bretheren and susteren shall meet together in a fit and appointed place, away from the church; and there one of the guild shall be clad in comely fashion as a queen, like to the glorious Virgin Mary, having what may seem a son in her arms; and two others shall be clad like to Joseph and Simeon; and two shall go as angels, carrying a candle-bearer, on which shall be twenty-four thick wax lights. With these and other great lights borne before them, and with much music and gladness, the pageant Virgin with her son, and Joseph and Simeon, shall go in procession to the church. And all the susteren of the guild shall follow the Virgin, and afterwards all the bretheren; and each of them shall carry a wax light weighing half a pound. And they shall go two and two, slowly pacing to the church; and when they have got there, the pageant Virgin shall offer her son to Simeon at the high altar; and all the susteren and bretheren shall offer their wax lights, together with a penny each. And all this having been solemnly done, they shall all go home again with gladness." The ordinance carefully prescribes that after the procession and dinner at their homes "the bretheren and susteren shall meet together, and shall eat bread and cheese and drink ale, rejoicing in the Lord, in praise of the glorious Virgin Mary." Nothing could be done in those days unless washed down with ale. One of the oddest of demonstrations on the annual festival was that of the Guild of St. Martin, at Stamford. The return of 1889 from this guild says that by custom beyond reach of memory a bull was hunted by dogs on St. Martin's Day, and when caught sold, after which the brethren

and sisters sat down to feast, with the invariable accompaniment of ale in plentiful supply.

Besides the special objects for which the several guilds were originally founded, and the obligations incurred to their members, many of these organizations charged themselves with other duties. Thus the Guild Merchant of Coventry kept four chaplains, supported thirty-one men and women unable to get their living, and maintained a lodging-house with thirteen beds, a governor, and women to wash the feet of the poor folk lodged free when going through the land on pilgrimage or other work of charity. Many of the guilds charged themselves with the assistance of pilgrims, or sent pilgrims to represent them at famous shrines. In York, beds and attendance for poor strangers were provided; almshouses were maintained in Birmingham; money and provisions were distributed to the poor; some took certain highways under their charge and kept them in repair; town walls and bridges were kept in good condition; churches were mended and beautified; schools were established, and school-masters paid.

The picture of the social guilds presented to us in the reports of themselves to the Parliament of Richard II. is that of organizations of middle-class citizens, based mainly on the principle of good-fellowship and mutual assistance, whose members went to church on the festival day even if they were not due attendants on other Sundays and holy days, and then had a jolly time, men and women together, over the ale-cup. They helped each other when sick or distressed, buried their dead with due solemnities, stood by each other when in any way wronged, never forgot in their feasting the claims of the poor, and did what other good work lay in their way and was in their power. The social guilds survived the civil strife that overthrew Richard II. and lasted through the reign of his successor. They were unshaken by the French wars of Henry V. They were not drowned out in the rivers of blood that flowed in the disastrous Wars of the Roses, though their jollity must have

greatly decreased in those troublous times. They recovered during the quieter reign of Henry VII., but were utterly crushed at the same time with many of the craft guilds when Henry VIII., under pretense of necessity "for the maintenance of these present wars," seized on their moneys and other properties and took them for the use of the king.

In their leading characteristics the craft guilds were similar to those just described. Their organization was the same, and the rules of government and arrangement for benefits were generally of like character. There were the same provisions for meetings and the annual pageants, the same regulations for the collection and care of the moneys and other properties of the body, in general a like liberality with regard to the admission of women, and with scarcely an exception an equal appreciation of the merits of ale. The additional features were the special rules for the management of each "mystery" or craft. These present a curious similarity, in some respects, to the rules of modern trade-unions, but in others differ widely, not to the advantage of the modern organization in comparison. It was forbidden in some crafts for a craftsman belonging to a guild to work with a non-member so long as a member remained unemployed. The number of apprentices was limited, the maximum being determined in each place by the decision of the guild or its officers. In some cases the power of a craft guild was such that no craftsman was permitted to remain in the town unless he was a member. Here we have the principles of modern trade-unionism, as the public are occasionally made acquainted with them through a strike and the exposition of the circumstances causing it. On the other hand, the rules of the old craft guilds enjoined the performance of good, honest work, strict faithfulness to the obligations resting on employer and employed towards each other, whether as master and servant or workman and customer. Complaints from any party in this regard were heard by the chief officers of the guild, and the injustice was redressed. Strict honesty

enjoined, the detection of the smallest theft being sufficient for expulsion. Run-away apprentices were to be returned, and those harboring or employing them were subjected to heavy fines. The workmen were to be paid in money, and not in "truck" or "orders," as is even now sometimes the case. Good tools were to be used and honest materials employed in any work; "scamping," such as is now too common, was strictly forbidden. The officers of the guild had power to make examinations of tools and materials when any doubts arose. When the craftsman failed in the payment of his dues or fines, or in any other way became delinquent, his tools could be seized by the officials and held, or sold in case of continued refusal or neglect to make satisfaction.

The original principle of the craft guild was a community of interest between all members of the craft, whether employer or employed. The struggle between capital and labor had not then begun, because few of the craft masters were capitalists, the greater number working with their journeymen and apprentices. In time the masters grew rich, a gap appeared between them and their hired workmen, which gradually widened, and at last the journeymen and apprentices were shut out from membership of the craft guilds and formed organizations of their own. The craft guilds became more like the employers' associations of to-day, and the journeymen's associations and apprentices' clubs took their place as the ante-types of the nineteenth century labor unions.

J. H. A. Bone.

OUR LAST YEAR IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA.

THREE years ago,¹ having submitted to the public a few sketches of bush life, being the result of our first year's experience as settlers on the "free-grant lands" of Muskoka, I spoke in the concluding one in a tone of mingled hope and fear as to the result of our efforts to make bush farming succeed without capital, and without even the means of living comfortably while trying the experiment. It is needless to say to those who know anything of Muskoka that the misgivings were fully realized, and that the hopes proved mere illusions and melted imperceptibly away, as those airy fabrics too often do.

The autumn of 1873 saw the breaking up of our little colony, in the final departure from the bush of my dear child Mrs. C—, and her family. My son-in-law, Mr. C—, soon found his bush farming as wearisome and unprofitable

as we did ourselves. Having formerly taken his degree of B. A. at St. John's College, Cambridge, and his wishes having long tended to the church as a profession, there was nothing stood between him and ordination but a little reading up in classics and theology, which he accomplished with the assistance of his kind friend, the Church of England clergyman at Bracebridge. He was ordained by the Bishop of Toronto in October, 1873, and was at once appointed to a distant parish. Our parting was most painful, but it was so obviously for the good of the dear ones leaving us that we struggled to repress all selfish regrets, and I, in particular, heartily thanked God that even a portion of the family had escaped from the miseries of bush life. Our small community being so greatly lessened in number, the monotony of our lives was much increased. None but they who have experienced it can ever realize the utter

¹ See the March and April numbers of *The Atlantic Monthly*, 1874.

weariness and isolation of the backwoods. The daily recurrence of the same laborious tasks, the want of time for mental culture, the absence of congenial intercourse with one's fellow-creatures, the many hours of unavoidable solitude, the dreary unbroken silence of the immense forest which closes round the small clearings like a belt of iron,—all these things ere long press down the most buoyant spirit, and superinduce a kind of dull despair from which I have suffered for months at a time. In conversation once with my daughter-in-law, who was often unavoidably left alone for the whole day, we mutually agreed that there were times when the sense of loneliness became so dreadful that had a bear jumped in at the window, or the house taken fire, or a hurricane blown down the farm buildings, we should have been tempted to rejoice and to hail the excitement as a boon. And yet, strange as it may appear, I dreaded above all things visits from our neighbors. It is true they seldom came out, but when they did every one of them would have considered it a want of kindness not to prolong their visit for many hours. Harassed as I was with never-ceasing anxiety, and much occupied with my correspondence and other writing, I found such visits an intolerable nuisance, particularly as after a little friendly talk about household matters, knitting, etc., where we met as it were on common ground, there was invariably a prolonged silence which it required frantic efforts on my part to break, so as to prevent my guest's feeling awkward and uncomfortable. In my estimation of the merits and agreeable conversation of my neighbors I made one great exception. Our nearest neighbor was an intelligent Englishman who lived a lonely bachelor life, which in his rare intervals of rest from hard labor he greatly solaced by reading. We lent him all our best books and English newspapers, and should have been glad to see him oftener, but he was so afraid of intruding that he seldom came except to return or change his books. At such times we had much really pleasant conversation, and often a stirring discus-

sion on some public topic of the day, or it might be a particular reign in Cassell's History of England, or a play of Shakespeare, both of which voluminous works he was reading through. He had been head shopman in a large grocer's in England, and was slightly democratic in his opinions; my tendencies being in the opposite direction, we differed sufficiently to prevent conversation becoming dull. A more well-conducted, hard-working, abstemious, and trustworthy man I have seldom known, and we got to consider him quite in the light of a friend.

The autumn and winter of 1873 passed away with no more remarkable event than our first patch of fall wheat being sown, from which in a burst of temporary enthusiasm we actually expected to have sufficient flour for the bread of the ensuing winter. The following year we by no means slackened in our efforts to improve the land and make it profitable; but we found that though our expenses increased, our means did not. The more land we cleared, the more the want of money to crop and cultivate it became apparent, the labor of one individual being quite insufficient for the purpose. To remedy this want my son resolved to do what was a common practice in the settlement, go out to work for his neighbors, receiving from them "return work" instead of any other payment. The only difficulty when they came to us was the providing sufficient food, even of the commonest kind, for hungry men engaged in logging; but even this we managed in the first half of the year. This appeared to be a year of general want in our settlement, for when our dear companion came home from his day of outside toil, our usual question was, "Well, dear, what did you have for dinner?" and the reply was sure to be, "Oh, bread and treacle and tea," or, "porridge and potatoes;" and this in the houses of the better class of settlers, many of whom were noted for always putting the best they had before any neighbors working for them. In fact there was so little of the circulating medium in the place that all buying and selling was conducted in the most prim-

itive style of barter. A settler having hay, corn, or cattle to sell was obliged to take other commodities in exchange; and more than once when we wanted some indispensable work done, my son, finding that we could in no way provide a money payment, would look over his tools or farm implements, and sometimes even his clothes, and part with whatever could possibly be spared. We suffered at intervals this year more severely from the want of money than we had ever done, and had even long spells of actual hunger and want, which I trust have prepared us all to feel for the remainder of our lives a more full and perfect sympathy with our destitute fellow-creatures. I have mentioned our fall wheat. Alas for all human expectations, when it came to be threshed in the autumn of this year, it was found to have been "winter killed," that is, it had been frozen and thawed so often before the winter snow of the year before had finally covered it that the grain was small, shriveled, withered, and unfit for anything but feeding poultry.

The work of this year appeared to us all harder than ever, and my eldest son's health and strength were evidently on the decline. Nevertheless, nearly every day he did the work of two men, as in addition to the cultivation of the land he had to chop all the fire-wood for daily use, to draw the water, and to do various jobs more or less fatiguing to insure anything like comfort to the family. He became so attenuated and cadaverous looking that we often told him he could make his fortune on any stage as the lean apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*. It was with scarcely suppressed anguish that night after night we saw him so fatigued and worn out as to be hardly able to perform his customary ablutions before sitting down to the writing and reading with which he invariably concluded the day, and which was the only thing linking us all to our happier life in former times. Indeed, both my sons, in spite of hard work and scanty food, contrived to keep up a little reading and study, and even to write occasional articles for our local paper which showed an apti-

tude for higher pursuits than bush farming. Both of them at times worked for and with each other, which was a most pleasant arrangement. At this time my youngest son was going through, on his own farm, the same struggles as ourselves, and was, I am bound to say, in every respect as hard-working and energetic as his elder brother. His family was fast increasing, as he had now two little boys in addition to the one we had charge of, and before the end of the year he was thankful to accept the situation of schoolmaster at Allensville, which added forty pounds a year to his slender means. It was on one occasion when he was working on our land with his brother, and when four other men were giving my son "return work" by logging a large piece of ground near the house, having brought their oxen with them, that we had half an hour of the *delicious excitement* of which my daughter-in-law and myself had talked so calmly some time before. It was a bright, sunny day, and my daughter and myself were busily engaged in cooking a substantial dinner for our working party, when, chancing to look up, my daughter exclaimed, "Mamma! is that sunlight or fire shining through the roof?" I ran out directly and saw that the shingles below the chimney were well alight and beginning to blaze up. Calling out to my daughter in passing, I flew to the end of the house and screamed out "Fire! fire!" in a voice which my sons afterwards laughingly assured me must have been heard at the post-office three miles off. It had the effect, however, of bringing the whole party to our assistance in a few seconds; they were met by my daughter with two buckets of water, which she had promptly procured from the well. My two sons were immediately on the roof, one with an axe to cut away the burning shingles, the other with water handed up by the men to keep the fire from spreading. In ten minutes all danger was over, but it left us rather frightened and nervous, and I must confess that I never again wished for excitement of the same dangerous kind.

In the summer of this year I went to

Bracebridge on a visit to my daughter, Mrs. C——, whose husband had lately been appointed by his bishop resident Church of England minister in that place, a change very agreeable to him, as he was well known and much liked and esteemed by the inhabitants. When I left the bush to go into Bracebridge it was with the full intention of never returning to it, and all my family considered my visit to Mrs. C—— a farewell visit before leaving for England. I had made great exertions to get from my kind lawyer and a friend an advance of sufficient money to take one of us back to the dear "old country," and all agreed that I should go first, as I was confident that my personal solicitations would soon secure the means of bringing back at least my eldest son and daughter, who, being the only unmarried ones of the family, were my constant companions. Having unfortunately for my plans, but quite unavoidably, made use of part of the money to leave things tolerably comfortable in the bush, I waited anxiously till the deficit could be made up, which I fully hoped would soon be the case, by literary work. But my projects all failed, and disappointment, anxiety, and the burning heat of the weather gave me a very severe attack of illness, which left me so weak, feeble, and completely crushed that I was thankful to send for my son and to go back ignominiously to the hateful bush.

The year wore slowly away and Christmas Eve came at last. The snow had fallen in such immense quantities that the roads were nearly impassable from the deep drifts. Our worthy friend, Mr. A——, was away at the lochs, eight miles off, where he had taken a job of work, and we therefore felt pretty sure that he could not pay us his customary Christmas visit. We felt almost thankful, much as we liked him, for we had been literally without a penny for more than two months, and all our provision for Christmas festivities consisted of a plenty of potatoes and a small modicum of flour.

But we were not to escape the humiliation of having an invited guest and

nothing to set before him. Long after dark a well-known knock at the door announced Mr. A——, who came for the key of his house, of which we always had charge, and who had walked the whole way from the lochs to be with us, over roads deep in snow and dangerous from the drifts at either side, which were so many pitfalls for unwary travelers. We welcomed him and made him drink some hot tea, a needful refreshment after his cold and weary tramp of six hours. When he was gone we resolved ourselves into a committee of ways and means, but as nothing could be done to alter the state of affairs, and as there was obviously a ludicrous side to the question, we laughed heartily and went to bed. Having edified the public with an account of our first Christmas dinner in the bush, I am irresistibly tempted to give the details of the last, which certainly did not show much improvement in our finances. On Christmas morning of 1875 we very early heard a joyous shout, and saw dear C—— advancing with two very small salt herrings (the last of his stock) dangling triumphantly in one hand, and a huge vegetable marrow in the other, these articles being the only addition he could make to our Christmas dinner, which for the three previous years he had been mainly instrumental in providing. What could we do but laugh and cheerfully accept the situation? C—— promised to bring his wife and the two babies down on the ox-sleigh as early as possible. We borrowed some butter from our friend Mr. A——, who had a stock of it, and sent for him before dinner, fearing that delicacy would prevent his coming, as he could too well guess the state of the larder. Our guests assembled and dinner time arrived. I served up a large and savory dish of vegetable marrow mashed with potatoes, well buttered, peppered, and salted, and baked in the oven—in short a very novel kind of pie; the two herrings carefully cooked, and a steaming dish of potatoes, which with tea made up a repast we much enjoyed. When tea time came my daughter, who had cheated herself for the good of the community, supplied us with re-

lays of "dumpers," which met with universal approbation.

In compliment to our guest, Mr. A—, we had all put on what my boys jocosely term our "Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes," and I was really glad that the grubs of such untold weary weeks past, upon this day, at least, actually turned into butterflies. Cinderella's transformations were not more complete. My daughter became at once the elegant young woman she had always been considered; my sons, stepping back into their gentlemanly clothes, threw off the care-worn look of working-day fatigue, and were again distinguished and good-looking young men; and as to my pretty daughter-in-law, I have left her till the last that I may have the pleasure of saying that I never saw her look more lovely. She wore a pale silk dress, had delicate lace and bright ribbons floating about her, a gold locket and chain and sundry pretty ornaments, relics of girlish days, and to crown all, her beautiful hair flowing over her shoulders. I thought several times that afternoon, as I watched her caressing first one and then another of her three baby boys, that a painter might have been proud to sketch the pretty group, and to add, at his fancy, gorgeous draperies, antique vases, and beautiful flowers, instead of the rough, coarse belongings of a log-house. I noticed that on this Christmas Day no attempt was made at singing; not even our favorite hymns were proposed; in fact, the year had been so brimful of misfortunes and miseries that I think none of our hearts were attuned to melody. Ah, dear reader, it takes long chastening before we can meekly drink the cup of affliction, and say from the heart "Thy will be done!" Our party broke up early, as the babies and their mother had to be got into the ox-sleigh, smothered with warm wraps, and taken home before the light of the short winter day had quite vanished. In parting we all agreed that we had passed a few hours very pleasantly.

Very different was our fare on New Year's Day of 1875; a sumptuous wild turkey, which we roasted, having been

provided for us by the kindness of one whom we must ever look upon in the light of a dear friend. The "gentlemanly Canadian," mentioned by me in my bush reminiscences, read my papers and at once guessed at the authorship. Being on an election tour with his friend Mr. Pardee, and coming to Muskoka, he procured a guide and found us out in the bush. He stayed but a short time, but the very sight of his pleasant, friendly face did us good for days. Finding that I had never seen a wild turkey from the prairies he asked leave to send me one, and did not forget his promise, sending a beautiful bird which was meant for our Christmas dinner, but owing to delays at Bracebridge it only reached us in time for New Year's Day, which brings me to an era of important family changes.

I began the year with more of hopefulness and pleasure than I had known for a long time. My determination that 1875 should see us clear of the bush had long been fixed, and I felt that as I brought unconquerable energy and the efforts of a strong will to bear upon the project it was sure to be successful. I had no opposition now to dread from my dear companions; both my son and daughter were as weary as myself of our long-continued and hopeless struggles; my son's health and strength, as I have before intimated, were visibly decreasing; he had already spent more than three years of the very prime of his life in work harder than a common laborer's, and with no better result than the very uncertain prospect of a bare living at the end of many more years of drudgery, while his undoubted capacity fitted him for higher employments. It was better for him to begin the world again, even at the age of thirty-two years, than to continue burying himself alive. We had long looked upon bush life in the light of exile to a penal settlement, without even the convict's chance of a ticket of leave. These considerations nerved me for the disagreeable task of getting money from England for our removal, in which, thanks to the unwearied kindness of the friends I have before mentioned, I succeeded, and very early in the year we began to make

preparations for our final departure. It required the stimulus of hope to enable us to bear the discomforts of our last two months' residence in the bush. After the turn of the year immense quantities of snow continued to fall, and we were closely encircled by walls of ice and snow fully five feet in depth. The labor of keeping paths open to the different farm buildings was immense, and the unavoidable task of cutting away the superincumbent ice and snow from the different roofs was one of danger as well as toil. I was told that we were passing through an exceptional winter, and I believe it, as long after we were in Bracebridge the snow continued to fall, and even so late as the middle of May a heavy snow-storm spread its white mantle on the earth and hid it from view for many hours.

The last day at length arrived; we sat for the last time by our log-fire, we looked for the last time on the familiar landscape, and I, at least, felt not one pang of regret. I cling fondly to the friends I love, to my animals, and even to places where I have lived; and in quitting France I could have cried over every shrub and flower in my beloved garden. How great, then, must have been my unhappiness, and how I must have hated my bush life, when my only feeling at leaving it forever was joy at my escape! The roads were so dangerous for horses, and so many accidents had occurred, that my son had the greatest difficulty in hiring a wagon and team for our own use; all our heavy baggage had been conveyed to Bracebridge on ox-sleighs. He succeeded at last, and the afternoon of the 2d of March saw our exodus begin. My son and the driver carefully spread our softest bedding, blankets, and pillows on a layer of hay at the bottom of the wagon, and on these my daughter and myself reclined at our ease with our dear little boy between us. My favorite cat, Tibbs, of Atlantic Monthly celebrity, was in a warm basket before me, and her companion, Tamkins (a legacy from Mrs. C—— when she left the bush), secure-

ly tied up in a bag, slept on my lap the whole way; my son sat with the driver, and Jack, our black dog, ran alongside. We slept that night at Utterson, and next morning went on to Bracebridge, where my son had secured for me a small road-side house. When we were tolerably settled he started for Toronto and Montreal in search of employment, taking with him many excellent letters of introduction. In Montreal he was most kindly and hospitably welcomed by two dear friends, ladies who came out with us from England, who received him into their pleasant home, introduced him to a large circle of friends, and did much by their kindness to restore his shattered health. Eventually, finding nothing suitable in either place, he decided to go on the survey, his name having been put down by our kind friend, Mr. G——, of Sarnia (the donor of the wild turkey), on the staff appointed by government to survey the district of Parry Sound. Severe illness of our little boy, followed by illness of my own which still continues, was my welcome to Bracebridge; but still I rejoice daily that our bush life is forever over.

Here I finally drop the curtain on our domestic history and make but a few parting observations. I am far from claiming undue sympathy for my individual case, which is too probably one among many, but would fain deter others of my class, and especially elderly people, from breaking up their comfortable homes and following an *ignis fatuus* in the shape of emigration to a distant land. I went into the bush of Muskoka strong and healthy, full of life and energy, and quite as enthusiastic as the youngest of our party. I left it with hopes completely crushed, and with health so hopelessly shattered from hard work, lifting heavy weights, and, I may add, unceasing anxiety, that I am now a helpless invalid, entirely confined by the doctor's orders to my bed and my sofa, with not the remotest chance of ever leaving them for a more active life.

H. B. K.

A ROSARY OF SONNETS.

I.

Nature.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
 Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
 Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
 And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
 Still gazing at them through the open door,
 Nor wholly reassured and comforted
 By promises of others in their stead,
 Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
 So Nature deals with us, and takes away
 Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
 Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
 Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
 Being too full of sleep to understand
 How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

II.

In the Churchyard at Tarrytown.

HERE lies the gentle humorist, who died
 In the bright Indian Summer of his fame!
 A simple stone, with but a date and name,
 Marks his secluded resting-place beside
 The river that he loved and glorified.
 Here in the autumn of his days he came,
 But the dry leaves of life were all aflame
 With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
 How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
 Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
 Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
 Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
 Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
 A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

III.

Eliot's Oak.

THOU ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud
 With sounds of unintelligible speech,
 Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,
 Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd;

With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,
 Thou speakest a different dialect to each;
 To me a language that no man can teach,
 Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.
 For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
 Seated like Abraham at eventide
 Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
 Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
 His Bible in a language that hath died
 And is forgotten, save by thee alone.

IV.

The Descent of the Muses.

NINE sisters, beautiful in form and face,
 Came from their convent on the shining heights
 Of Pierus, the mountain of delights,
 To dwell among the people at its base.
 Then seemed the world to change. All time and space,
 Splendor of cloudless days and starry nights,
 And men and manners, and all sounds and sights,
 Had a new meaning, a diviner grace.
 Proud were these sisters, but were not too proud
 To teach in schools of little country towns
 Science and song, and all the arts that please;
 So that while housewives span, and farmers ploughed,
 Their comely daughters, clad in homespun gowns,
 Learned the sweet songs of the Pierides.

V.

Venice.

WHITE swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest
 So wonderfully built among the reeds
 Of the lagoon, that fences thee and feeds,
 As sayeth thy old historian and thy guest!
 White water-lily, cradled and caressed
 By ocean streams, and from the silt and weeds
 Lifting thy golden pistils with their seeds,
 Thy sun-illuminated spires, thy crown and crest!
 White phantom city, whose untrodden streets
 Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting
 Shadows of palaces and strips of sky;
 I wait to see thee vanish like the fleets
 Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud uplifting
 In air their unsubstantial masonry.
Henry W. Longfellow.

THE AMERICAN.

XXI.

THERE is a pretty public walk at Poitiers, laid out upon the crest of the high hill around which the little city clusters, planted with fine trees and looking down upon the fertile fields in which the old English princes fought for their right and held it. Newman paced up and down this quiet promenade for the greater part of the next day, and let his eyes wander over the historic prospect; but he would have been sadly at a loss to tell you afterwards whether the latter was made up of coal-fields or of vineyards. He was wholly given up to his grievance, of which reflection by no means diminished the weight. He feared that Madame de Cintré was irretrievably lost; and yet, as he would have said himself, he didn't see his way clear to giving her up. He found it impossible to turn his back upon Fleurières and its inhabitants; it seemed to him that some germ of hope or reparation must lurk there somewhere, if he could only reach his arm out far enough to pluck it. It was as if he had his hand on a door-knob and were closing his clenched fist upon it: he had thumped, he had called, he had pressed the door with his powerful knee and shaken it with all his strength, and dead, damning silence had answered him. And yet something held him there,—something hardened the grasp of his fingers. Newman's satisfaction had been too intense, his whole plan too deliberate and mature, his prospect of happiness too rich and comprehensive, for this fine moral fabric to crumble at a stroke. The very foundation seemed fatally injured, and yet he felt a stubborn desire still to try to save the edifice. He was filled with a sorer sense of wrong than he had ever known, or than he had supposed it possible he should know. To accept his injury and walk away without looking behind him was a stretch of good - nature of which

he found himself incapable. He looked behind him intently and continually, and what he saw there did not assuage his resentment. He saw himself trustful, generous, liberal, patient, easy, pocketing frequent irritation and furnishing unlimited modesty. To have eaten humble pie, to have been snubbed and patronized and satirized and have consented to take it as one of the conditions of the bargain,—to have done this, and done it all for nothing, surely gave one a right to protest. And to be turned off because one was a commercial person! As if he had ever talked or dreamt of the commercial since his connection with the Bellegardes began,—as if he had made the least circumstance of the commercial,—as if he would not have consented to confound the commercial fifty times a day, if it might have increased by a hair's breadth the chance of the Bellegardes' not playing him a trick! Granted that being commercial was fair ground for having a trick played upon one, how little they knew about the class so designated and its enterprising way of not standing upon trifles! It was in the light of his injury that the weight of Newman's past endurance seemed so heavy; his actual irritation had not been so great, merged as it was in his vision of the cloudless blue that over-arched his immediate wooing. But now his sense of outrage was deep, rancorous, and ever present; he felt that he was a good fellow wronged. As for Madame de Cintré's conduct, it struck him with a kind of awe, and the fact that he was powerless to understand it or feel the reality of its motives only deepened the force with which he had attached himself to her. He had never let the fact of her Catholicism trouble him; Catholicism to him was nothing but a name, and to express a mistrust of the form in which her religious feelings had molded themselves would have seemed to him on his own part a rather pretentious affectation

of Protestant zeal. If such superb white flowers as that could bloom in Catholic soil, the soil was not insalubrious. But it was one thing to be a Catholic, and another to turn nun — on your hands! There was something lugubriously comical in the way Newman's thoroughly contemporaneous optimism was confronted with this dusky old-world expedient. To see a woman made for him and for motherhood to his children juggled away in this tragic travesty, — it was a thing to rub one's eyes over, a nightmare, an illusion, a hoax. But the hours passed away without disproving the thing, and leaving him only the after-sense of the vehemence with which he had embraced Madame de Cintré. He remembered her words and her looks; he turned them over and tried to shake the mystery out of them and to infuse them with an endurable meaning. What had she meant by her feeling being a kind of religion? It was the religion simply of the family laws, the religion of which her implacable little mother was the high priestess. Twist the thing about as her generosity would, the one certain fact was that they had used force against her. Her generosity had tried to screen them, but Newman's heart rose into his throat at the thought that they should go scot-free.

The twenty-four hours wore themselves away, and the next morning Newman sprang to his feet with the resolution to return to Fleurières and demand another interview with Madame de Bellegarde and her son. He lost no time in putting it into practice. As he rolled swiftly over the excellent road in the little *calèche* furnished him at the inn at Poitiers, he drew forth, as it were, from the very safe place in his mind to which he had consigned it, the last information given him by poor Valentin. Valentin had told him he could do something with it, and Newman thought it would be well to have it at hand. This was of course not the first time, lately, that Newman had given it his attention. It was information in the rough, — it was dark and puzzling; but Newman was neither helpless nor afraid. Valentin had evidently meant to put him in possession

of a powerful instrument, though he could not be said to have placed the handle very securely within his grasp. But if he had not really told him the secret, he had at least given him the clew to it, — a clew of which that queer old Mrs. Bread held the other end. Mrs. Bread had always looked to Newman as if she knew secrets; and as he apparently enjoyed her esteem he suspected she might be induced to share her knowledge with him. So long as there was only Mrs. Bread to deal with, he felt easy. As to what there was to find out, he had only one fear, — that it might not be bad enough. Then, when the image of the marquise and her son rose before him again, standing side by side, the old woman's hand in Urbain's arm, and the same cold, unsociable fixedness in the eyes of each, he cried out to himself that the fear was groundless. There was blood in the secret at the very least! He arrived at Fleurières almost in a state of elation; he had satisfied himself, logically, that in the presence of his threat of exposure they would, as he mentally phrased it, rattle down like unwound buckets. He remembered indeed that he must first catch his hare, — first ascertain what there was to expose; but after that why should n't his happiness be as good as new again? Mother and son would drop their lovely victim in terror and take to hiding, and Madame de Cintré, left to herself, would surely come back to him. Give her a chance and she would rise to the surface, return to the light. How could she fail to perceive that his house would be much the most comfortable sort of convent?

Newman, as he had done before, left his conveyance at the inn and walked the short remaining distance to the château. When he reached the gate, however, a singular feeling took possession of him, — a feeling which, strange as it may seem, had its source in its unfathomable good nature. He stood there awhile, looking through the bars at the large, time-stained face of the edifice, and wondering to what crime it was that the dark old house, with its flowery name, had given convenient occasion.

It had given occasion, first and last, to tyrannies and sufferings enough, Newman said to himself; it was an evil-looking place to live in. Then, suddenly, came the reflection, — what a horrible rubbish-heap of iniquity to fumble in! The attitude of inquisitor turned its ignobler face, and with the same movement Newman declared that the Bellegardes should have another chance. He would appeal once more directly to their sense of fairness and not to their fear, and if they should be accessible to reason he need know nothing worse about them than what he already knew. That was bad enough.

The portress let him in through the same illiberal aperture as before, and he passed through the court and over the little rustic bridge on the moat. The door was opened before he had reached it, and, as if to put his clemency to rout with the suggestion of a richer opportunity, Mrs. Bread stood there awaiting him. Her face, as usual, looked as hopelessly blank as the tide-smoothed sea-sand, and her black garments seemed of an intenser sable. Newman had already learned that her strange inexpressiveness could be a vehicle for emotion, and he was not surprised at the muffled vivacity with which she whispered, "I thought you would try again, sir. I was looking out for you."

"I am glad to see you," said Newman; "I think you are my friend."

Mrs. Bread looked at him, opaquely. "I wish you well, sir; but it's vain wishing now."

"You know, then, how they have treated me?"

"Oh, sir," said Mrs. Bread, dryly, "I know everything."

Newman hesitated a moment. "Everything?"

Mrs. Bread gave him a glance somewhat more lucent. "I know at least too much, sir."

"One can never know too much. I congratulate you. I have come to see Madame de Bellegarde and her son," Newman added. "Are they at home? If they are not, I will wait."

"My lady is always at home," Mrs.

Bread replied, "and the marquis is mostly with her."

"Please then tell them — one or the other, or both — that I am here and that I desire to see them."

Mrs. Bread hesitated. "May I take a great liberty, sir?"

"You have never taken a liberty but you have justified it," said Newman, with diplomatic urbanity.

Mrs. Bread dropped her wrinkled eyelids as if she were courtesying; but the courtesy stopped there; the occasion was too grave. "You have come to plead with them again, sir? Perhaps you don't know this, — that the countess returned this morning to Paris."

"Ah, she's gone!" And Newman, groaning, smote the pavement with his stick.

"She has gone straight to the convent, — the Carmelites they call it. I see you know, sir. My lady and the marquis take it very ill. It was only last night she told them."

"Ah, she sprang it upon them, then?" cried Newman. "Good, good! And they are very mad?"

"They are not pleased," said Mrs. Bread. "But they may well dislike it. They tell me it's most dreadful, sir; of all the nuns in Christendom, the Carmelites are the worst. You may say they are really not human, sir; they make you give up everything, — forever. And to think of *her* there! If I was one that cried, sir, I could cry."

Newman looked at her an instant. "We must n't cry, Mrs. Bread; we must act. Go and call them!" And he made a movement to enter farther.

But Mrs. Bread gently checked him. "May I take another liberty? I am told you were with my dearest Mr. Valentin, in his last hours. If you would tell me a word about him! The poor count was my own boy, sir; for the first year of his life he was hardly out of my arms; I taught him to speak. And the count spoke so well, sir! He always spoke well to his poor old Bread. When he grew up and took his pleasure he always had a kind word for me. And to die in that wild way! They have a story that

he fought with a wine-merchant. I can't believe that, sir! And was he in great pain?"

"You are a wise, kind old woman, Mrs. Bread," said Newman. "I hoped I might see you with my own children in your arms. Perhaps I shall, yet." And he put out his hand. Mrs. Bread looked for a moment at his open palm, and then, as if fascinated by the novelty of the gesture, she extended her own lady-like fingers. Newman held her hand, firmly and deliberately, fixing his eyes upon her. "You want to know all about M. Valentin?" he said.

"It would be a sad pleasure, sir."

"I can tell you everything. Can you sometimes leave this place?"

"The château, sir? I really don't know. I never tried."

"Try, then; try hard. Try this evening, at dusk. Come to me in the old ruin there on the hill, in the court before the church. I will wait for you there; I have something very important to tell you. An old woman like you can do as she pleases."

Mrs. Bread stared, wondering, with parted lips. "Is it from the count, sir?" she asked.

"From the count, — from his death-bed," said Newman.

"I will come, then. I will be bold, for once, for *him*."

She led Newman into the great drawing-room with which he had already made acquaintance, and retired to execute his commands. Newman waited a long time; at last he was on the point of ringing and repeating his request. He was looking round him for a bell when the marquis came in with his mother on his arm. It will be seen that Newman had a logical mind when I say that he declared to himself, in perfect good faith, as a result of Valentin's dark hints, that his adversaries looked grossly wicked. "There is no mistake about it now," he said to himself as they advanced. "They're a bad lot; they have pulled off the mask." Madame de Bellegarde and her son certainly bore in their faces the signs of extreme perturbation; they looked like people who had passed a sleepless night.

Confronted, moreover, with an annoyance which they hoped they had disposed of, it was not natural that they should have any very tender glances to bestow upon Newman. He stood before them, and such eye-beams as they found available they leveled at him; Newman felt as if the door of a sepulchre had suddenly been opened, and the damp darkness were being exhaled.

"You see I have come back," he said.

"I have come to try again."

"It would be ridiculous," said the marquis, "to pretend that we are glad to see you or that we don't question the taste of your visit."

"Oh, don't talk about taste," said Newman, with a laugh, "or that will bring us round to yours! If I consulted my taste I certainly should n't come to see you. Besides, I will make as short work as you please. Promise me to raise the blockade — to set Madame de Cintré at liberty — and I will retire instantly."

"We hesitated as to whether we should see you," said Madame de Bellegarde; "and we were on the point of declining the honor. But it seemed to me that we should act with civility, as we have always done, and I wished to have the satisfaction of informing you that there are certain weaknesses that people of our way of feeling can be guilty of but once."

"You may be weak but once, but you will be audacious many times, madam," Newman answered. "I did n't come, however, for conversational purposes. I came to say this, simply: that if you will write immediately to your daughter that you withdraw your opposition to her marriage, I will take care of the rest. You don't want her to turn nun, — you know more about the horrors of it than I do. Marrying a commercial person is better than that. Give me a letter to her, signed and sealed, saying you retract and that she may marry me with your blessing, and I will take it to her at the convent and bring her out. There's your chance, — I call those easy terms."

"We look at the matter otherwise, you know. We call them very hard terms," said the marquis. They had all remained standing, rigidly, in the mid-

dle of the room. "I think my mother will tell you that she would rather her daughter should become *Sœur Catherine* than Mrs. Newman."

But the marquise, with the serenity of supreme power, let her son make her epigrams for her. She only smiled, almost sweetly, shaking her head and repeating, "But once, Mr. Newman; but once!"

Nothing that Newman had ever seen or heard gave him such a sense of marble hardness as this movement and the tone that accompanied it. "Could anything compel you?" he asked. "Do you know of anything that would force you?"

"This language, sir," said the marquis, "addressed to people in bereavement and grief is beyond all qualification."

"In most cases," Newman answered, "your objection would have some weight, even admitting that Madame de Cintre's present intentions make time precious. But I have thought of what you speak of, and I have come here to-day without scruple simply because I consider your brother and you two very different parties. I see no connection between you. Your brother was ashamed of you. Lying there wounded and dying, the poor fellow apologized to me for your conduct. He apologized to me for that of his mother."

For a moment the effect of these words was as if Newman had struck a physical blow. A quick flush leaped into the faces of Madame de Bellegarde and her son, and they exchanged a glance like a twinkle of steel. The marquis uttered two words which Newman but half heard, but of which the sense came to him as it were in the reverberation of the sound, "*Le misérable!*"

"You show little respect for the living," said Madame de Bellegarde, "but at least respect the dead. Don't profane—don't insult—the memory of my innocent son."

"I speak the simple truth," Newman declared, "and I speak it for a purpose. I repeat it,—distinctly. Your son was utterly disgusted,—your son apologized."

Urbain de Bellegarde was frowning portentously, and Newman supposed he was frowning at poor Valentin's invidious image. Taken by surprise, his scant affection for his brother had made a momentary concession to dishonor. But not for an appreciable instant did the marquise lower her flag. "You are immensely mistaken, sir," she said. "My son was sometimes light, but he was never indecent. He died faithful to his name."

"You simply did n't understand him," said the marquis, beginning to rally. "You affirm the impossible!"

"Oh, I don't care for poor Valentin's apology," said Newman. "It was far more painful than pleasant to me. This atrocious thing was not his fault; he never hurt me, or any one else; he was the soul of honor. But it shows how he took it."

"If you wish to prove that my poor brother, in his last moments, was utterly out of his head, we can only say that under the melancholy circumstances nothing was more possible. But confine yourself to that."

"He was perfectly in his right mind," said Newman, with gentle, but dangerous doggedness; "I have never seen him so bright and clever. It was terrible to see that witty, capable fellow dying such a death. You know I was very fond of your brother. And I have further proof of his sanity," Newman concluded.

The marquise gathered herself together, majestically. "This is too gross!" she cried. "We decline to accept your story, sir,—we repudiate it. Urbain, open the door." She turned away, with an imperious motion to her son, and passed rapidly down the length of the room. The marquis went with her and held the door open. Newman was left standing.

He lifted his finger, as a sign to M. de Bellegarde, who closed the door behind his mother and stood waiting. Newman slowly advanced, more silent, for the moment, than life. The two men stood face to face. Then Newman had a singular sensation; he felt his sense of injury almost brimming over into jocular-

ity. "Come," he said, "you don't treat me well; at least admit that."

M. de Bellegarde looked at him from head to foot, and then, in the most delicate, best-bred voice, "I detest you, personally," he said.

"Oh, that's the way I feel to you, but I don't say it," said Newman. "It's singular I should want so much to be your brother-in-law, but I can't give it up. Let me try once more." And he paused a moment. "You have a secret,—you have a skeleton in the closet." M. de Bellegarde continued to look at him hard, but Newman could not see whether his eyes betrayed anything; the look of his eyes was always so strange. Newman paused again, and then went on. "You and your mother have committed a crime." At this M. de Bellegarde's eyes certainly did change; they seemed to flicker, like blown candles. Newman could see that he was profoundly startled; but there was something admirable in his self-control.

"Continue," said M. de Bellegarde.

Newman lifted a finger and made it waver a little in the air. "Need I continue? You are trembling."

"Pray where did you obtain this interesting information?" M. de Bellegarde asked, very softly.

"I shall be strictly accurate," said Newman. "I won't pretend to know more than I do. At present that is all I know. You have done something that you must hide, something that would damn you if it were known, something that would disgrace the name you are so proud of. I don't know what it is, but I can find out. Persist in your present course and I *will* find out. Change it, let your sister go in peace, and I will leave you alone. It's a bargain?"

The marquis almost succeeded in looking untroubled; the breaking up of the ice in his handsome countenance could not come to pass in a moment. But Newman's mildly syllabled argumentation seemed to press and press, and presently he averted his eyes. He stood some moments, reflecting.

"My brother told you this," he said, looking up.

Newman hesitated a moment. "Yes, your brother told me."

The marquis smiled, handsomely. "Did n't I say that he was out of his mind?"

"He was out of his mind if I don't find out. He was very much in it if I do."

M. de Bellegarde gave a shrug. "Eh, sir, find out or not, as you please."

"I don't frighten you?" demanded Newman.

"That's for you to judge."

"No, it's for you to judge, at your leisure. Think it over, feel yourself all round. I will give you an hour or two. I can't give you more, for how do we know how fast they may be making Madame de Cintré a nun? Talk it over with your mother; let her judge whether she is frightened. I don't believe she is as easily frightened, in general, as you; but you will see. I will go and wait in the village, at the inn, and I beg you to let me know as soon as possible. Say by three o'clock. A simple *yes* or *no* on paper will do. Only, you know, in case of a *yes* I shall expect you, this time, to stick to your bargain." And with this Newman opened the door and let himself out. The marquis did not move, and Newman, retiring, gave him another look. "At the inn, in the village," he repeated. Then he turned away altogether and passed out of the house.

He was extremely excited by what he had been doing, for it was inevitable that there should be a certain emotion in calling up the spectre of dishonor before a family a thousand years old. But he went back to the inn and contrived to wait there, deliberately, for the next two hours. He thought it more than probable that Urbain de Bellegarde would give no sign; for an answer to his challenge, in either sense, would be a confession of guilt. What he most expected was silence,—in other words defiance. But he prayed that, as he imaged it, his shot might bring them down. It did bring, by three o'clock, a note, delivered by a footman; a note addressed in Urbain de Bellegarde's handsome English hand. It ran as follows:—

I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of letting you know that I return to Paris, to-morrow, with my mother, in order that we may see my sister and confirm her in the resolution which is the most effectual reply to your audacious pertinacity.

HENRI-URBAIN DE BELLEGARDE.

Newman put the letter into his pocket, and continued his walk up and down the inn-parlor. He had spent most of his time, for the past week, in walking up and down. He continued to measure the length of the little *salle* of the Armes de France until the day began to wane, when he went out to keep his rendezvous with Mrs. Bread. The path which led up the hill to the ruin was easy to find, and Newman in a short time had followed it to the top. He passed beneath the rugged arch of the castle wall, and looked about him in the early dusk for an old woman in black. The castle yard was empty, but the door of the church was open. Newman went into the little nave and of course found there a deeper dusk than without. A couple of tapers, however, twinkled on the altar and just enabled him to perceive a figure seated by one of the pillars. Closer inspection helped him to recognize Mrs. Bread, in spite of the fact that she was dressed with unwonted splendor. She wore a large black silk bonnet, with imposing bows of crape, and an old black satin dress disposed itself in vaguely lustrous folds about her person. She had judged it proper to the occasion to appear in her stateliest apparel. She had been sitting with her eyes fixed upon the ground, but when Newman passed before her she looked up at him, and then she rose.

"Are you a Catholic, Mrs. Bread?" he asked.

"No, sir; I'm a good Church-of-England woman, very Low," she answered. "But I thought I should be safer in here than outside. I never was out in the evening before, sir."

"We shall be safer," said Newman, "where no one can hear us." And he led the way back into the castle court and then followed a path beside the

church, which he was sure must lead into another part of the ruin. He was not deceived. It wandered along the crest of the hill and terminated before a fragment of wall pierced by a rough aperture which had once been a door. Through this Newman passed and found himself in a nook peculiarly favorable to quiet conversation, as many an earnest couple, otherwise assorted than our friends, probably had assured themselves. The hill sloped abruptly away, and on the remnant of its crest were scattered two or three fragments of stone. Beneath, over the plain, lay the gathered twilight, through which, in the near distance, gleamed two or three lights from the château. Mrs. Bread rustled slowly after her guide, and Newman, satisfying himself that one of the fallen stones was steady, proposed to her to sit upon it. She timidly complied, and he placed himself upon another, near her.

XXII.

"I am very much obliged to you for coming," Newman said. "I hope it won't get you into trouble."

"I don't think I shall be missed. My lady, in these days, is not fond of having me about her." This was said with a certain fluttered eagerness which increased Newman's sense of having inspired the old woman with confidence.

"From the first, you know," he answered, "you took an interest in my prospects. You were on my side. That gratified me, I assure you. And now that you know what they have done to me, I am sure you are with me all the more."

"They have not done well, — I must say it," said Mrs. Bread. "But you mustn't blame the poor countess; they pressed her hard."

"I would give a million of dollars to know what they did to her!" cried Newman.

Mrs. Bread sat with a dull, oblique gaze fixed upon the lights of the château. "They worked on her feelings; they knew that was the way. She is a deli-

cate creature. They made her feel wicked. She is only too good."

"Ah, they made her feel wicked," said Newman, slowly; and then he repeated it. "They made her feel wicked, — they made her feel wicked." The words seemed to him for the moment the most vivid description of infernal ingenuity that the human tongue could furnish.

"It was because she was so good that she gave up, — poor sweet lady!" added Mrs. Bread.

"But she was better to them than to me," said Newman.

"She was afraid," said Mrs. Bread, very confidently; "she has always been afraid, or at least for a long time. That was the real trouble, sir. She was like a fair peach, I may say, with just one little speck. She had one little sad spot. You pushed her into the sunshine, sir, and it almost disappeared. Then they pulled her back into the shade and in a moment it began to spread. Before we knew it she was gone. She was a delicate creature."

This singular attestation of Madame de Cintré's delicacy, for all its singularity, set Newman's wound aching afresh. "I see," he presently said; "she knew something bad about her mother."

"No, sir, she knew nothing," said Mrs. Bread, holding her head very stiff and keeping her eyes fixed upon the glimmering windows of the château.

"She guessed something, then, or suspected it."

"She was afraid to know," said Mrs. Bread.

"But *you* know, at any rate," said Newman.

She slowly turned her vague eyes upon Newman, squeezing her hands together in her lap. "You are not quite faithful, sir. I thought it was to tell me about the count you asked me to come here."

"Oh, the more we talk of the count the better," said Newman. "That's exactly what I want. I was with him, as I told you, in his last hour. He was in a great deal of pain, but he was quite himself. You know what that means; he was bright and lively and clever."

"Oh, he would always be clever, sir," said Mrs. Bread. "And did he know of your trouble?"

"Yes, he guessed it of himself."

"And what did he say to it?"

"He said it was a disgrace to his name, — but it was not the first."

"Lord, Lord!" uttered Mrs. Bread.

"He said that his mother and his brother had once put their heads together and invented something even worse."

"You should n't have listened to that, sir."

"Perhaps not. But *I did* listen, and I don't forget it. Now I want to know what it is they did."

Mrs. Bread gave a soft moan. "And you have enticed me up into this strange place to tell you?"

"Don't be alarmed," said Newman. "I won't say a word that shall be disagreeable to you. Tell me as it suits you, and when it suits you. Only remember that it was the count's last wish that you should."

"Did he say that?"

"He said it with his last breath, — 'Tell Mrs. Bread I told you to ask her.'"

"Why did n't he tell you himself?"

"It was too long a story for a dying man; he had no breath left in his body. He could only say that he wanted me to know, — that, wronged as I was, it was my right to know."

"But how will it help you, sir?" said Mrs. Bread.

"That's for me to decide. The count believed it would, and that's why he told me. Your name was almost the last word he spoke."

Mrs. Bread was evidently awe-struck by this statement; she shook her clasped hands slowly up and down. "Excuse me, sir," she said, "if I take a great liberty. Is it the solemn truth you are speaking? I *must* ask you that; must n't I, sir?"

"There's no offense. It is the solemn truth; I solemnly swear it. The count himself would certainly have told me more if he had been able."

"Oh, sir, if he knew more!"

"Don't you suppose he did?"

"There's no saying what he knew about anything," said Mrs. Bread with a mild head-shake. "He was so mightily clever. He could make you believe he knew things that he did n't, and that he did n't know others that he had better not have known."

"I suspect he knew something about his brother that kept the marquis civil to him," Newman propounded; "he made the marquis feel him. What he wanted now was to put me in his place; he wanted to give me a chance to make the marquis feel me."

"Mercy on us!" cried the old waiting-woman, "how wicked we all are!"

"I don't know," said Newman; "some of us are wicked, certainly. I am very angry, I am very sore, and I am very bitter, but I don't know that I am wicked. I have been cruelly injured. They have hurt me, and I want to hurt them. I don't deny that; on the contrary, I tell you plainly that that is the use I want to make of your secret."

Mrs. Bread seemed to hold her breath. "You want to publish them, — you want to shame them?"

"I want to bring them down, — down, down, down! I want to turn the tables upon them, — I want to mortify them as they mortified me. They took me up into a high place and made me stand there for all the world to see me, and then they stole behind me and pushed me into this bottomless pit, where I lie howling and gnashing my teeth! I made a fool of myself before all their friends; but I shall make something worse of them."

This passionate sally, which Newman uttered with the greater fervor that it was the first time he had had a chance to say all this aloud, kindled two small sparks in Mrs. Bread's fixed eyes. "I suppose you have a right to your anger, sir; but think of the dishonor you will draw down on Madame de Cintré."

"Madame de Cintré is buried alive," cried Newman. "What are honor or dishonor to her? The door of the tomb is at this moment closing behind her."

"Yes, it's most awful," moaned Mrs. Bread.

"She has moved off, like her brother Valentin, to give me room to work. It's as if it were done on purpose."

"Surely," said Mrs. Bread, apparently impressed by the ingenuity of this reflection. She was silent for some moments; then she added, "And would you bring my lady before the courts?"

"The courts care nothing for my lady," Newman replied. "If she has committed a crime she will be nothing for the courts but a wicked old woman."

"And will they hang her, sir?"

"That depends upon what she has done." And Newman eyed Mrs. Bread intently.

"It would break up the family most terribly, sir!"

"It's time such a family should be broken up!" said Newman with a laugh.

"And one at my age out of place, sir," said Mrs. Bread.

"Oh, I will take care of you! You shall come and live with me. You shall be my housekeeper, or anything you like. I will pension you for life."

"Dear, dear, sir, you think of everything." And she seemed to fall a-brooding.

Newman watched her awhile, and then he said suddenly, "Oh, Mrs. Bread, you are too fond of my lady!"

She looked at him as quickly: "I would n't have you say that, sir. I don't think it any part of my duty to be fond of my lady. I have served her faithfully this many a year, but if she were to die to-morrow I believe, before Heaven, I should n't shed a tear for her." Then, after a pause, "I have no reason to love her!" Mrs. Bread added. "The most she has done for me has been not to turn me out of the house." Newman felt that decidedly his companion was more and more confidential, — that if luxury is corrupting, Mrs. Bread's conservative habits were already relaxed by the moral *bien-être* of this preconcerted interview, in a remarkable locality, with a free-spoken millionaire. All his native shrewdness admonished him that his part was simply to let her take her time, — let the charm of the occasion work. So he said nothing; he only

looked at her kindly. Mrs. Bread sat nursing her lean elbows. "My lady once did me a great wrong," she went on at last. "She has a terrible tongue when she is vexed. It was many a year ago, but I have never forgotten it. I have never mentioned it to a human creature; I have kept my grudge to myself. I dare say I have been wicked, but my grudge has grown old with me. It has grown good for nothing, too, I dare say; but it has lived along, as I've lived. It will die when I die, — not before!"

"And what is your grudge?" Newman asked.

Mrs. Bread dropped her eyes and hesitated. "If I were a foreigner, sir, I should make less of telling you; it comes harder to a decent Englishwoman. But I sometimes think I have picked up too many foreign ways. What I was telling you belongs to a time when I was much younger and very different looking to what I am now. I had a very high color, sir, if you can believe it; indeed I was a very smart lass. My lady was younger, too, and the late marquis was youngest of all, — I mean in the way he went on, sir; he had a very high spirit; he was a magnificent man. He was fond of his pleasure, like most foreigners, and it must be owned that he sometimes went rather below him to take it. My lady was often jealous, and, if you'll believe it, sir, she did me the honor to be jealous of me. One day I had a red ribbon in my cap, and my lady flew out at me and ordered me to take it off. She accused me of putting it on to make the marquis look at me. I don't know that I was impertinent, but I spoke up like an honest girl and did n't count my words. A red ribbon indeed! As if it was my ribbons the marquis looked at! My lady knew afterwards that I was thoroughly respectable, but she never said a word to show that she believed it. But the marquis did!" Mrs. Bread presently added, "I took off my red ribbon and put it away in a drawer, where I have kept it to this day. It's faded now, it's a very pale pink; but there it lies. My grudge has faded, too; the red has all gone out

of it; but it lies here yet." And Mrs. Bread tapped her black satin bodice.

Newman listened with interest to this decent narrative, which seemed to have opened up the deeps of memory to his companion. Then, as she remained silent, and seemed to be losing herself in retrospective meditation upon her thorough respectability, he ventured upon a bold short cut to his goal. "So Madame de Bellegarde was jealous; I see. And M. de Bellegarde admired pretty women, without distinction of class. I suppose one must n't be hard upon him, for they probably didn't all behave so properly as you. But years afterwards it could hardly have been jealousy that turned Madame de Bellegarde into a criminal."

Mrs. Bread gave a weary sigh. "We are using dreadful words, sir, but I don't care now. I see you have your idea, and I have no will of my own. My will was the will of my children, as I called them; but I have lost my children now. They are dead, — I may say it of both of them; and what should I care for the living? What is any one in the house to me now, — what am I to them? My lady objects to me, — she has objected to me these thirty years. I should have been glad to be something to young Madame de Bellegarde, though I never was nurse to the present marquis. When he was a baby I was too young; they would n't trust me with him. But his wife told her own maid, Mamselle Clarisse, the opinion she had of me. Perhaps you would like to hear it, sir."

"Oh, immensely," said Newman.

"She said that if I would sit in her children's school-room I would do very well for a penwiper! When things have come to that I don't think I need stand on ceremony."

"Decidedly not," said Newman. "Go on, Mrs. Bread."

Mrs. Bread, however, relapsed again into troubled dumbness, and all Newman could do was to fold his arms and wait. But at last she appeared to have set her memories in order. "It was when the late marquis was an old man and his eldest son had been two years married. It

was when the time came on for marrying Mademoiselle Claire; that's the way they talk of it here, you know, sir. The marquis's health was bad; he was very much broken down. My lady had picked out M. de Cintré, for no good reason that I could see. But there are reasons, I very well know, that are beyond me, and you must be high in the world to understand them. Old M. de Cintré was very high, and my lady thought him almost as good as herself; that's saying a good deal. Mr. Urbain took sides with his mother, as he always did. The trouble, I believe, was that my lady would pay very little, and all the other gentlemen asked more. It was only M. de Cintré that was satisfied. The Lord willed it he should have that one soft spot; it was the only one he had. He may have been very grand in his birth, and he certainly was very grand in his manners; but that was all the grandeur he had. I think he was like what I have heard of comedians; not that I have ever seen one. But I know he painted his face. He could paint it all he would; he could never make me like it! The marquis could n't abide him, and declared that sooner than take such a husband as that Mademoiselle Claire should take none at all. He and my lady had a great scene; it came even to our ears in the servants' hall. It was not their first quarrel, if the truth must be told; they were not a loving couple, but did n't often come to words, because, I think, neither of them thought the other's doings worth the trouble. My lady had long ago got over her jealousy, and she had taken to indifference. In this, I must say, they were well matched. The marquis was very easy-going; he had the temper of a perfect gentleman. He got angry only once a year, but then it was very bad. He always took to bed directly afterwards. This time I speak of he took to bed as usual, but he never got up again. I'm afraid the poor gentleman was paying for his light habits; is n't it true they mostly do, sir, when they get old? My lady and Mr. Urbain kept quiet, but I know my lady wrote letters to M. de Cintré. The marquis got worse

and the doctors gave him up. My lady, she gave him up too, and if the truth must be told, she gave him up gladly. When once he was out of the way she could do what she pleased with her daughter, and it was all arranged that my poor, innocent child should be handed over to M. de Cintré. You don't know what the countess was in those days, sir; she was the sweetest young creature in France, and knew as little of what was going on around her as the lamb does of the butcher. I used to nurse the marquis, and I was always in his room. It was here at Fleurières, in the autumn. We had a doctor from Paris, who came and stayed two or three weeks in the house. Then there came two others, and there was a consultation, and these two others, as I said, declared that the marquis could n't be saved. After this they went off, shaking their heads, but the other one stayed and did what he could. The marquis himself kept crying out that he would n't die, that he did n't want to die, that he would live and look after his daughter. Mademoiselle Claire and the viscount—that was Mr. Valentin, you know—were both in the house. The doctor was a clever man,—that I could see myself,—and I think he believed that the marquis might get well. We took good care of him, he and I, between us, and one day, when my lady had almost ordered her mourning, my patient suddenly began to mend. He got better and better, till the doctor said he was out of danger. What was killing him was the dreadful fits of pain in his stomach. But little by little they stopped, and the poor marquis began to make his jokes again. The doctor found something that gave him great comfort,—some white stuff that we kept in a great bottle on the chimney-piece. I used to give it to the marquis through a glass tube; it always made him easier. Then the doctor went away, after telling me to keep on giving him the mixture whenever he was bad. After that there was a little doctor from Poitiers, who came every day. So we were alone in the house,—my lady and her poor husband and their three chil-

dren. Young Madame de Bellegarde had gone away, with her little girl, to her mother's. You know she is very lively, and her maid told me that she did n't like to be where people were dying." Mrs. Bread paused a moment, and then she went on with the same quiet consistency. "I think you have guessed, sir, that when the marquis began to turn my lady was disappointed." And she paused again, bending upon Newman a face which seemed to grow whiter as the darkness settled down upon them.

Newman had listened eagerly, — with an eagerness greater even than that with which he had bent his ear to Valentin de Bellegarde's last words. Every now and then, as his companion looked up at him, she reminded him of an ancient tabby cat, protracting the enjoyment of a dish of milk. Even her triumph was measured and decorous; the faculty of exultation had been chilled by disuse. She presently continued. "Late one night I was sitting by the marquis in his room, the great red room in the west tower. He had been complaining a little, and I gave him a spoonful of the doctor's dose. My lady had been there in the early part of the evening; she sat for more than an hour by his bed. Then she went away and left me alone. After midnight she came back, and her eldest son was with her. They went to the bed and looked at the marquis, and my lady took hold of his hand. Then she turned to me and said he was not so well; I remember how the marquis, without saying anything, lay staring at her. I can see his white face, at this moment, in the great black square between the bed-curtains. I said I did n't think he was very bad; and she told me to go to bed, — she would sit awhile with him. When the marquis saw me going he gave a sort of groan, and called out to me not to leave him; but Mr. Urbain opened the door for me and pointed the way out. The present marquis — perhaps you have noticed, sir — has a very proud way of giving orders, and I was there to take orders. I went to my room, but I was n't easy; I could n't tell you why. I did

n't undress; I sat there waiting and listening. For what, would you have said, sir? I could n't have told you; for surely a poor gentleman might be comfortable with his wife and his son. It was as if I expected to hear the marquis moaning after me again. I listened, but I heard nothing. It was a very still night; I never knew a night so still. At last the very stillness itself seemed to frighten me, and I came out of my room and went very softly down-stairs. In the anteroom, outside of the marquis's chamber, I found Count Urbain walking up and down. He asked me what I wanted, and I said I came back to relieve my lady. He said *he* would relieve my lady, and ordered me back to bed; but as I stood there, unwilling to turn away, the door of the room opened and my lady came out. I noticed she was very pale, she was very strange. She looked a moment at the count and at me, and then she held out her arms to the count. He went to her, and she fell upon him and hid her face. I went quickly past her into the room and to the marquis's bed. He was lying there, very white, with his eyes shut, like a corpse. I took hold of his hand and spoke to him, and he felt to me like a dead man. Then I turned round; my lady and the count were there. 'My poor Bread,' said my lady, 'M. le Marquis is gone.' Mr. Urbain knelt down by the bed and said softly, 'Mon père, mon père.' I thought it wonderful strange, and asked my lady what in the world had happened, and why she had n't called me. She said nothing had happened; that she had only been sitting there with the marquis, very quiet. She had closed her eyes, thinking she might sleep, and she had slept, she did n't know how long. When she woke up he was dead. 'It's death, my son, it's death,' she said to the count. Mr. Urbain said they must have the doctor, immediately, from Poitiers, and that he would ride off and fetch him. He kissed his father's face, and then he kissed his mother and went away. My lady and I stood there at the bedside. As I looked at the poor marquis it came into my head that he was not dead, that

he was in a kind of swoon. And then my lady repeated, 'My poor Bread, it's death, it's death;' and I said, 'Yes, my lady, it's certainly death.' I said just the opposite to what I believed; it was my notion. Then my lady said we must wait for the doctor, and we sat there and waited. It was a long time; the poor marquis neither stirred nor changed. 'I have seen death before,' said my lady, 'and it's terribly like this.' 'Yes, my lady,' said I; and I kept thinking. The night wore away without the count's coming back, and my lady began to be frightened. She was afraid he had had an accident in the dark, or met with some wild people. At last she got so restless that she went below to watch in the court for her son's return. I sat there alone and the marquis never stirred."

Here Mrs. Bread paused again, and the most artistic of romancers could not have been more effective. Newman made a movement as if he were turning over the page of a novel. "So he *was* dead!" he exclaimed.

"Three days afterwards he was in his grave," said Mrs. Bread, sententiously. "In a little while I went away to the front of the house and looked out into the court, and there, before long, I saw the count ride in, alone. I waited a bit, to hear him come up-stairs with his mother, but they stayed below, and I went back to the marquis's room. I went to the bed and held up the light to him, but I don't know why I did n't let the candlestick fall. The marquis's eyes were open — open wide! they were staring at me. I knelt down beside him and took his hands, and begged him to tell me, in the name of wonder, whether he was alive or dead. Still he looked at me a long time, and then he made me a sign to put my ear close to him: 'I am dead,' he said, 'I am dead. The marquis has killed me.' I was all in a tremble; I did n't understand him; I did n't know what had become of him. He seemed both a man and a corpse, if you can fancy, sir. 'But you'll get well now, sir,' I said. And then he whispered again, ever so weak: 'I would n't get well for a kingdom. I would n't be

that woman's husband again.' And then he said more; he said she had murdered him. I asked him what she had done to him, but he only replied, 'Murder, murder. And she'll kill my daughter,' he said; 'my poor unhappy child.' And he begged me to prevent that, and then he said that he was dying, that he was dead. I was afraid to move or to leave him; I was almost dead myself. All of a sudden he asked me to get a pencil and write for him; and then I had to tell him that I could n't manage a pencil. He asked me to hold him up in bed while he wrote himself, and I said he could never, never do such a thing. But he seemed to have a kind of terror that gave him strength. I found a pencil in the room and a piece of paper and a book, and I put the paper on the book and the pencil into his hand, and moved the candle near him. You will think all this very strange, sir; and very strange it was. The strangest part of it was that I believed he was dying, and that I was eager to help him to write. I sat on the bed and put my arm round him, and held him up. I felt very strong; I believe I could have lifted him and carried him. It was a wonder how he wrote, but he did write, in a big scratching hand; he almost covered one side of the paper. It seemed a long time; I suppose it was three or four minutes. He was groaning, terribly, all the while. Then he said it was ended, and I let him down upon his pillows, and he gave me the paper and told me to fold it, and hide it, and to give it to those who would act upon it. 'Whom do you mean?' I said. 'Who are those who will act upon it?' But he only groaned, for an answer; he could n't speak, for weakness. But in a few minutes he told me to go and look at the bottle on the chimney-piece. I knew the bottle he meant; the white stuff that was good for his stomach. I went and looked at it, but it was empty. When I came back his eyes were open and he was staring at me; but soon he closed them and he said no more. I hid the paper in my dress; I did n't look at what was written upon it, though I can read very well, sir, if I have n't any hand-

writing. I sat down near the bed, but it was nearly half an hour before my lady and the count came in. The marquis looked as he did when they left him, and I never said a word about his having been otherwise. Mr. Urbain said that the doctor had been called to a person in childbirth, but that he promised to set out for Fleurières, immediately. In another half hour he arrived, and as soon as he had examined the marquis he said that we had had a false alarm. The poor gentleman was very low, but he was still living. I watched my lady and her son when he said this, to see if they looked at each other, and I am obliged to admit that they did n't. The doctor said there was no reason he should die; he had been going on so well. And then he wanted to know how he had suddenly fallen off; he had left him so very hearty. My lady told her little story again,—what she had told the count and me,—and the doctor looked at her and said nothing. He stayed all the next day at the château, and hardly left the marquis. I was always there. Mademoiselle and Mr. Valentin came and looked at their father, but he never stirred. It was a strange, deathly stupor. My lady was always about; her face was as white as her husband's, and she looked very proud, as I had seen her look when her orders or her wishes had been disobeyed. It was as if the poor marquis had defied her; and the way she took it made me afraid of her. The apothecary from Poitiers kept the marquis along through the day, and we waited for the other doctor from Paris, who, as I told you, had been staying at Fleurières. They had telegraphed for him early in the morning, and in the evening he arrived. He talked a bit outside with the doctor from Poitiers, and then they came in to see the marquis together. I was with him, and so was the count. My lady had been to receive the doctor from Paris, and she didn't come back with him into the room. He sat down by the marquis; I can see him there now, with his hand on the marquis's wrist, and Mr. Urbain watching him with a little looking-glass in his hand. 'I'm sure he's

better,' said the little doctor from Poitiers; 'I'm sure he'll come back.' A few moments after he had said this the marquis opened his eyes, as if he were waking up, and looked at us, from one to the other. I saw him look at me, very softly, as you'd say. At the same moment my lady came in on tiptoe; she came up to the bed and put in her head between me and the count. The marquis saw her and gave a long, most wonderful moan. He said something we could n't understand, and he seemed to have a kind of spasm. He shook all over and then closed his eyes, and the doctor jumped up and took hold of my lady. He held her for a moment a bit roughly. The marquis was stone dead! This time there were those there that knew."

Newman felt as if he had been reading, by starlight, the report of highly important evidence in a great murder case. "And the paper,—the paper!" he said, excitedly. "What was written upon it?"

"I can't tell you, sir," answered Mrs. Bread. "I could n't read it; it was in French."

"But could no one else read it?"

"I never asked a human creature."

"No one has ever seen it?"

"If you see it you'll be the first."

Newman seized the old woman's hand in both his own and pressed it vigorously. "I thank you ever so much for that," he cried. "I want to be the first; I want it to be my property and no one else's! You're the wisest old woman in Europe. And what did you do with the paper?" This information had made him feel wondrous strong. "Give it to me, quick!"

Mrs. Bread got up with a certain majesty. "It is not so easy as that, sir. If you want the paper, you must wait."

"But waiting is horrible, you know," urged Newman.

"I am sure I have waited; I have waited these many years," said Mrs. Bread.

"That is very true. You have waited for me. I won't forget it. And yet, how comes it you did n't do as M. de

Bellegarde said, show the paper to some one?"

"To whom should I show it?" answered Mrs. Bread, mournfully. "It was not easy to know, and many's the night I have lain awake thinking of it. Six months afterwards, when they married mademoiselle to her vicious old husband, I was very near bringing it out. I thought it was my duty to do something with it, and yet I was mightily afraid. I didn't know what was written on the paper or how bad it might be, and there was no one I could trust enough to ask. And it seemed to me a cruel kindness to do that sweet young creature, letting her know that her father had written her mother down so shamefully; for that's what he did, I suppose. I thought she would rather be unhappy with her husband than be unhappy that way. It was for her and for my dear Mr. Valentin I kept quiet. Quiet I call it, but for me it was a bitter quietness. It worried me terribly, and it changed me altogether. But for others I held my tongue, and no one, to this hour, knows what passed between the poor marquis and me."

"But evidently there were suspicions," said Newman. "Where did Mr. Valentin get his ideas?"

"It was the little doctor from Poitiers. He was very ill-satisfied, and he made a great talk. He was a sharp Frenchman, and coming to the house, as he did, day after day, I suppose he saw more than he seemed to see. And indeed the way the poor marquis went off as soon as his eyes fell on my lady was a most shocking sight for any one. The medical gentleman from Paris was much more accommodating, and he hushed up the other. But for all he could do Mr. Valentin and mademoiselle heard something; they knew their father's death was somehow against nature. Of course they could n't accuse their mother, and, as I tell you, I was as dumb as that stone. Mr. Valentin used to look at me sometimes, and his eyes seemed to shine, as if he were thinking of asking me something. I was dreadfully afraid he would speak, and I always looked away and

went about my business. If I were to tell him, I was sure he would hate me afterwards, and that I could never have borne. Once I went up to him and took a great liberty; I kissed him, as I had kissed him when he was a child. 'You ought n't to look so sad, sir,' I said; 'believe your poor old Bread. Such a gallant, handsome young man can have nothing to be sad about.' And I think he understood me; he understood that I was begging off, and he made up his mind in his own way. He went about with his unasked question in his mind, as I did with my untold tale; we were both afraid of bringing dishonor on a great house. And it was the same with the countess. She did n't know what had happened; she would n't know. My lady and Mr. Urbain asked me no questions because they had no reason. I was as still as a mouse. When I was younger my lady thought me a hussy, and now she thought me a fool. How should I have any ideas?"

"But you say the little doctor from Poitiers made a talk," said Newman. "Did no one take it up?"

"I heard nothing of it, sir. They are always talking scandal in these foreign countries, — you may have noticed, — and I suppose they shook their heads over Madame de Bellegarde. But after all, what could they say? The marquis had been ill, and the marquis had died; he had as good a right to die as any one. The doctor could n't say he had not come honestly by his cramps. The next year the little doctor left the place and bought a practice in Bordeaux, and if there had been any gossip it died out. And I don't think there could have been much gossip about my lady that any one would listen to. My lady is so very respectable."

Newman, at this last affirmation, broke into an immense, resounding laugh. Mrs. Bread had begun to move away from the spot where they were sitting, and he helped her through the aperture in the wall and along the homeward path. "Yes," he said, "my lady's respectability is delicious; it will be a big crash!" They reached the empty space in front

of the church, where they stopped a moment, looking at each other with something of an air of closer fellowship, — like two sociable conspirators. "But what was it," said Newman, "what was it she did to her husband? She did n't stab him or poison him."

"I don't know, sir; no one saw it."

"Unless it was Mr. Urbain. You say he was walking up and down, outside the room. Perhaps he looked through the keyhole. But no; I think that with his mother he would take it on trust."

"You may be sure I have often thought of it," said Mrs. Bread. "I am sure she did n't touch him with her hands. I saw nothing on him, anywhere. I believe it was in this way. He had a fit of his great pain, and he asked her for his medicine. Instead of giving it to him she went and poured it away, before his eyes. Then he saw what she meant, and, weak and helpless as he was, he was frightened, he was terrified. 'You want to kill me,' he said. 'Yes, M. le Marquis, I want to kill you,' says my lady, and sits down and fixes her eyes upon him. You know my lady's eyes, I think, sir; it was with them she killed him; it was with the terrible strong will she put into them. It was like a frost on flowers."

"Well, you are a very intelligent woman; you have shown great discretion," said Newman. "I shall value your services as housekeeper extremely."

They had begun to descend the hill, and Mrs. Bread said nothing until they reached the foot. Newman strolled lightly beside her; his head was thrown back and he was gazing at all the stars; he seemed to himself to be riding his vengeance along the Milky Way. "So you are serious, sir, about that?" said Mrs. Bread, softly.

"About your living with me? Why of course I take care of you to the end of your days. You can't live with those people any longer. And you ought n't to, you know, after this. You give me the paper, and you clear out."

"It seems very flighty in me to be taking a new place at this time of life," observed Mrs. Bread, lugubriously. "But

if you are going to turn the house upside down, I would rather be out of it."

"Oh," said Newman, in the cheerful tone of a man who feels rich in alternatives, "I don't think I shall bring in the constables, if that's what you mean. Whatever Madame de Bellegarde did, I am afraid the law can't take hold of it. But I am glad of that; it leaves it altogether to me!"

"You are a mighty bold gentleman, sir," murmured Mrs. Bread, looking at him round the edges of her great bonnet.

He walked with her back to the château; the curfew had tolled for the laborious villagers of Fleurrières, and the street was unlighted and empty. She promised him that he should have the marquis's manuscript in half an hour. Mrs. Bread choosing not to go in by the great gate, they passed round by a winding lane to a door in the wall of the park, of which she had the key, and which would enable her to enter the château from behind. Newman arranged with her that he should await outside the wall her return with the coveted document.

She went in, and his half hour in the dusky lane seemed very long. But he had plenty to think about. At last the door in the wall opened and Mrs. Bread stood there, with one hand on the latch and the other holding out a scrap of white paper, folded small. In a moment he was master of it, and it had passed into his waistcoat pocket. "Come and see me in Paris," he said; "we are to settle your future, you know; and I will translate poor M. de Bellegarde's French to you." Never had he felt so grateful as at this moment for M. Nioche's instructions.

Mrs. Bread's dull eyes had followed the disappearance of the paper, and she gave a heavy sigh. "Well, you have done what you would with me, sir, and I suppose you will do it again. You must take care of me now. You are a terribly downright gentleman."

"Just now," said Newman, "I'm a terribly impatient gentleman!" And he bade her good-night and walked rapidly back to the inn. He ordered his vehicle to be prepared for his return to

Poitiers, and then he shut the door of the common salle and strode toward the solitary lamp on the chimney-piece. He pulled out the paper and quickly unfolded it. It was covered with pencil-marks, which at first, in the feeble light, seemed indistinct. But Newman's fierce curiosity forced a meaning from the tremulous signs. The English of them was as follows:—

My wife has tried to kill me, and she has done it; I am dying, dying horribly. It is to marry my dear daughter to M. de Cintré. With all my soul I protest,— I forbid it. I am not insane,— ask the doctors, ask Mrs. B——. It was alone with me here, to-night; she attacked me and put me to death. It is murder, if murder ever was. Ask the doctors.

HENRI-URBAIN DE BELLEGARDE.

Henry James, Jr.

THE PRODIGAL.

O MOTHER, wait until my work is done!
Loose thy strong arms that draw me to thy breast
Till I am ready to lie down and rest;
Grudge not to me the kisses of the sun.
Fear not, fond earth, thy strong love holds me fast;
Thou art mine heir, — I shall be thine at last.

O roses, grasses, trees! I am your kin, —
Your prodigal blood-cousin, — now grown strange
With many wanderings through the lands of Change.
You lent me of your substance, and I've been
A wasteful steward; yet I shall bring back
My whole inheritance, — you shall not lack.

Divide my all amongst you; 't was but lent
To me a while to use. Part heart and brain,
Matter and force, until there shall remain
Of me no shadow; I am well content.
Order and chaos wage eternal strife;
The end of living is to bring forth life.

Guardian of thoughts, immortal memory!
Keep thou immortal some good thought of mine,
Which, in oblivion's dark, may softly shine
Like the pale fox-fire of a rotting tree.
If thou do keep but one song-child alive,
In its sweet body shall my soul survive.

Charles H. Noyes.

NEWSPAPER LITERARY CRITICISM.

THE newspaper critic of books has a very different office to perform from that of the critic of pure literature. Literary criticism in its best sense deals with pure literature, with books the excellence of which gives them permanence. With books of the hour only, except as they illustrate the manners and taste of the time, the pure critics have little to do. They are under no obligation to judge the half thoughts of half authors, to measure the exact depth of writers who are not very deep, to say just how witty, wise, and eloquent certain tolerably witty, wise, and eloquent writers are. They deal, on the contrary, with minds which possess superior powers or which have produced unusual effects upon the world. A few books of the higher class from the pens of contemporaneous writers may now and then fall to the share of the newspaper reviewer, and by his treatment of these he may produce a good deal of effect. But most of the books will have no pretensions to be placed in this class; of those which do aspire to this rank, some will pretty nearly reach it; many more will fall far short of it. In what way should the newspaper critics write of the books which are placed on their tables? and, especially, to what extent ought they in their judgments to consider the feelings of the authors?

I have heard it said by some that inferior books should either not be reviewed at all, or that, if reviewed, only those things should be said which could be said in commendation of them. The first plan, to pass unnoticed books which to be reviewed justly must be reviewed adversely, is impracticable, because publishers and even authors wish that their books shall be noticed unfavorably rather than that they shall be overlooked, and because a great many books, either from their popularity or the popularity of their authors, or from some accidental reason, have such an importance that no

newspaper can neglect them. The other plan, that of noticing the book and saying only such things as may be said in praise of it, is practicable enough and often enough practiced, but is bad in almost every way. The effect upon the critic is bad. It must not be forgotten that the critic has a soul as well as an author, that his integrity is in constant danger, that he has continual temptations to subterfuge, casuistry, and dishonorable compromise with many untoward circumstances which surround him. But no author appears to think that a critic has a soul or that it is a matter of the least consequence what becomes of it. He regards the flattery of his insincere reviewer with the tolerance that he extends to the crimes of the party which gives him an office, or the iniquities of a business from which he draws an income. An author may know that a critic is describing his book in phrases which are from the mouth rather than from the head or heart, and yet he will think him a pleasant fellow for his want of character. So long as his feelings are protected, he does not care to what condition the critic's want of honesty may reduce his own mind.

A book review should aim to represent the book truthfully to the public. The wickedness of a lie consists not in using false language but in intending to produce a false impression. A critic may tell the truth in detail, that is, each particular statement made by him may be true, but if the effect of his review is to make people believe that to be a good book which is really a bad one, the public has been deceived and the critic has been a deceiver. There is one tolerably valid plea to be urged in extenuation of the guilt of such a proceeding, that the public has learned not to believe the reviewers and that nobody is fooled; but this is a consideration of which newspaper conductors, though they might recognize the force of it, would be likely

to say as little as possible. I know there is a kind of book notice which "tips the wink" to the reader and seems to say, "We must be careful not to wound the feelings of the author, who is a worthy person, but don't buy the book." This is no doubt innocent enough at times, but when such a method of treatment ceases to be a good-natured exception and becomes the habit of a writer, I doubt if it is wholesome. Besides, casuistry of this kind may lead to worse. For it is often hard to invent a phrase which is both true and kind, very hard sometimes when the printer is waiting for "copy;" and the writer is in danger of passing by those easy gradations which moralists describe from skillful and cautious euphemisms into downright fibbing.

That a critic should err rather on the side of appreciation than the want of it, that he should go through a book on the lookout for excellences, appears to be of late a generally accepted notion. It seems to me that the critic should be on the lookout for neither faults nor excellences. Or perhaps I ought to say that he should be on the lookout for excellences, but not too strenuously. His aim should be to know the truth of the book. To toil through some book which you know all the while to be feeble, painfully searching for some indication of ability upon which to found a compliment, is an unwholesome occupation. It is the business of the author to impress the reader, and the critic is only a reader who has special reasons for knowing the truth of a book. When you go to hear an actor you do not consider yourself bound to inquire whether or no his performance is a good one; if he has ability, let him show it. The same requirement should be made of a book. And when a book is plainly "so-so" and nothing more, "fairish," "rather good" (which is often another name for "rather bad"), the critic should not be forced to probe and describe it, but should be permitted to dismiss it at once to the limbo of mediocrity to which it belongs. To be under the necessity of defining things not worth definition he feels to be hurtful to his usefulness and repugnant to his

notion of truth. Of the extreme discomfort of it most reviewers must be aware. To throw a plummet-line deep enough for the sea into a frog pond, and to stand all day on the bank, dabbling the lead in the mud and wondering how deep it is,—few occupations could be more uncomfortable. The critic should say less rather than more than he means. This is the rule of art. Writers of a high order of literature in describing their deepest and happiest impressions of nature and mankind say always less than they mean rather than more, and it is certainly the rule of truth. Such words as "true," "excellent," "beautiful," are good enough to apply to Shakespeare; and yet there are scores of authors of the present time who will be satisfied with nothing short of them.

To write only what is good of a book is therefore bad for the critic; it is bad also for the public. It is often said that to write and bring out a book is a serious matter; that the author has worked hard upon it and is much interested in it; that it will, if a poor book, be certain to die of itself very shortly; why, therefore, it is asked, wound the feelings of the author by letting him and the world know that he has been a fool for his pains? This view has a charity and an appearance of liberality which disposes one hearing it for the first time to accept it. But a little reflection shows one that it will not do. The critic is a literary educator, a professor of literature with a class which embraces the entire reading community. He is to instruct if he can; he is to judge fairly and to give "his own to each," but his main business is to stimulate the minds of people, to conduct a live conversation with the public concerning the books they are reading. People love to compare their opinions of the books they have read with those of one whom they imagine to know something. They will read a notice of a book they have read in preference to one of a book they have not read, and this seems to show that they wish sympathy and conversation rather than information from the critic. Their own ideas are perhaps uncertain and timidly

held; and they are glad of thoughts which agree or disagree with their own, if these thoughts are put forward with zest and candor. Their opinions may be uncertain, but the likings of even the simplest readers are clear enough. Editors and publishers of newspapers may care very little for the books they write and print notices of, but the people who buy the books and sit up half the night to read them care a great deal. The critic has, therefore, what professors of literature very often have not, a class prepared to hear him gratefully and curiously. That he may really assist his audiences it is not so necessary that his opinions be absolutely just and true (they should of course be as just and true as he can make them) as that they should be eager, free, and candid. An incorrect opinion expressed zestfully will have a more lively and I believe a more profiting effect upon the reader than a correct one expressed timidly and with a glance around for fear that some one is hurt by it. I do not say that critics should be severe upon foolish books; indeed, I think they should not be; but I say that the taking into account the author's feelings will be likely to impair the critic's freedom and candor. The question is: shall the critic be free and useful, or shall he be insipid and inefficient; shall he speak his mind plainly and to the point, or shall he limit himself to timid euphemisms and communicate with the reader by innuendoes and implications; shall he be his own man, — as the phrase is, shall his foot be on his native heath, or shall he walk on eggs?

It is best, then, for the critic and the public that the feelings of authors shall be left out of the question by book reviewers; is it best for the authors themselves? If not, it is then only to be said that when the author's interests are opposed to those of the public, it is the critic's business to consider those of the public. Of course, the interests of the whole body of authors cannot be ultimately opposed to that kind of criticism which has the best effect upon the public mind. But uncivil things must be said of some authors, and the authors of whom they are

said cannot be expected to like them. I doubt, though, if they hurt as much as they are supposed to do. An old fox-hunter, speaking of the perfections of the chase as practiced in England, said that "he liked it, the horses liked it, the dogs liked it, and he'd be d—d if he didn't believe the fox liked it." I believe, though I offer the opinion with diffidence, that it is a matter of surprise to many authors that unfavorable printed comments on their books do not hurt them more. A man, tolerably sensitive to the ill opinion of acquaintance whispered privately from mouth to mouth, will find himself perusing with equanimity a column of ridicule and adverse comment concerning himself, spread out for all the world to read. At any rate, whether or no authors are angry with critics who oppose them, it will not be hard to prove that they ought not to be. It will not be hard to show that the critic who says that you are no poet is not so much your enemy as you think. To possess certain artistic gifts is very necessary to you; but your friend the critic cares little whether you have these gifts or not, likes you very well as you are, better, perhaps, than some people who have them. There is a surprise, a little shock, when your friend reviews your book, to find that all along he has been carrying about in his mind notions concerning your abilities very different from those you entertain yourself. You have had many long and friendly talks together; in some charming after-dinner hours of social talk or social silence you have come to like each other very much; and yet, deceitful wretch, the evidence of the printed page containing his comment upon your production discovers the fact that he does not think you a man man of genius. The fault is in your misconception of the nature of the impression which you make upon him. We are apt to think that men know us better than they do. Each knows so well his own history and feelings that he cannot entirely help thinking that he appears to another as he appears to himself. How little we who nod to each other in the street really know of each other! The essential facts of honesty and benevo-

lence men are skilled to discern, because these facts concern themselves; but with regard to those peculiarities of mind which make us poets, artists, and the like, men are to each other as trees walking. You know your acquaintances as you know the states on the map in which the capitals only are given. You are certain that your friend is honest; you are certain that he is kind. Whether he is a genius or not you have never thought to ask; if he be one, very likely it is not for the qualities that make him a genius that you value him. In your moments of most intimate and agreeable talk do you discern in his countenance the feeling of nature, the gift of poesy, etc.? Such gifts even as wit and sense, powers which have their place in conversation, though valuable, are not necessary in our friends. Some men we like for these qualities, and some men we like for the want of them. We like to meet one man because his talk is full of knowledge and acute observation. His amiable neighbor may never in his lifetime have achieved a profound thought or a graphic expression; yet the very vagueness of his mind is so mixed up with some spiritual charm familiar to us that we find ourselves liking him for the want of that which we value in another.

It is well for an author to have this thought before his mind. The reflection should at any rate induce critics to perceive that they are not really unkind in denying to an author gifts which they do not think he possesses. But a critic should be very cautious in the use of censure; he should blame only where he is certain he sees a fault. There is a state of culpable indolence which, when the mind of the reviewer is empty, finds vent in some facile slur or sneer, and this is often set down and printed for no better reason than that it has come into the reviewer's head. Often the critic, determined to be original and superior, says a disparaging thing of which he thinks or hopes he is sure, but of which he is not in the least sure. Even the precaution of certainty will be of no avail with some critics; having never experienced the presence of the quality they cannot

be conscious of the want of it. The old difference between those who know they are right and those who think they are right still remains, and this difference it is impossible to explain to the satisfaction of those who think they are right. The same difference exists among authors, as well. There must be cases in which author and critic come to a dead-lock. The author thinks the critic a fool, and the critic thinks the author an ass. Sometimes the author is right, and sometimes the critic, and each must take the chances.

In order that book criticisms should have the needed free and candid character, they should, as a rule, be anonymous. Book notices to which the writer's name is signed are usually apologetic and deprecatory. They ask the author not to be offended. Even in critical journals which print only anonymous contributions, it is not difficult to pick out, from their timid and gentle manner, certain articles written by persons who know the authors of the books reviewed. A critic must have a very firm hand indeed who is able to treat an author he knows precisely as if he did not know him. He cannot help saying to himself, as he writes, "How will he like this?" "Will he not hate me for that?" He is much freer when the author is not a friend or acquaintance. Just as the President cuts off the head of a subordinate a thousand miles away with scarcely a thought that it is a real man whose head is coming off, and that to lose one's head is quite as painful in Colorado as in the District of Columbia, so the critic finds it hard to think that for the author whose name on the title-page he has never before seen, there is somewhere walking about a person of like feelings and affections with himself. He is the freer for being ignorant of the author and for not having to take him and his feelings into account. The critic is at an even greater disadvantage if he is known to the public as well as to the author. Those foreign periodicals in which the names of the reviewers are appended to their articles are feeble than the anonymous ones. The reviewer addresses himself half to the reader and half to the

author. He carries on an urbane confabulation with the author before the eyes of the public, something like the factitious conversation of clergymen who sit together in the pulpit.

Indeed, the favoritism of reviewers to writers of their acquaintance is a difficulty in the way of candid criticism that it will be very difficult ever to get out of the way. It is the skeleton in the reviewer's closet. There is not a critical journal in the world whose reviews are not influenced by the personal relations of the editors and reviewers with the authors. I do not see how it is to be mended, since authors and reviewers will know one another. But the evil, because it is nearly inevitable, is none the less an evil. If a critic be really in the habit of saying only pleasant things of his friends' books, it is difficult to see how he can with any fairness write freely of anybody. For when about to try his wit and sense upon some stupid author, not known to him, he must, if he is fair, stop and ask, "How can I say these things of this man, when, if I knew him, I should be certain not to say them?"

One exception should be made to the rule that book reviews should be anonymous. A man with peculiar gifts of taste, judgment, and sympathy, who is also a person interesting and attractive to the public and well known to them, is perhaps the best of book reviewers. The public delights to converse with such a writer, and his name is of great use to the authors themselves. *Laudari a viro laudato* — to be praised by a man of reputation and consideration — every author likes. Such a critic, however, should not be obliged to notice books which do not interest him.

But in this country the main cause of the critic's discomfort, the chief difficulty in the way of the discharge of his duty to the public and to himself, is the fact that the publisher is the patron of the newspapers. His advertisements are an important source of income to them; the newspapers therefore desire not to offend him. It has even come to pass that the publishers are supposed to exact notices in part payment for their

patronage. There has grown up a notion that notices are given to advertisers something like a free lunch to bar customers. It is hard indeed to understand why an advertiser is not considered as paid by the insertion of his advertisement. The absurdity of the custom existing here is such as to suggest the idea that it is a reminiscence of a day when every town in the land was a village and every newspaper a country newspaper. Puffing must of course in the end defeat itself; and it is equally certain that the paper which is the most read by book buyers must in the end get the advertising. The time has quite come when this particular sort of immorality may cease. At this moment any great newspaper could without danger to its business stop the puffing of books; with regard to puffs of real estate, railway and insurance companies, etc., I do not venture to express an opinion. The way of virtue is not always the way of profit. But I am sure that any strong paper could safely in its reviews ignore the fact of the publishers being its patrons. The important publishers (with some exceptions) really do not trouble the reviewers very much, because they are too busy, and because, alas, they have very little faith in the ability of the most eloquent reviewers to sell books. They have a cynical belief that there has been a diminution in the expressing power of words. Then the *amour propre* of a publisher, unlike that of an author, is general rather than particular. He prints many books and these books are reviewed by many papers. If a book is not well treated by one writer it will be by another; if a newspaper condemns one book it will make amends by praising another. The publisher thus "strikes an average" and is tolerably content. The main annoyance to the reviewer is from smaller people who want a great deal for very little, and who succeed in this way in getting notice which according to the commercial idea belongs to the big houses. Though the publishers are not as anxious to have their books praised as they are thought to be, the conductors of newspapers hold that they are, and thus the result is quite as bad

for the reviewer as if they were. A silent pressure is brought to bear upon the critic to be continually coquetting with the advertisers, to reward those who do advertise, to punish those who do not, and to invite those who are expected to. I say the pressure is a silent one; the reviewer is not told, or at any rate not frequently told, to do such and such things. On the contrary, he is said to have a *carte blanche*. But there are two sorts of *carte blanche*, a verbal and a moral *carte blanche*. The *carte blanche* I refer to says to the reviewer, "You may do as you like, but" — and there is an ominous reservation which he prudently construes to mean that it will be well for him to like to do what proprietors wish to have done. An advertising agent, professing to something more than common liberality, once said to a reviewer, "You pull one way and we pull another, and so between the two we get things about right." Where one side has the money and the other side has none, it is easy

to see which must pull to the most effect. The owners of a newspaper must control it and control it entirely. I have heard newspaper writers and other persons speak of an independent journalist, meaning thereby an editor independent of the owners of the paper for which he writes. There can be, of course, no such thing. One might as well speak of an independent coachman or an independent cook. You may not like to order your dinner, or to tell the coachman to take this or that road, but the cook and the coachman have their own way only so long as they cook what you like and drive you where you wish to go. The independence of a journalist is precisely of the same character. He may play for a while his little game of command, but he must in the end do as he is told to do by those who hire him. This is inevitably so of him, as it must be of any employee. If newspapers are to be better conducted, therefore, it is the owners who must reform them.

E. S. Nadal

OUT OF THE QUESTION.

COMEDY.

III.

THE scene three weeks after the events last represented is once more that hotel parlor which we know. Here sit Mrs. Bellingham and her sister-in-law, both with sewing, to which the latter abandons herself with an apparently exasperated energy, while the former lets her work lie in her lap, and listens with some lady-like trepidation to what Mrs. Murray is saying.

Mrs. Murray. "From beginning to end it has been quite like a sensation play. Leslie must feel herself a heroine of melodrama. She is sojourning at a country inn, and she goes sketching in

the woods, when two ruffians set upon her and try to rob her. Her screams reach the ear of the young man of humble life but noble heart, who professed to have gone away but who was still opportunely hanging about; he rushes on the scene and disperses the brigands, from whom he rends their prey. She seizes his hand to thank him for his sublime behavior, and discovers that his wrist has been broken by a blow from the bludgeon of one of the wicked ruffians. Very pretty, very charming, indeed; and so appropriate for a girl of Leslie's training, family, and station in life. Upon my word I congratulate you, Marion. To think of being the mother of a her-

oine! It was fortunate that you let her snub Mr. Dudley. If she had married him probably nothing of the kind would have happened."

Mrs. Bellingham. "I am glad the affair amuses you, but I don't see how even you can hold the child responsible for what has happened."

Mrs. Murray. "Responsible! I should be the last to do that, I hope. No, indeed. I consider her the victim of circumstances, and since the hero has been thrown back upon our hands, I'm sure every one must say that her devotion is most exemplary. I don't hold her responsible for that, even." As Mrs. Murray continues, Mrs. Bellingham's uneasiness increases, and she drops her hands with a baffled look upon the work in her lap. "It's quite *en règle* that she should be anxious about him; it would be altogether out of character, otherwise. It's a pity that he does n't lend himself more gracefully to being petted. When I saw her bringing him a pillow, that first day, after the doctor set his wrist and she had got him to repose his exhausted frame on the sofa, I was almost melted to tears. Of course it can end only in one way."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Kate, I will not have any more of this. It's intolerable, and you have no right to torment me so. You know that I'm as much vexed as you can be. It annoys me beyond endurance, but I don't see what, as a lady, I can do about it. Mr. Blake is here again by no fault of his own, certainly, and neither Leslie nor I can treat him with indifference."

Mrs. Murray. "I don't object to your treating him as kindly as you like, but you had better leave as little kindness as possible to Leslie. You must sooner or later recognize one thing, Marion, and take your measures accordingly. I advise you to do it sooner."

Mrs. Bellingham. "What do you mean?"

Mrs. Murray. "I mean what you know well enough: that Leslie is interested in this Mr. Blake. I saw that she was, from the very first moment. He's just the kind of man to fascinate a girl

like Leslie; you know that. He's handsome, and he's shown himself brave; and all that unconventionality which marks him of a different class gives him a charm to a girl's fancy, even when she has recognized, herself, that he is n't a gentleman. She soon forgets that, and sees merely that he is clever and good. She would very promptly teach a girl of his traditions her place, but a young man is different."

Mrs. Bellingham. "I hope Leslie would treat even a woman with consideration."

Mrs. Murray. "Oh, consideration, consideration! You may thank yourself, Marion, and your impossible ideas, if this comes to the worst. You belong to one order of things or you belong to another. If you believe that several generations of wealth, breeding, and station distinguish a girl so that a new man, however good or wise or brave he is, can never be her equal, you must act on your belief, and in a case like this you can't act too promptly."

Mrs. Bellingham. "What should you do?"

Mrs. Murray. "Do? I should fling away all absurd ideas of consideration, to begin with. I should deal frankly with Leslie,—I should appeal to her pride and her common sense; and I should speak so distinctly to this young man that he could n't possibly mistake my meaning. I should tell him—I should advise him to try change of air for his wound, or whatever it is."

Mrs. Bellingham, after a moment's dreary reflection: "That's quite impossible, Kate. I will speak to Leslie, but I never can offer offense to one we owe so much."

Mrs. Murray. "Do you wish me to speak to him?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "No, I can't permit that, either."

Mrs. Murray. "Very well; then you must abide by the result." Mrs. Murray clutches her work together, stooping to recover dropping spools and scissors with an activity surprising in a lady of her massive person, and is about to leave the room, when the sound of steps

and voices arrest her; a moment after, Blake and Miss Bellingham enter, so intent upon each other as not to observe the ladies in their corner.

Leslie. "I'm afraid you've let me tire you. I'm such an insatiable walker, and I never thought of your not being perfectly strong, yet."

Blake, laughing: "Why, Miss Bellingham, it isn't one of my ankles that's broken."

Leslie, concessively: "No; but if you'd only let me do something for you. I can both play and sing, and really not at all badly. Shall I play to you?" She runs up and strikes some chords on the piano, and with her hand on the keys glances gravely round at Blake, who remains undecided. She turns about. "Perhaps you'd rather have me read to you?"

Blake. "Do you really wish me to choose?"

Leslie. "I do. And ask something difficult and disagreeable."

Blake. "I'd rather have you talk to me than either."

Leslie. "Is that your idea of something difficult and disagreeable?"

Blake. "I hope you won't find it so."

Leslie. "But I shan't feel that it's anything, then! Shall I begin to talk to you here? Or where?"

Blake. "This is a good place, but if I'm to choose again, I should say the gallery would be better."

Leslie. "Oh, you're choosing that because I said I wondered how people could come into the country and sit all their time in stuffy rooms!"

Blake, going to the window and looking out: "There are no seats." He returns, and putting the backs of two chairs together, lifts them with his left hand to carry them to the gallery.

Leslie, advancing tragically upon him and reproachfully possessing herself of the chairs: "Never! Do you think I have no sense of shame?" She lifts a chair in either hand and carries them out, while Blake in a charmed embarrassment follows her, and they are heard speaking without: "There! Or no! That's in a draught. You must n't sit in a draught."

Blake. "It won't hurt me. I'm not a young lady."

Leslie. "That's the very reason it will hurt you. If you were a young lady you could stand anything. Anything you liked." There are indistinct murmurs of further feigned dispute, broken by more or less conscious laughter, to which Mrs. Bellingham listens with alarm and Mrs. Murray with the self-righteousness of those who have told you so, and who, having thus washed their hands of an affair, propose to give you a shower-bath of the water.

Mrs. Murray. "Well, Marion!"

Mrs. Bellingham, rising, with a sigh: "Yes, it's quite as bad as you could wish."

Mrs. Murray. "As bad as I could wish? This is too much, Marion. What are you going to do?" Mrs. Bellingham is gathering up her work as if to quit the room, and Mrs. Murray's demand is pitched in a tone of falling indignation and rising amazement.

Mrs. Bellingham. "We can't remain to overhear their talk. I am going to my room."

Mrs. Murray. "Why, Marion, the child is your own daughter!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "That is the very reason why I don't wish to feel that she has cause to be ashamed of me; and I certainly should if I stayed to eavesdrop."

Mrs. Murray. "How in the world should she ever know it?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "I should tell her. But that is n't the point, quite."

Mrs. Murray. "This is fantastic! Well, let her marry her—Caliban! Why don't you go out and join them? That need n't give her cause to blush for you. Remember, Marion, that Leslie is an ignorant, inexperienced child, and that it's your duty to save her from her silliness."

Mrs. Bellingham. "My daughter is a lady, and will remember herself."

Mrs. Murray. "But she's a woman, Marion, and will forget herself!"

Mrs. Bellingham, who hesitates in a brief perplexity, but abruptly finishes her preparations for going out: "At any rate, I can't dog her steps, nor play the

spy upon her. I wish to know only what she will freely tell me."

Mrs. Murray. "And are you actually going? Well, Marion, I suppose I must n't say what I think of you."

Mrs. Bellingham. "It is n't necessary that you should."

Mrs. Murray. "If I were to speak, I should say that your logic was worthy of Bedlam, and your morality of — of — the millennium!" She whirls furiously out of the parlor, and Mrs. Bellingham, with a lingering glance at the door opening upon the balcony, follows her amply eddying skirts. At the moment of their disappearance, Leslie comes to the gallery door and looks exploringly into the parlor.

Leslie, speaking to Blake without: "I was sure I heard voices. But there's nobody." She turns, and glancing at the hills which show their irregular mass through the open window, sinks down into a chair beside the low gallery rail. "Ah, this is a better point still," and as Blake appears with his chair and plants it *vis-à-vis* with her: "Why old Ponkwasset, I wonder? But people always say old mountains: old Wachusett, old Agamenticus, old Monadnock, old Ponkwasset. Perhaps the young mountains have gone West and settled down on the prairies, with all the other young people of the neighborhood. Would n't that explain it?" She looks with mock seriousness at Blake, who supports in his left hand the elbow of his hurt arm. "I'm sure it's paining you."

Blake. "No, no; not the least. The fact is" — he laughs lightly — "I'm afraid I was n't thinking about the mountains just now, when you spoke."

Leslie. "Oh, well, neither was I — very much." They both laugh. "But why do you put your hand under your arm, if it does n't pain you?"

Blake. "Oh! — I happened to think of the scamp who broke it for me."

Leslie, shuddering: "Don't speak of it! Or yes, do! Tell me about it; I've wanted to ask you. I ought to know about it."

Blake. "Why, those things are better imagined than described, Miss Bellingham."

Leslie. "But I want it described. I must hear it, no matter how terrible it is."

Blake. "Oh, it was n't terrible; there was very little of it, one way or the other. The big fellow would n't give up your watch; and I had to — urge him; and the little Irishman came dancing up, and made a pass at us with his stick, and my wrist caught it. That's all."

Leslie, with effusion: "All? You risked your life to get me back my watch, and I asked about that first, and never mentioned you."

Blake. "I had n't done anything worth mentioning."

Leslie. "Then getting my watch was n't worth mentioning!"

Blake. "Where is it? I have n't seen you wear it."

Leslie. "I broke something in it when I threw it down. It does n't go. Besides, I thought perhaps you would n't like to see it."

Blake. "Oh, yes, I should."

Leslie, starting up: "I'll go get it."

Blake. "Not now!" They are both silent; Leslie falters and then sits down again, and folds one hand over the other on the balcony rail, letting her fan dangle idly by its chain from her waist. He leans forward a little, and taking the fan, opens and shuts it, while she looks down upon him with a slight smile; he relinquishes it with a glance at her, and leans back again in his chair.

Leslie. "Well, what were you thinking about that hideous little wretch who hurt you?"

Blake. "Why, I was thinking, for one thing, that he did n't mean to do it."

Leslie. "Oh! Why did he do it, then?"

Blake. "I believe he meant to hit his partner, though I can't exactly say why. It went through my mind. And I was thinking that a good deal might be said for tramps."

Leslie. "For tramps that steal watches and break wrists? My philanthropy does n't rise to those giddy heights, quite. No, decidedly, Mr. Blake, I draw the line at tramps. They never look clean, and why don't they go to work?"

Blake. "Well, they could n't find work just now, if they wanted it, and generally I suppose they don't want it. A man who's been out of work three months is glad to get it, but if he's idle a year he does n't want it. When I see one of your big cotton-mills standing idle, I know that it means just so much tramping, so much starving and stealing, so much misery and murder. We're all part of the tangle; we're all of us to blame, we're none of us to blame."

Leslie. "Oh, that's very well. But if you pity such wretches, what becomes of the *deserving* poor?"

Blake. "I'm not sure there are any deserving poor, as you call them, any more than there are deserving rich. So I don't draw the line at tramps. The fact is, Miss Bellingham, I had just been doing those fellows a charity before they attacked you,—giving them some tobacco. You don't approve of that?"

Leslie. "Oh, I like smoking!"

Blake, laughing: "And I got their idea of a gentleman."

Leslie, after a moment: "Yes? What was that?"

Blake. "A man who gives you tobacco, and doesn't ask you why you don't go to work. A *real* gentleman has matches about him to light your pipe with afterwards. Is that your notion of a gentleman?"

Leslie, consciously: "I don't know; not exactly."

Blake. "It made me think of the notion of a gentleman I once heard from a very nice fellow years ago: he believed that you could n't be a gentleman unless you began with your grandfather. I was younger then, and I remember shivering over it, for it left me quite out in the cold, though I could n't help liking the man; he was a gentleman in spite of what he said,—a splendid fellow, if you made allowance for him. You have to make allowances for everybody, especially for men who have had all the advantages. It's apt to put them wrong for life; they get to thinking that the start is the race. I used to look down on that sort of men, once—in theory. But what I saw of them in the war

taught me better; they only wanted an emergency, and they could show themselves as good as anybody. It is n't safe to judge people by their circumstances; besides, I've known too many men who had all the *disadvantages* and never came to anything. Still I prefer the tramp's idea—perhaps because it's more flattering—that you are a gentleman if you choose to be so. What do you think?"

Leslie. "I don't know. I think it's a very unpleasant subject. Why don't you talk of something else?"

Blake. "Oh, I was n't to talk at all, as I understood. I was to be talked to."

Leslie. "Well, what shall I talk to you about? You must choose that, too."

Blake. "Let us talk about yourself, then."

Leslie. "There is nothing about me. I'm just like every other girl. Get Miss Wallace to tell you about herself, some day, and then you'll know my whole history. I've done everything that she's done. We had the same dancing, singing, piano, French, German, and Italian lessons; we went to the same schools and the same lectures; we have both been abroad, and can sketch, and paint on tiles. We're as nearly alike as the same experiences and associations could make us, and we're just like all the other girls we know. Is n't it rather monotonous?"

Blake. "I don't know all the other girls that you know. If I can judge from Miss Wallace, I don't believe you're like them; but they may be like you."

Leslie, laughing: "That's too fine a distinction for me. And you haven't answered my question."

Blake, gravely: "No, it is n't monotonous to me; it's all very good, I think. I'm rather old-fashioned about women; I like everything in their lives to be regular and ordered by old usage."

Leslie. "Then you don't approve of originality?"

Blake. "I don't like eccentricity."

Leslie. "Oh, I do. I should like to do all sorts of odd things, if I dared."

Blake. "Well, your not daring is the great point. If I had a sister, I should

want her to be like all the other girls that are like you."

Leslie. "You compliment! She could n't be like me."

Blake. "Why?"

Leslie. "Why? Oh, I don't know." She hesitates, and then with a quick glance at him: "She would have dark eyes and hair, for one thing." They both laugh.

Blake. "Was that what you meant to say?"

Leslie. "Is n't it enough to say what you mean, without being obliged to say what you meant?"

Blake. "Half a loaf is better than no bread; beggars must n't be choosers."

Leslie. "Oh, if you put it so meekly as that you humiliate me. I must tell you, now: I meant a question."

Blake. "What is it?"

Leslie. "But I can't ask it, yet. Not till I've got rid of some part of my obligations."

Blake. "I suppose you mean what I — what happened."

Leslie. "Yes."

Blake. "I'm sorry that it happened, then; and I had been feeling rather glad of it, on the whole. I shall hate it if it's an annoyance to you."

Leslie. "Oh, — not annoyance, exactly."

Blake. "What then? Should you like a receipt in full for all gratitude due me?"

Leslie. "I should like to feel that we had done something for you in return."

Blake. "You can cancel it all by giving me leave to enjoy being just what and where I am."

Leslie, demurely, after a little pause: "Is a broken wrist such a pleasure, then?"

Blake. "I take the broken wrist for what it brings. If it were not for that I should be in New York breaking my heart over some people I'm connected with in business there, and wondering how to push a little invention of mine without their help. Instead of that" —

Leslie, hastily: "Oh! Invention? Are you an inventor, too, Mr. Blake? Do tell me what it is."

Blake. "It's an improved locomotive driving-wheel. But you'd better let me alone about that, Miss Bellingham; I never stop when I get on my driving-wheel. That's what makes my friends doubtful about it; they don't see how any brake can check it. They say the Westinghouse would exhaust the atmosphere of the planet on it without the slightest effect. You see I am rather sanguine about it." He laughs nervously.

Leslie. "But what have those New York people to do with it?"

Blake. "Nothing, at present. That's the worst of it. They were partners of mine, and they got me to come on all the way from Omaha, and then I found out that they had no means to get the thing going."

Leslie. "Oh! How could they do it?"

Blake. "Well, I used language to that effect myself, but they did n't seem to know; and I ran up here to cool off and think the matter over for a fresh start. You see, if I succeed it will be an everlasting fortune to me; and if I fail, — well, it will be an everlasting misfortune. But I'm not going to fail. There; I'm started! If I went on a moment longer, no power on earth could stop me. I suppose you're not much used to talking about driving-wheels, Miss Bellingham?"

Leslie. "We don't often speak of them. But they must be very interesting to those that understand them."

Blake. "I can't honestly say they are. They're like railroads; they're good to get you there."

Leslie. "Where?"

Blake. "Well, in my case, away from a good deal of drudgery I don't like, and a life I don't altogether fancy, and a kind of world I know too well. I should go to Europe, I suppose, if the wheel succeeded. I've a curiosity to see what the apple is like on the other side; whether it's riper or only rottener. And I always believed I should quiet down somewhere, and read all the books I wanted to, and make up for lost time in several ways. I don't think I should look at any sort of machine for a year."

Leslie, earnestly: "And would all that

happen if you had the money to get the driving-wheel going?"

Blake, with a smile at her earnestness: "I'm not such a driving-wheel fanatic as that. The thing has to be fully tested, and even after it's tested, the roads may refuse to take hold of it."

Leslie, confidently: "They can't — when they see that it's better."

Blake. "I wish I could think so. But roads are human, Miss Bellingham. They prefer a thing that's just as well to something that's much better — if it costs much to change."

Leslie. "Well, then, if you don't believe the roads will take hold of it, why do you want to test it? Why don't you give it up at once?"

Blake. "It won't give me up. I do believe in it, you know, and I can't stop where I am with it. I must go on."

Leslie. "Yes. I should do just the same. I should never, *never* give it up. I know you'll be helped. Mr. Blake, if this wheel" —

Blake. "Really, Miss Bellingham, I feel ashamed for letting you bother yourself so long with that ridiculous wheel. But you would n't stick to the subject: we were talking about you."

Leslie, dreamily: "About me?" Then abruptly: "Mamma will wonder what in the world has become of me." She rises, and Blake, with an air of slight surprise, follows her example. She leads the way into the parlor, and lingeringly drawing near the piano, she strikes some chords, and as she stands over the instrument, she carelessly plays an air with one hand. Then, without looking up: "Was that the air you were trying to remember?"

Blake, joyfully: "Oh yes, that's it; that's it, at last!"

Leslie, seating herself at the piano and running over the keys again: "I think I can play it for you; it's rather old-fashioned, now." She plays and sings, and then rests with her hands on the keys, looking up at Blake where he stands leaning one elbow on the corner of the piano.

Blake. "I'm very much obliged."

Leslie, laughing: "And I'm very much surprised."

Blake. "Why?"

Leslie. "I should think the inventor of a driving-wheel would want something a great deal more stirring than this German sentimentality and those languid, melancholy things from Tennyson that you liked."

Blake. "Ah, that's just what I don't want. I've got stir enough of my own."

Leslie. "I wish I could understand you."

Blake. "Am I such a puzzle? I always thought myself a very simple affair."

Leslie. "That's the difficulty. I wish" —

Blake. "What?"

Leslie. "That I could say something wrong in just the right way!"

Blake, laughing: "How do you know it's wrong?"

Leslie. "It is n't, if you don't think so."

Blake. "I don't, so far."

Leslie. "Ah, don't joke. It's a very serious matter."

Blake. "Why should I think it was wrong?"

Leslie. "I don't know that you will. Mr. Blake?"

Blake. "Well?"

Leslie. "Did you know — Now, if I begin to say something, and feel like stopping before I've said it, you won't ask questions to make me go on?" Very seriously.

Blake, with a smile of joyous amusement, looking down at her as he lounges at the corner of the piano: "I won't even ask you to begin." Leslie passes her hand over the edges of the keys, without making them sound; then she drops it into her lap and there clasps it with the other hand, and looks up at Blake.

Leslie. "Did you know I was rich, Mr. Blake?"

Blake. "No, Miss Bellingham, I did n't." His smile changes from amusement to surprise, and he colors faintly.

Leslie, blushing violently: "Well, I am, — if being rich is having a great deal more money to do what you please than you know what to do with." Blake

listens with a look of deepening mystification, as she hurries desperately on: "I have this money in my own right; it's what my uncle left me, and I can give it all away if I choose." She pauses again, as if waiting for Blake to ask her to go on, but he remains loyally silent; his smile has died away, and an embarrassment increases upon both of them. She looks up at him again, and implores: "What will you think of what I'm going to say?"

Blake, bursting into a troubled laugh: "I can't imagine what you're going to say."

Leslie. "Don't laugh! I know you won't— Oh, Mr. Blake, you said you liked girls to be just like everybody else, and old-established, and that; and I know this is as eccentric as it can be. It is n't at all the thing, I know, for a young lady to say to a gentleman; but you're not like the others, and — Oh, it does n't seem possible that I should have begun it! It seems perfectly monstrous! But I know you won't misinterpret—I must, I must go on, and the bluntest and straight-forwardest way will be the best way." She keeps wistfully scanning Blake's face as she speaks, but apparently gathers no courage or comfort from it. "Mr. Blake!"

Blake, passively: "Well?"

Leslie, with desperate vehemence: "I want— Oh, what will you think of me! But no, you're too good yourself not to see it in just the right way. I'm sure that you won't think it— unladylike—for me to propose such a thing, merely because— because most people would n't do it; but I shall respect your reasons—I shall know you're right—even if you refuse me; and— Oh, Mr. Blake, I want to go into partnership with you!"

Blake, recoiling a pace or two from the corner of the piano, as Leslie rises from the stool and stands confronting him: "To—to—go into?"

Leslie. "Yes, yes! But how dreadfully you take it; and you promised— Oh, I *knew* you would n't like it. I know it seems dreadfully queer, and not at all delicate. But I thought—I thought—from what you said— You said those

people had no money to push your invention, and here I have all this money doing nobody any good—and you've done nothing but heap one kindness after another on us—and why *should n't* you take it, as much as you want, and use it to perfect your driving-wheel? I'm sure I believe in it; and"— She has followed him the pace or two of his withdrawal; but now, at some changing expression of his face, she hesitates, falters, and remains silent and motionless, as if fixed and stricken mute by the sight of some hideous apparition. Then with a wild incredulity: "Oh!" and indignation, "Oh!" and passionate reproach and disappointment, "Oh! How cruel, how shameless, how horrid!" She drops her face into her hands, and sinks upon the piano-stool, throwing her burdened arms upon the keys with a melodious crash.

Blake. "Don't, don't! For pity's sake, don't, my— Miss Bellingham!" He stands over her in helpless misery and abject self-reproach. "Good heavens, I didn't— It was all"—

Leslie, springing erect: "Don't speak to me. Your presence, your being alive in the same world after that is an insufferable insult!"

Blake. "I wish to God I had died first."

Leslie. "For you to dare! Ah! No woman could say what you thought. No lady!"

Blake. "Wait!" He turns pale, and speaks low and steadily: "You must listen to me now; you must hear what I never dreamt I should dare to say. I loved you! If that had not bewildered me I could not have thought— what is impossible. It was a delusion dearer than life; but I was ashamed of the hope it gave me even while it lasted. Don't mistake me, Miss Bellingham; I could have died to win your love, but if your words had said what they seemed to say, I would not have taken what they seemed to offer. But that's past. And now that I have to answer your meaning, I must do it without thanks. You place me in the position of having told my story to hint for your help!"

Leslie, in vehement protest: "Oh, no, no, no! I never dreamt of such a thing! I could n't!"

Blake. "Thank you at least for that; and — Good-by!" He bows and moves away toward the door.

Leslie, wildly: "Oh, don't go, don't go! What have I done, what shall I do?"

Blake, pausing, and going abruptly back to her: "You can forgive me, Miss Bellingham; and let everything be as it was."

Leslie, after a moment of silent anguish: "No, no. That's impossible. It can never be the same again. It must all end. I can forgive you easily enough; it was nothing; the wrong was all mine. I've been cruelly to blame, letting you — go on. Oh, yes, very, very much. But I did n't know it; and I did n't mean anything by anything. No, I could n't. Good-by. You are right to go. You must n't see me any more. I shall never forget your goodness and patience." Eagerly: "You would n't want me to forget it, would you?"

Blake, brokenly: "Whatever you do will be right. God bless you, and good-by." He takes up her right hand in his left, and raises it to his lips, she trembling, and as he stands holding it Mrs. Bellingham enters with an open letter.

Mrs. Bellingham. "Leslie" —

Leslie, who withdraws her hand, and after a momentary suspense turns unashamed to her mother: "Mr. Blake is going away, mamma" —

Mrs. Bellingham faintly acknowledges his parting bow. *Leslie* watches him go, and then turns away with a suppressed sob.

IV.

Leslie. "Well, mamma, what will you say to me now?" Without the inspiration of *Blake*'s presence, she stands drearily confronting her mother in Mrs. Bellingham's own room, where the latter, seated in her easy-chair, looks up into her daughter's face.

Mrs. Bellingham. "Nothing, Leslie. I am waiting for you to speak."

Leslie. "Oh, I can't speak unless you ask me." She drops into a chair, and hiding her face in her handkerchief weeps silently. Her mother waits till her passion is spent and she has wiped her tears, and sits mutely staring toward the window.

Mrs. Bellingham. "Is he coming back again, Leslie?"

Leslie. "No."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Was it necessary that you should let him take leave of you in that way?"

Leslie, sighing: "No, it was n't necessary. But — it was inevitable."

Mrs. Bellingham. "What had made it inevitable? Remember, Leslie, that you asked me to question you."

Leslie. "I know it, mamma."

Mrs. Bellingham. "And you need n't answer if you don't like."

Leslie. "I don't like, but I will answer, all the same, for you have a right to know. I had been saying something silly to him."

Mrs. Bellingham, with patient hopelessness: "Yes?"

Leslie. "It seems so, now; but I know that I spoke from a right motive, — a motive that you would n't disapprove of yourself, mamma."

Mrs. Bellingham. "I'm sure of that, my dear."

Leslie. "Well, you see — Could n't you go on and ask me, mamma?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "I don't know what to ask, Leslie."

Leslie. "It's so hard to tell, without." Desperately: "Why, you see, mamma, Mr. Blake had told me about a thing he had invented, and how some people in New York had promised him money to get it along, — push it, he said, — and when he came on all the way from Omaha, he found that they had no money; and so — and so — I — I offered him some."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Oh, Leslie!"

Leslie. "Yes, yes, it seems horrid, now, — perfectly hideous. But I did so long to do something for him because he had done so much for us, and I think he is so modest and noble, and I felt so sorry that he should have been so cruelly

deceived. Wasn't that a good motive, mamma?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Oh, yes, my poor headlong child! But what a thing for a young lady to propose! I can't imagine how you could approach the matter."

Leslie. "That's the worst of it, — the very worst. Of course, I never *could* have approached such a thing with any other young man; but I thought there was such a difference between us, don't you know, in everything, that it would be safe; and I thought it would be better — he would like it better — if there was no beating about the bush; and so I said — I said — that I wanted to go into partnership with him."

Mrs. Bellingham, with great trouble in her voice, but steadily: "What answer did he make you, Leslie?"

Leslie. "Oh, I was justly punished for looking down upon him. At first he blushed in a strange sort of way, and then he turned pale and looked grieved and angry, and at last repeated my words in a kind of daze, and I blundered on, and all at once I saw what he thought I had meant; he thought — Oh, dear, dear — he thought" — she hides her face again, and sobs out the words behind her handkerchief — "that I w-w-anted to — to — to marry him! Oh, how shall I ever endure it? It was a thousand times worse than the tramps, — a thousand times." *Mrs. Bellingham* remains silently regarding her daughter, who continues to bemoan herself, and then lifts her tear-stained face: "Don't you think it was ungratefully, horridly, cruelly vulgar?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Mr. Blake can't have the refinement of feeling that you've been used to in the gentlemen of your acquaintance; I'm glad that you've found that out for yourself, though you've had to reach it through such a bitter mortification. If such a man misunderstood you" —

Leslie, indignantly: "Mr. Blake is quite as good as the gentlemen of my acquaintance, mamma; he could n't help thinking what he did, I blundered so; and when I flew out at him, and upbraided him for his — ungenerosity, and

hurt his feelings all I could, he excused himself in a perfectly satisfactory way. He said" —

Mrs. Bellingham. "What, Leslie?"

Leslie, with a drooping head: "He said — he used words more refined and considerate than I ever dreamt of — he said he was always thinking of me in that way without knowing it, and hoping against hope, or he could never have misunderstood me in the world. And then he let me know that he would n't have taken me, no matter how much he liked me, if what he thought for only an instant had been true; and he could never have taken my money, for that would have made him seem like begging, by what he had told me. And he talked splendidly, mamma, and he put me down, as I deserved, and he was going away, and I called him back, and we agreed that we must never see each other again; and — and I could n't help his kissing my hand." She puts up her handkerchief and sobs, and there is an interval before her mother speaks in a tone of compassion, yet of relief.

Mrs. Bellingham. "Well, Leslie, I'm glad that you could agree upon so wise a course. This has all been a terribly perplexing and painful affair; and I have had my fears, my dear, that perhaps it had gone so far with you that" —

Leslie, vehemently: "Why, so it had! I did n't know I liked him so, but I do; and I give him up — I gave him up — because you all hate him, yes *all*; and you shut your eyes, and *won't* see how kind and brave and good he is; and I can't hold out against you. Yes, he must go; but he takes my broken heart with him."

Mrs. Bellingham, sternly: "Leslie, this is absurd. You know yourself that he's out of the question."

Leslie, flinging herself down and laying her head in her mother's lap with a desolate cry: "Oh, mamma, mamma, don't speak so harshly to me, or I shall die. I *know* he's out of the question; yes, yes, I do. But how? How, mamma? How is he out of the question? That's what I can't understand!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Why, to begin

with, we know nothing about him, Leslie."

Leslie, eagerly: "Oh, yes, I do. He's told me all about himself. He's an inventor. He's a genius. Yes, he knows everything, indeed he does; and in the war he was an engineer. If you could only hear him talk as I do!"—

Mrs. Bellingham. "I dare say. A civil engineer?"—

Leslie. "A civil engineer! I should hope not. I should be ashamed of a man who had been a civilian during the war. He always had this great taste for mechanics, and he studied the business of a machinist—I don't know what it is, exactly; but he knows all about steam, and he can build a whole engine, himself; and he happened to be a private soldier going somewhere on a Mississippi gunboat when the engineer was killed, and he took charge of the engine at once, and was in the great battles with the boat afterwards. He's a military engineer."

Mrs. Bellingham. "He's a steamboat engineer, Leslie, and you might as well marry a locomotive-driver, as far as profession goes."

Leslie, aghast: "Do you mean that when Mr. Blake was an engineer, he did n't wear any coat, and had his sleeves rolled up, and went about with a stringy wad of oily cotton in his hand?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Yes."

Leslie. "Oh!" She excludes the horrible vision by claspings both hands over her eyes.

Mrs. Bellingham, very gravely: "Now listen to me, Leslie. You know that I am not like your aunt Kate,—that I never talk in that vulgar way about classes and stations, don't you?"

Leslie. "Oh, yes, mamma. I've always been a great deal worse than you, myself."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Well, my dear, then I hope that you will acquit me of anything low or snobbish in what I have to say. There is a fitness in all things, and I speak out of respect to that. It is simply impossible that a girl of your breeding and ideas and associations should marry a man of his. Recollect that no

one belongs entirely to themselves. You are part of the circle in which you have always moved, and he is part of the circumstances of his life. Do you see?"

Leslie. "Yes." She lapses from a kneeling to a crouching posture, and resting one elbow on her mother's knee poises her chin on her hand, and listens dreadingly.

Mrs. Bellingham. "We may say that it is no matter what a man has been; that we are only concerned with what Mr. Blake is now. But the trouble is that every one of us is what they have been. If Mr. Blake's early associations have been rude and his business coarse, you may be sure they have left their mark upon him, no matter how good he may be naturally. I think he is of a very high and sweet nature; he seems so!"—

Leslie. "Oh, he is, he is!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "But he can't outlive his own life. Isn't that reasonable?"

Leslie, hopelessly: "Yes, it seems so."

Mrs. Bellingham. "You can't safely marry any man whose history you despise. Marriage is a terrible thing, my dear; young girls can never understand how it searches out the heart and tries and tests in every way. You must n't have a husband whom you can imagine with a wad of greasy cotton in his hand. There will be wicked moments in which you will taunt and torment each other."

Leslie. "Oh, mamma, mamma!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Yes, it is so! The truest love can come to that. And in those moments it is better that all your past and present should be of the same level as his; for you would n't hesitate to throw any scorn in his teeth; you would be mad, and you must not have deadly weapons within reach. I speak very plainly."

Leslie. "Terribly!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "But that is the worst. There are a thousand lighter trials, which you must meet. Where would you live, if you married him? You have a fortune, and you might go to Europe!"—

Leslie. "I never would sneak away to Europe with him!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "I should hope not. But if you remained at home, how would you introduce him to your friends? Invention isn't a profession; would you tell them that he was a machinist or a steamboat engineer by trade? And if they found it out without your telling?"

Leslie, evasively: "There are plenty of girls who marry men of genius, and it does n't matter what the men have done,—how humble they have been. If they're geniuses"—

Mrs. Bellingham. "Oh, Leslie, such men have won all the honors and distinctions before they marry. Girls like you, my dear, don't marry geniuses in their poverty and obscurity. Those men spend years and years of toil and study, and struggle through a thousand difficulties and privations, and set the world talking about them, before they can even be asked to meet the ordinary people of our set in society. Wait till Mr. Blake has shown"—

Leslie. "But he'd be an old man by that time, and then I should n't want him. If I know now that he's going to be great"—

Mrs. Bellingham. "My dear, you know nothing whatever about him, except that his past life has been shabby and common."

Leslie, with sudden spirit: "Well, then, mamma, at least I don't know anything horrid of him, as some girls must know of the young men they marry,—and the old men, too. Just think of Violet Emmons's match with that count there in Paris! And Aggy Lawson's, with that dreadful old Mr. Lancaster, that everybody says has been so wicked! I'd rather marry Mr. Blake, a thousand times, if he had been a—I don't know what!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "You have no right to take things at their worst, Leslie. Remember all the girls you know, and the accomplished men they have married in their own set; men who are quite their equals in goodness as well as station and wealth and breeding. That's what I want you to do."

Leslie. "Do you want me to marry somebody I don't like?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Be fair, Leslie. I merely want you to like somebody you ought to marry,—when the proper time comes. How do you know that Mr. Blake is n't quite as bad as the count or Mr. Lancaster?"

Leslie, with a burst of tears: "Oh, mamma, you just now said yourself that you believed he was good and sweet, and you have seen the beautiful delicacy he behaves towards women with. Well, well,"—she rises, and catches in her hand a long coil of her hair which has come loose from the mass, and stands holding it while she turns tragically toward her mother,— "let it all go. I will never marry at all, and then at least I can't displease you. I give him up, and I hope it will make you happy, mamma."

Mrs. Bellingham, rising: "Leslie, is this the way you reward my anxiety and patience? I have reasoned with you as a woman of sense, and the return you make is to behave like a petulant child. I will never try to control you in such a matter as this, but you know now what I think, and you can have your own way if you like it better or believe it is wiser than mine. Oh, my poor child!" clasping Leslie's head between her hands and tenderly kissing the girl's hair, "don't you suppose your mother's heart aches for you? Marry him if you will, Leslie, and I shall always love you. I hope I may never have to pity you more than I do now. All that I ask of you, after all, is to make sure of yourself."

Leslie. "I will, mamma, I will. He must go; oh, yes, he must go. I see that it would n't do. It would be too unequal,—I'm so far beneath him in everything but the things I ought to despise. No, I'm not his equal, and I never can be, and so I must not think of him any more. If he were rich, and had been brought up like me, and I were some poor girl with nothing but her love for him, he would never let the world outweigh her love, as I do his. Don't praise me, mother; don't thank me. It is n't for you I do it; it is n't for anything worthy, or true, or good; it's because I'm a coward, and afraid of the opinions

of people I despise. You've shown me what I am. I thought I was brave and strong; but I am weak and timid, and I shall never respect myself any more. Send him away; tell him what an abject creature I am! It will kill me to have him think meanly of me, but oh, it will be a thousand times better that he should have a right to scorn me now, than that I should ever come to despise myself for having been ashamed of him, when—when— That I *could n't* bear!" She drops into a chair near the table and lets fall her face into her hands upon it, sobbing.

Mrs. Bellingham. "Leslie, Leslie! Be yourself! How strangely you act!"

Leslie, lifting her face, to let it gleam a moment upon her mother: "Oh, yes, I *feel* very strangely. But now I won't distress you any more, mother," lifting her face again and impetuously drying her eyes with her handkerchief; "I will be firm, now, and no one shall ever hear a murmur from me,—not a murmur. I think that's due to you, mamma; you have been so patient with me. I've no right to grieve you by going on in this silly way, and I won't. I will be firm, firm, firm!" She casts herself into her mother's arms, and as she hangs upon her

neck in a passion of grief, *Mrs. Murray* appears in the door-way, and, in spite of *Mrs. Bellingham's* gesticulated entreaties to retire, advances into the room.

Mrs. Murray. "Why, what in the world does all this mean?"

Leslie, raising her head and turning fiercely upon her: "It means that I'm now all you wish me to be,—quite your own ideal of ingratitude and selfishness, and I wish you joy of your success!" She dashes tempestuously from the room, and leaves *Mrs. Murray* planted.

Mrs. Murray. "Has she dismissed him? Has she broken with him?"

Mrs. Bellingham, coldly: "I think she meant you to understand that."

Mrs. Murray. "Very well, then, Charles can't come a moment too soon. If things are at this pass, and *Leslie's* in this mood, it's the most dangerous moment of the whole affair. If she should meet him now, everything would be lost."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Don't be troubled. She won't meet him; he's gone."

Mrs. Murray. "I shall believe that when I see him going. A man like that would never leave her, in the world, because she bade him,—and I should think him a great fool if he did."

W. D. Howells.

A LAST WORD.

HOLD thy heart within thy hand
Where the fools around thee stand,
So that when they torture thee
Thou canst crush it and be free;

They will show their brutal strength,
They will have their way at length;
This at least they shall not say,
They have touched thy heart to-day.

A. R. Grote.

TENERIFFE.

To ascend this celebrated peak had long been my ambition, as well as, more recently, to discover if the climate and scenery of the queen of the Canaries were equal, not to say superior, to those of Madeira. I was glad to find the two islands so different that comparison was unnecessary, while I was on the whole not disappointed by what I saw at Teneriffe. Although on a grander and more beautiful scale, it resembles Pico Island in the Azores. The peak of the Western Islands, although but 7615 feet high, has not only been seen one hundred and ten miles at sea, but is often visible for half or two thirds that distance, while Teneriffe, five thousand feet more lofty, is rarely seen at a distance, owing to peculiar atmospheric conditions, especially after the northeast trade-winds begin, in April. It was therefore almost useless for me to strain my eyes to discover it on the voyage, although the weather was fine, for the breezy ides of May were against me. But the light near Anaga Point was visible thirty miles out, and the fearfully ragged and desolate volcanic peaks and cliffs of the southeastern coast were in plain sight close on the starboard beam as we rounded Anaga in the pearly gray of dawn. Ere long Santa Cruz appeared on the shore directly ahead, with the mountains rising behind in ever-ascending scale, and at last the extreme summit of the great cone called the Piton towered before us, clearly cut against the azure of the sky. As the sun rose, the yellow pumice-stone and snow of the little peak assumed a rich roseate hue. The whiteness of the peak gave to it and to the island its name. *Thener ifé*, the white mountain, it was called by the aborigines of Las Palmas, for so it looked to them sixty-eight miles distant. The Piton is also called the Pico de Teyde, a corruption of Cheyde, the Guanche word for hell, a title whose appropriateness is at once apparent to one who ascends the peak.

The harbor of Santa Cruz is only an

open roadstead, whose sole protection is the regular character of the winds and climate, and the nature of the anchorage, which is so steep that a vessel cannot drag ashore, although she may be driven out to sea occasionally. But even when it is calm, the water of the port is always more or less agitated by the heavy swell rolling in from the trade-winds blowing outside, and ships at anchor pitch and roll in the most extraordinary manner. The landing-place is within a mole, but getting ashore is not always easy on account of the swell which sweeps up the stone steps with vigor. The traveler on landing is beset by two contrary emotions, caused by the exorbitant demands of the boatmen and the carters, and the immense and rather unwonted relief at finding no custom-house, — no officials in dirty livery to turn the contents of his trunk inside out; that, in a word, although under the Spanish yellow and scarlet flag, Santa Cruz is a free port. In 1852 this island, with those adjoining, obtained permission from the home government to abolish all duties on goods entering the Canaries, provided that they made up any deficit that might result to the revenues of the crown from the adoption of this measure. The commerce of the islands since then has been tolerably prosperous, and the importers have thriven on free trade; but lest the advocates of free trade should cite this as a proof of the truth of their theories, it is only fair to add that the deficit in the national revenues has never been made up, and already amounts to millions, the possible collection of which is held over the people as a rod of terror, while the taxes have been so increased in proportion by the home government as to cause much grumbling among the landed proprietors and peasantry, besides no small degree of hardship.

The English hotel, I found, had been recently closed for lack of patronage; it was therefore with dread that I turned to the Spanish *fonda* kept by Durvan,

adjoining the captain-general's, but I was agreeably disappointed to find a comfortable and well-sustained hotel. Santa Cruz is not the only place of that name in the Spanish dominions; there are several in the Canaries alone, including two on the island of Teneriffe; but this one is the most important town of the group, numbering some eight thousand inhabitants. Las Palmas in Gran Canaria contains twice the population, but is of less relative consequence. Santa Cruz de Teneriffe is regularly laid out on a gradual slope, flanked by sterile, volcanic precipices and ravines, not so near, however, as to justify Humboldt's statement that it lies under a perpendicular wall of rock, unless his words are accepted in a figurative sense. Lest the people should forget the name of their city, a massive marble cross stands at the head of the Plaza de Constitucion, near the jetty. The houses are often of only one story, and rarely more than two, though a partial third story is not uncommon in the form of a tower surmounted by a terrace. The roofs are flat and offer a pleasant promenade in the cool of the evening. The dwellings are generally in the form of a hollow square, in Eastern style; one would not suspect this from their appearance on the street. From the outer door, which is always open until late at night, one passes through a passage, corresponding in length with the width of the rooms, to the inner door, which gives into the *patio* or court, open to the sky, and frequently planted with bananas, orange-trees, roses, and jessamines. Around the patio on the ground-floor are store-rooms and offices; the family occupy the next floor, the rooms opening upon verandas overlooking the court. A cluster of small bells is attached to the inner door. When a visitor arrives he pushes it open; the bells sound the alarm, and a shrill voice answers above, "Qui e'?" (Who is it?) Should there be no bells the visitor claps his hands. As in Las Palmas, there are a number of the lower class who live in caves in the outskirts of the town. The Guanches or aborigines were troglodytes. At Gran Canaria remains of stone

dwellings still exist, but the Guanches of Teneriffe seem to have been uniformly troglodytes, and the custom of turning the numerous air vents or caves of this volcanic soil into dwellings has not yet been quite abandoned. Some of them have been improved by face walls and other "modern improvements," but their essential character as cave dwellings is unchanged. The windows of all the houses in Teneriffe deserve especial mention. A massive frame like a box fits into the aperture, but unlike an ordinary casement projects some inches from the wall. The blinds are heavily paneled with square bevels, and in the lower half of each is a smaller blind swinging out from below. This is called the *postigillo*, and plays a most important part in the uneventful lives of the inhabitants, especially the female portion of the community. Is any unwonted sound heard in the street, up go the postigillos. Early in the day, women with frowzy tresses and children just out of bed, scarcely awake and entirely unwashed, lean languidly on the sill and gaze at the passerby behind the postigillo. Later in the day the dark-eyed señorita, her toilet completed, shoots dangerous glances from behind this convenient ambush, and perhaps drops it suddenly just as one begins to realize the charms it coyly reveals. In the evening the lover converses with her, standing under the half-raised blind of the magic postigillo, while she, seated on the window-seat, leans her round arm on the sill, and listens to the passionate words he utters in low tones, and perhaps with her fan coquets with another admirer across the street.

The Plaza de Principe in the centre of the town is very pretty, inclosing a fountain, and embowered with plane and pepper trees. It is the great resort on fine evenings, and few others ever occur. A band of music plays very tolerably, although the romantic guitar tinkling in the side streets is more in consonance with the hour and the clime. One is surprised to see so many handsome ladies in so small a place. They invariably wear that most graceful of all head-coverings, the mantilla, either black or

white, and of lace or silk. The ladies of Teneriffe, having found a graceful costume for the head, are sensible enough to know when they are well off, and do not change it. Not until half past eight does the band begin to play; it continues until eleven, when the "serenos" take up the cry in turn. This is the humorous sobriquet applied to the night watchmen or police, who every half hour sing out, often very musically, "Ave Maria purissima!" then they give the hour and end with "sereno" (all serene); hence the epithet; for so almost invariable is the weather, it very rarely occurs that it is necessary for the watchmen to alter the cry, and sometimes when it is actually storming they still from habit shout "Sereno!"

But to linger long in Santa Cruz when the valley of Orotava is yet unseen and unexplored is unpardonable. An excellent carriage-road connects the two places, and the distance is about twenty-five miles. The island itself is something over fifty miles long, and Orotava is on the northern coast. I therefore started one fine May morning for the valley Humboldt considered the most perfect spot he had seen in all his travels. We began to ascend immediately towards the ridge at whose summit, three thousand feet above the sea, lies that quaint and sleepy old town, Laguna, of all drowsy places one of the most peaceful and somnolent. It was once the capital of the island. Wealth was in its borders. Marquises, counts, and other dons here dwelt in considerable splendor. The *adelantado*, or first viceroy, reigned here, and his palace, built over four hundred years ago, still remains. But now the grass grows rank in the streets of Laguna; the houseleek is abundant, springing from the mossy tiles of the dilapidated roofs and the crevices of the forsaken jalousies. Stately gate-ways are walled up and "the spider hath woven her web in the palaces of Afrasiab." However, on account of her exceptionally cool and moist climate, Laguna continues a resort in summer for those who desire to exchange the parched air of Santa Cruz for a more bracing atmosphere. Even in summer mists and

rain are not uncommon there, with abundant breezes, while the charming meadow lands and intervalles surrounded by sharp peaks commanding wonderful prospects over land and sea, in the midst of which the little city is situated, afford a limitless variety of charming rambles. But then your true Canary Islander is not much of a Rambler. A slight infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood is essential to develop the rambling propensity.

The peasants of Laguna still retain one of the ancient costumes of the island. White drawers cover the whole leg; over these breeches of blue cloth come down nearly to the knee, bound with a scarlet cord, but so slashed or cut away over the hips that the garment really consists of little more than flaps in front and behind, resembling the cuisses of steel armor. Formerly every village had its own dress, some of them very picturesque, but excepting in the more remote districts, like Chasna and Fed, they are gradually passing away. In some of the other islands many curious garbs are still in common use. In Teneriffe the country women invariably wear a white cloth to protect the head and neck, or a shawl extending down the back, evidently to protect the spine from the sun; over this a straw or felt hat is also *de rigueur*. The men of the lower classes wear a blanket cloak, that swells out in stiff and unwieldy barrel-like roundity, and is absurd enough when the mercury is at eighty. The purchase of one of these cloaks is a matter of great importance, as certain qualities enter into its composition without which it is simply useless to offer it for sale over any counter in Teneriffe. It must be white, white as snow, although immediately after purchasing at the wearer will perhaps fling it in the dirt, and it will never henceforward be other than a dingy brown. It must have a blue stripe, with a narrower one of the same color on each side near the lower edge; it must be of uniform thickness, — a thin spot would ruin it, — and the nap must run one way and that downwards, in order to make it water-proof. These and other conditions are required by the Medo-Persian inflexi-

bility of public opinion among the peasantry of Teneriffe.

We passed many women carrying on their heads boxes containing the cochineal bug, which they had bought in Santa Cruz and were taking to the north side to put on the plant; as is generally known, the cochineal deposits its young on the leaf of the cactus. The mothers are laid in thin cambric bags or on rags, which are then wrapped around the plant and left on until the bug is deposited on the leaf. After reaching maturity the bugs are scraped off and dried in an oven or in the air. Much of the island is covered with cactus, and two crops of cochineal are gathered in many places; but the beauty of the landscape is marred by the unsightly fields of cactus bound with white rags. The cochineal, originally introduced from Mexico by an enterprising priest who was stoned to death by the peasants for injuring, as they supposed, a plant whose prickly pear supplies them with a staple food, became a source of large profit at a time when the disease of the vines cut off the wine crop. But the discovery of aniline colors has greatly reduced the price of cochineal, although they can never altogether supersede the little insect from which are obtained the most exquisite red dyes known in modern times. The deficiency that might result in the commerce of the islands is at present partially made up by an increasing production of onions and potatoes, which are largely exported to the West Indies. The climate allows three crops of potatoes annually. The cultivation of the vine is also in a measure reviving, and perhaps three thousand pipes of various sorts were made at the last vintage; the annual yield was formerly over thirty thousand pipes. The best canary is, like the wines of warm climates, strong; it has a rich golden hue and a fine fruity flavor, although inferior to old port, or madeira.

The fig grows in Teneriffe abundantly, producing several excellent varieties. During the season the trees are frequented by the capirote, which, nestling in the dense shade and feeding on the fruit,

gains inspiration for the exquisite strains which at every hour of the day add the charm of melody to the loveliness that meets the eye at every turn. The notes of the capirote rival those of the mocking-bird and the nightingale in variety and richness, and it can be easily tamed and taught to imitate the notes of other birds; but this modest, pearl-tinted little songster is so sensitive that all attempts to acclimate it in other countries have failed.

After leaving Laguna we saw many palms, sometimes in clusters; but neither there nor in other parts of Teneriffe do they reach full size, or produce dates fit to eat; they give an Oriental aspect to the landscape, which is heightened by the camels that one encounters on the road. But camels are less employed in the island than formerly, and like those of Lancerote are scarcely tame. It is not uncommon for them to charge furiously upon men, not even respecting their masters. I have heard that people have been killed in the Canaries by camels. This certainly belies the reputation for meekness that they have earned in Eastern lands.

Our road beyond Laguna lay by the sea, or rather at a height of two or three thousand feet above it, sometimes on the brow of a slope approaching a precipice, or again separated from the deep blue ocean below by a valley studded with hamlets. At noon we stopped at the village of Matanzas to lunch and bait the horses. Matanza means "slaughter" in Spanish, and the name was given to the place in memory of the severest drubbing the Spaniards ever received, in proportion to the numbers engaged on each side. Jean de Betancourt, a Norman lord, having heard of the distant Canary Islands, and moved by the roving impulse inherited from his ancestors, set out to visit and perhaps conquer them. Finding no Frenchmen ready to accompany him, he went to Spain, where he was joined by a cousin, who induced some Spanish adventurers to embark on the galleys of Betancourt. The history of the subsequent conquest by Betancourt and his successors, and of the singular

people they found and subdued in those islands, is full of romance and interest. Lancerote was the first island seized; Grand Canary was subjugated only after seventy-seven years of heroic defense on the part of a people who were not destitute of some civilization, who displayed many magnanimous traits of character, and who yielded at last only when their king had been seized by treachery, and when their numbers were reduced to five hundred. Teneriffe was not even visited until after all the other islands of the group had come under the Spanish yoke. There are grounds for believing that the Fortunate Isles were colonized by exiles of war, expelled from Barbary in Roman times; aside from traditions to this effect, there are many dialectic analogies between their language and that of the Berbers, as well as resemblances in customs. But the natives of Teneriffe differed so much in language and customs from those of the other islands as to throw great doubt on their origin. Some stones have recently been discovered in Hierro and Las Palmas bearing sculptured symbols similar to those found on the shores of Lake Superior. This has led M. Bertholet, the enthusiastic historiographer of the islands, to the conclusion that the first inhabitants of the Canaries and those of the great West were one in race. Although he has arrived at this result rather hastily, as it would seem, when one considers the universality of some of the ancient symbols, there is apparently some reason to urge further investigations of the subject. The colonizing of Teneriffe in Roman times by exiles may have been secondary to a previous occupation. In those primitive days communication between the islands was rare, and it is even asserted that boats were unknown there. Only to the tribes of Teneriffe does the term Guanche apply, although often given to those of the other islands. The island was divided among nine chiefs or kings, and there was a complete organization or feudal system, composed of a wealthy class and of serfs who took charge of the flocks, which formed the riches of the island. The code of laws, though unwritten, was

well defined and strictly administered. One of the upper class who so far lowered himself as to milk a goat was degraded to vassalage, but capital punishment was not allowed. Wars were common, chiefly regarding boundaries; the weapons were elaborately carved, and the arrow and spear heads were made of obsidian. The food of all classes was generally *gofio*, a palatable mixture composed of corn, ground in hand-mills, kneaded with salt and milk, or cheese, and then baked in the skin of a kid. This dish is still almost universal among the peasantry of Teneriffe. The Guanches drank no cold water for half an hour after eating, to avoid injuring the teeth. After death the Guanche was embalmed and sewed up in a tanned goat skin and deposited in one of the numerous caves with which the island abounds. Four or five mummies, one of them a princess, the other the remains of a Guarnateme or chief of Teyde in Gran Canaria, are preserved, with a few other Guanche relics, spears, hand-mills, leather pitchers, and the like, in a small private museum which I visited at Tacaronte. But the mummies have otherwise been wantonly destroyed wherever found by the peasantry, who regard them with superstitious dread. Some were discovered in a cave at Santa Lucia while I was at Teneriffe, and were immediately broken up. There are mummies still known by tradition to exist in caves on the edge of precipices, especially at Guimar, and inaccessible unless one chooses to be lowered a thousand feet by a rope. The bodies were thus let down and deposited on ledges in the cave mouth where they probably remain to this day.

In 1492 the Spaniards made a landing at Teneriffe; they were peaceably received, and were permitted to remain and construct a fort. But the Spaniards having been guilty of a gross breach of faith, the honest Guanches were so irritated that they arose and swept fort and garrison out of existence. Naturally infuriated at the conduct of barbarians so simple as to be exasperated by mere perfidy, Alonso de Lugo landed one thousand men the following year,

and, as the natives were taken by surprise, was able to scour the land as far as Orotava. But the chief of that valley sent forward three hundred men under his brother to waylay the Spaniards on their return, while he bestirred himself to rouse the rest of the island. At Matanzas, alluded to above, the invaders were attacked, and although armed with mail and arquebuses they were put to rout, losing not less than six hundred men in the battle, or rather slaughter. On reaching the coast Alonzo de Lugo was again attacked, losing one fourth of his remaining force, and thought himself happy to be able to reembark with only three hundred out of the thousand men with which he had landed a few days previously. Nothing daunted, however, Alonzo de Lugo reappeared at Teneriffe with a still larger force, and now the Guanches displayed a common sense rare in history. The leading chief of the island reasoned that although he might be able to cope with the army just landed, it must be of little ultimate use; for an enemy who, after such a disastrous defeat, could so soon put a larger army into the field must by sheer force of numbers gradually wear out the limited population of Teneriffe. The wisest plan therefore seemed to be to submit while it was still in their power to impose certain conditions, of course accepting Christianity, without doing which they would all have been roasted. By the influence of this king all the island was brought to submit to the Spaniards; Alonzo de Lugo became adelantado, leaving a large posterity to transmit his name, and the Guanches instead of being exterminated were absorbed into the Spanish race. But the peasant of the western parts of the island still shows the lineaments of a race that peopled these islands before the Goth had issued from the north, or the Saracen from the south, to form in Iberia the present race of Spain. Until quite recently Guanches of purely aboriginal blood were still to be found at Chasna.

While we have been glancing briefly at the history of the conquest, the bony horses, three abreast, and well-nigh de-

voured by the flies, which it must be confessed are sufficiently numerous to amount to a plague in Teneriffe, have carried us past Sausal, where the peak should burst on the sight, revealing its proportions as from no other part of the island. But the peak was concealed in dense layers of the trade-wind cloud, and continued so for ten days after my arrival. This sublime prospect was therefore reserved for my return, as the final picture in a succession of magnificent scenes which were revealed one by one, during my sojourn at Orotava. Could I have arranged everything with the purpose of producing the most effective impression, it could not have been better devised. Five hours brought us to the valley of Orotava, although another hour or two was required to complete the journey to the fonda at the puerto, which can be reached only on donkey or horse back. Situated three hundred feet above the sea, Mrs. Turnbull's comfortable little boarding-house is perhaps too inconveniently located for transient visitors, but for those who, either for pleasure or health, desire to spend delicious days of poetic indolence gazing on the noble prospect,—the mountains and the valley, and the sea that lashes the volcanic beach from age to age,—a more admirable situation could scarcely be selected. As regards climate, the temperature at that height cannot be surpassed on this imperfect planet of ours. The trade-winds, which are hardly felt at the sea-level, there impart a reviving coolness to the air of midsummer. Fifty-eight degrees Fahrenheit is the lowest the mercury falls in winter. From sixty-eight to seventy-two degrees is the average height it reaches in summer. In the puerto below, the glass descends to sixty-four in the house in winter, and never rises above eighty. Add to this that the climate is dry,—more so than that of the Bahamas or Madeira, both celebrated resorts for invalids,—and the winds moderate. Santa Cruz is generally too warm, although the heat is not so much excessive as steady, while Laguna, to which residents of the island resort in summer for a more bracing air,

is perhaps too damp and windy for invalids who come from abroad; but Orotava seems to combine all that is desirable from a sanitary point of view for those who are afflicted with pulmonary complaints, rheumatism, or neuralgia in its protean forms; also perhaps for those wasting away with that terrible malady, Bright's disease, if they can endure the voyage, which can be made in eight or nine days from Liverpool, or in three or four days from Cadiz or Gibraltar, between all of which ports and Santa Cruz steamers run regularly.

The valley of Orotava is more properly a slope than a valley. From the crater of the Cañadas a central ridge runs to Anaga Point. From this ridge where it meets the Cañadas a magnificent bastion, called Mount Tigayga, stretches for several miles like a stupendous wall on one side of the slope, throwing out into the valley buttresses of astonishing grandeur, often nearly vertical for thousands of feet; on the eastern side another mountain, nearly as sublime, bounds the slope. Between these two lateral mountains the celebrated valley of Orotava rises by a very gradual but unbroken ascent from the coast until it reaches the central ridge, some seven thousand feet above the sea. The shore sometimes terminates in abrupt precipices of lava and basalt, or in a rocky beach of slag, whitened forevermore by the surges of the hoarse Atlantic. Three miles from the coast lies Orotava, an ancient-looking town of seven thousand inhabitants. Here are houses quaint with dilapidation and a certain musty air of decayed splendor. It is still the residence of certain Spanish families of title — counts, marquises, and dons of high and low degree. A church of some architectural merit, but incomplete, occupies a prominent position, and some of the gardens of the place are stocked with exotics. I observed here a very pretty custom, common in other towns of the island, but seen in its perfection at Orotava. On the *fête* days of the church the streets through which the procession passes are strewn with carpets of flowers. This is done by gathering the petals of

various brilliant flowers into separate baskets. A mold is laid on the pavement representing the pattern. In one compartment rose petals are dropped, in another marigold, in another violet, and so on. All the divisions having been filled with petals, an inch deep, the mold is carefully removed, and a most beautiful painting appears, magnificent as the richest of stained-glass windows. Before private houses the ladies sometimes assist in this pious and poetic art, which, as may be easily understood, would be impossible in a land where flowers are scarce or where the winds are rude. In the garden of the Marquis of Sausal are the remains of what was once considered on the highest authority to be the oldest tree in the world, the famous dragon-tree of Orotava. Five thousand years was the least age that could be assigned to it. It was over eighty feet high and of enormous circumference, but had been reduced to a mere shell, although still green at the top and with a possibility of centuries yet before it. The marquis paid no heed to its decrepit condition, and the venerable patriarch was left without support. Six years ago a hurricane, the severest of the century, swept the island, and in that wild night, while the thunders raged, while the winds screamed over houses unroofed, while ships foundered with all on board, the old dragon-tree that had survived the fall of empires, and the earthquake-shocks and fiery torrents of volcanoes, at last went down. What relics hunters and fuel seekers — with shame be it said — have left of this patriarch now lies a crumbling heap of red bark and nothing more. The dragon-tree, so called from its red sap, formerly used as a dye, is common in the Canary Islands, and many very fine specimens of it are to be seen there.

Below the town is the celebrated botanic garden of Teneriffe, which would be more properly termed a garden of acclimation. Great hopes of its usefulness were entertained at its inception, but a larger experience and the extensive greenhouses put up more recently in northern climes have to a degree neu-

tralized its value, although it is still well tended by the very intelligent superintendent, Mr. Wilpert. The Puerto de Orotava is a sleepy little village of about the same size as the town, but on the whole more cheerful, and with a certain amusing assumption of thrift, not to say bustle, about it during the onion and potato season, when the diminutive mole is piled with the bulbs, and the lighters row out through the narrow passage among the rocks and ride over the heavy swell, upon which the ships pitch and roll in a most uncomfortable manner, moored by the stern as well as the bow, and with the breakers often just under the quarter. The regularity of the winds makes accidents rare, but I should notwithstanding wish a ship well insured if I were to send her to Orotava for a cargo of onions. The number of crosses at the port, in shrines, on the house-walls, or over the gates, almost exceeds belief.

Three miles to the westward of the port is the Val Taoro, a regular depression of the slope, but with a steeper incline. Here is the extensive village of Realejo, very striking and picturesque. The women of this place are more fair and plump than most of the country women of Teneriffe, because, some say, of the wonderful air of the locality, and others because of their Norman descent. In the small church attached to the convent of San Francisco, here, is a carven cedar roof, exquisitely beautiful.

The flora of Teneriffe is said to be exceedingly rich; this, however, must be taken as implying variety in its botanic specimens rather than such a general luxuriance of verdure as is found in Madeira or Jamaica. The chestnut forests which once covered the valley have been largely cut down to make room for the culture of the cochineal; and the vestiges of volcanic action abounding on all sides in the form of streams of lava or slag, in dark-brown cliffs and mounds, and numerous walls and huge piles of lava stones of which the fields have to be cleared before they can be cultivated, together with long stretches of unsightly cactus or poisonous euphorbia, give the landscape an air of desolation. But

these features are soon forgotten in the grander objects which Orotava presents. To appreciate the valley of Orotava one must give to it weeks and months of passive, reverent observation and reflection. It is not in the minute details but in its general effect that it should be regarded, like a painting executed broadly and leaving the imaginative mind to supply the details. So viewed, the majestic slope of Orotava, encircled by the mountains and the sea, wearing on its bosom its cluster of beautiful towns and robing itself in the vegetation of all climes, offers one of the most remarkable landscapes of the globe, if not indeed the most remarkable. Whether seen from Icod Alto on the brow of Tigayga, or from the opposite side, or from the beach, or from the town, it everywhere overwhelms one more and more with its matchless magnificence and sublimity. The last time I saw it from the shore was at sunset. Not a cloud obscured the vast amphitheatre before me. The upper heights were bathed in purple. Beyond Tigayga, far up in the blue, the white cone of the peak towered in regal solitude, a wreath of golden clouds above its head and seemingly ablaze in the ruddy glow of the sun dropping below the ocean's verge. Purple shadows crept over the lower part of the slope until they gradually mantled the ridges of Tigayga and the Cañadas. But long after, like a star in the firmament, the extreme summit of the Piton gleamed alone in the heavens.

From Orotava I made a trip to Icod, distant twenty miles to the westward. The road was remarkable only for its rugged, not to say dangerous character. We scaled the lower heights of Tigayga, and passing the village of Guanche reached Icod towards evening. The volcanic desolations through which we had picked our way moderated somewhat as we approached the little place, and it was almost with surprise I found myself in a well-built, picturesque town with considerable pretensions to beauty. The situation is certainly very fine. The view of the peak is the chief object of interest at Icod, and one who has never

ascended it can obtain a better idea of the cone from Icod than from the valley of Orotava. There is in the garden adjoining the fonda, at Icod, the oldest and noblest dragon-tree now known to exist; it is in excellent condition, and can hardly be less than three thousand years old. Another object of interest is the cave of the Guanches, close to the town. A formidable supply of pitch-pine fagots having been prepared, I followed the guide through a crevice so low that one must enter it on his knees. The cave is long and narrow, generally from ten to fifteen feet high, but sometimes so low that we were forced to crawl; it is also so regular in its width as to seem like an artificial subterranean passage. After walking a third of a mile in darkness, a gleam of light was seen at last, and we reached the other end of the cave. Here it widened to a moderate-sized hall, and remains of mummies were to be seen on the ground and in crevices in the wall. Although there were some dusky rays of light here, there was no exit. The light came from a low aperture, which, by creeping face to the ground, I was able to reach. I put my head out and found myself directly over a lofty precipice at the foot of which the ocean dashed with unceasing roar. Burial place more impressive could hardly be imagined.

Three miles beyond Icod is Guarachico, which once owned the finest harbor in the Canaries and was a city of commercial importance. But two centuries ago the town was overwhelmed by volcanic eruptions and the port filled up with a torrent of lava; a little fishing village now stands where the former port was. Guanche was written on the face of most of the peasants I saw in that district. On Corpus Christi day they were all out, and I had a good opportunity of observing them. It may be added that the fonda at Icod is very comfortable and visitors are not badly entertained. The return by a lower road along the coast, through the villages of Santa Caterina, La Rambla, and San Juan de la Rambla, was very pleasing; the road, although fearfully bad, offers many striking views and objects of interest.

Before leaving Orotava I ascended the peak of Teyde. It was towards the last of May, but still somewhat earlier than it is usually attempted, and mine was therefore the first ascent of the season. The number who go up the peak during the year is always very limited, perhaps a dozen, and generally they are travelers from abroad who come there expressly for that purpose. The difficulty of the undertaking and lack of enterprise deter most of the residents from trying it. The muleteer and guide were my only companions. We started at five in the morning. My mule, when I mounted him, acted in a manner that aroused grave suspicions as to his character, and his subsequent conduct during this and the following day confirmed my suspicions. The sumpter-mule generally comported himself with propriety. Not only the mules but also the horses of Teneriffe bear a very bad reputation. We passed through Realejo up the Val Taora, and for several thousand feet the ascent was moderate, although the road soon degenerated into a rough bridle-path. At a height of three thousand feet we entered the stratum of trade-wind cloud, which continued to conceal all objects from view except those in the immediate vicinity and at the same time tempered the heat of the sun. This continued up to nearly six thousand feet above the sea, when we suddenly emerged and saw the vast sheet of cloud spread like a snowy table-land between the island and the offing. The entire absence of running streams, and the perfect stillness of the air, — undisturbed by the music of woodland water-falls or any other appreciable sound, except now and then the voices of peasants descending the mountain under their loads of brushwood, — became very noticeable soon after we left Realejo.

Five thousand feet up we left behind all traces of vegetation except grass and ferns. The ferns kept us company until we reached the stratum of heather, as it may be called; after a while the heather became scarce and the *retama* began to appear, until at a height of seven thousand feet nothing green was

to be seen but tufts of retama. The retama is a species of broom peculiar to the Canary Islands; that of Teneriffe is again a distinct kind found nowhere else, and never there below six thousand feet above the sea. It reminds one alternately of the yew and the cedar, reaching a very good size sometimes, although diminishing in growth as one ascends the mountain. In summer it is covered with clusters of white flowers.

The approach to the Cañadas grew more and more rugged and sterile. Pumice-stone, volcanic rocks, and lava towers became more frequent, until we finally scaled the slope which seemed to keep us still within sight and sound and reach of life, and entered the vast crater called the Cañadas, on the eastern side, where its sides are most broken. The plan, the formation, of the peak now for the first time became clear and intelligible to me. We found ourselves on the floor of a crater ten miles in diameter, thirty miles in circumference, circular but elliptical in shape. This floor is covered with yellow pumice-stone, generally level, with here and there a moderate depression, and resembling in barrenness, atmospheric dryness, and concentration of heat a section of the desert of Sahara. Around it rise the sides of the crater, sufficiently distinct in form to convey the idea of a surrounding wall, sometimes springing aloft in splintered perpendicular peaks. The soft purple hues of these crater walls and battlements, contrasted with the sea of glaring pumice-stone, was very beautiful. Near the centre of the Cañadas the great cone swells abruptly with a dome-like outline, resembling in its proportions the peculiar curve of the cupola of St. Sophia, although certainly more steep as seen from some points. The great dome is supported on the east side by the Montaña Blanca, a huge mound covered with pumice-stone, rising like a buttress from the Cañadas. Vast cataracts of brown and black lava, solidified into permanent forms, corrugate the sides of the peak. The peak or dome rises over four thousand feet above the Cañadas, and terminates in another crater called the Rambleta. Out of the

Rambleta rises the little peak of Teyde or Echeyde, also called the Piton, six hundred feet higher, conical and at an angle excessively steep, terminating in a point and a third diminutive crater, above which we discerned very distinctly, against the blue sky, thin columns of white vapor shooting up with an uncertain motion, like tongues of white flame from a smoldering fire.

Such was the scene before us as we entered the Cañadas, majestic, solitary, desolate, beyond the power of language to describe. It seemed best before going further to fortify ourselves for the additional labors of the day with a substantial lunch; and in the absence of other shade we took shelter in the shadow of one of the great rocks which strew the Cañadas, — a mystery to scientific experts, although nothing seemed plainer to me than that they must have rolled down from the lava torrents on the slope of the peak.

A long and hot, but not tedious ride over the Cañadas and the Montaña Blanca at length brought us to the foot of the peak and to a serious consideration of the task yet to be accomplished. Rugged Plutonian ridges of black lava, warmed here and there by brown slag or gleaming in the sun like glass where a mass, breaking off, had left a smooth surface, rose above us like some Titanic fortress. A very severe climb brought us to the Estancia de los Ingleses, over ten thousand feet above the sea. Here are some rocks so clustered as to afford a shelter, so that it is generally the spot where travelers halt for the night. It has been called after the English, because they furnish the largest number of visitors to the peak.

As daylight was yet abundant, I concluded to abridge the labors of the morrow by ascending a thousand feet higher and spending the night at Alta Vista, a plateau two or three acres in extent, occupied by Prof. Piozzi Smyth when engaged in taking astronomical observations at Teneriffe in 1856. He spent several weeks on Guajara, and then removed to Alta Vista, where he pursued his labors for a month. The numerous corps of

attendants at his disposal enabled him to erect two little huts there, but few vestiges of these now remain to indicate that human beings ever occupied that lonely height. The retama, which had been growing more and more scarce, ceased together with all other signs of vegetation soon after we left the Estancia, and we were obliged to carry up bits of dry retama to our halting place for the fire which was indispensable. A fragment of one of Professor Smyth's walls afforded a partial shelter; on the other side a black mass of slag contributed its aid, but roof of course there was none. The fire was soon going, but the water the muleteers had brought was so muddy we should have been poorly off for tea if there had not been a bank of snow within a dozen feet of the fire. With melted snow a delicious cup of tea was brewed very soon, but it was noticeable how rapidly it cooled at that height.

Below us lay the yellow floor of the Cañadas; beyond that, the stratum of trade-wind clouds; and below these, the sea fading into the sky. Around us circled masses of lava presenting an astonishing, singularly grotesque variety of form; here a ridge of Moorish battlements; there a gigantic goat standing against the sky as if startled and on the alert; then it seemed a dragon or a griffin sculptured out of lava that met the eye. As the view was unobstructed towards the east, we saw the shadow of the peak thrown across the sea at sunset; the color of the shadow was of the most exquisite purple, delicate and elusive at the edges, but at the same time very impressive. Twilight was soon over, and the full moon suddenly appeared. A low wind from the eastward now began to blow, increasing until it became a gale, boisterous and gusty, the blasts coming sometimes from every quarter at once, as it seemed to us. This wind continued all night, intensely searching and violent; the muleteers tended the fire, and bent over it wrapped in their huge mantles. Two blankets, two coats and an overcoat, two pairs of pantaloons, and a carpet under and over me were insufficient to drive away the sensation of cold, and I slept

not a wink all night. Soon after three A.M. we took some tea, and by the light of a lantern started for the summit. We entered immediately on the Malpais, which can only be described as a mass of lava blocks, from one to twenty feet long, but generally not above five feet square, of all shapes, heaped together in the most inconceivable manner, whose like is probably to be found nowhere else. Often there were holes into which one might easily fall several feet. The stones were piled one over the other to a considerable depth, and great caution was required in springing from one to the other, especially with only the dim glimmer of a lantern to guide us. After climbing up a thousand feet over this volcanic debris we came again in sight of the little peak, and passing some vents, through which issued jets of vapor, emerged on the Rambleta, or second crater, which is covered with pumice-stone; we were soon across this and grappled with the Piton, which is not less steep than the largest of the pyramids, but probably contains twice the number of cubic feet. It is about six hundred feet in height, chiefly of pumice-stone, with bits of rock projecting here and there and serving as resting-places for the climber. When we were half-way up, the sun burst suddenly above the sea, apparently out of, instead of beyond it. The variety and beauty of the tints in the lower sky at the time were very remarkable. The peculiar golden-yellow glow thrown by the sun on the trade-wind clouds directly under it, which lasted for two hours, was such as I have seen under no other circumstances, nor does it appear to have been observed by other travelers.

This part of the ascent was very fatiguing. Humboldt said that Teneriffe was, with the exception of Jurullo in Mexico, the hardest mountain he had ever ascended. He did not exaggerate the difficulties. Professor Smyth rather takes him to task for this, unreasonably as I think, for the professor did not undertake it until he had seasoned his lungs to the rarefied air on Guajara for six weeks. He then spent some days at Alta

Vista; and after a capital night's rest, without having wasted his energies on the previous day in climbing, went up to the Rambleta. There he ate a hearty breakfast before attempting the little peak, and then, after all this preparation and training, he undertakes to assure us that Humboldt, a veteran mountain climber, overestimated the difficulties of Teneriffe.

While we were still over one hundred feet from the summit, a gust of wind suddenly brought the fumes of sulphur so strongly from the crater that for a moment I was almost overcome by it; but as we neared the top the oppression grew less, a phenomenon I find it difficult to explain. The crater which fitly terminates the celebrated peak of Teneriffe is perhaps seventy yards in diameter, with a rim abrupt and sharp, but rather lower on the western side. It appears to be gradually filling up. Professor Smyth twenty years ago observed that it was more shallow than described by Humboldt or Van Buck, and the floor seems now still more elevated; I say elevated, for that must be the process, since there is nothing from outside to account for the decreasing depth. The different tints of the stones in or on the edge of the crater are varied and beautiful, but the prevailing colors which strike the eye are the straw yellow and pale green of the sulphur, which lies in separate masses or covers the rocks with moist sulphur crystals. Vapor constantly arose from the bottom of the crater, and the soil was warm although a little snow still lingered in the crevices. The wind was keen and violent. The sky above was unclouded and of a deep azure; this intense hue of the heavens has been the subject of philosophical speculation, but it was not as dark and opaque as I have repeatedly seen it at the top of Pico Riuvo and other mountains of Madeira, which have only half the altitude of Teneriffe. Several thousand feet below us the impenetrable curtain of trade-wind cloud was spread like a frozen land at the pole, and like the sea dovetailing with the land, filling every bay and inlet, and

dashing surf-like against the cliffs, yet calm and noiseless, altering its forms so slowly as to be imperceptible. The higher ridges towered above it like islands, while here and there slopes could be seen below it, but veiled in a dark purple gloom that seemed to isolate them from the rest of the world forever. Beyond this cloud-land arose the edge of the ocean joining the sky by an invisible line, two hemispheres uniting to inclose the island and its peak within an azure sphere. The trade-wind caused a haze which concealed several of the Fortunato Isles, but Grand Canary, Hierro, Gomera, and Las Palmas with its astonishing outline, containing the deepest crater on the face of the globe, were quite distinct. In winter, when other winds prevail, the whole group is clearly seen, but few have ever cared to ascend the peak when deep snows envelop it with almost arctic austerity.

On returning over the Malpays we stopped to examine the ice cave, where alone on the mountain snow and water can be found at all times of the year. It would seem to be a sort of vent or air bubble in the lava, made when it was at its hottest. On reaching our bivouac we breakfasted as well as the circumstances would allow, and then packed up the "traps" and prepared to go. But the unexpected conduct of the mules delayed us for nearly two hours, incredible as it may appear. Three times my mule kicked off his saddle, which, after the girths were torn to pieces, was with great difficulty made fast by a bit of rope. To mount the brute was about as difficult as to saddle him. The sumpter-mule also astonished us by suddenly laying back his ears, throwing up his heels with a snort that was quite satanic in its tone, and flinging the basket of crockery and provisions over his head. Plates, bottles, and cups were demolished in the general wreck. However, I finally succeeded in reaching Orotava without further mishap than a face burned almost beyond recognition by the winds of the peak and the scorching sun of the Cañadas.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XX.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
March 8, 1831.

I AM going to be very busy signing my name; my benefit is fixed for the 21st; I do not yet know what the play is to be. Our young, unsuccessful playwright, Mr. Wade, whom I like very much (he took his damnation as bravely as Capaneo), and Macdonald, the sculptor, dined with us on Sunday. On Monday I went to the library of the British Museum to consult Du Bellay's history for my new version of the last scene of Francis I. I looked at some delightful books; and among others, a very old and fine MS. of the Roman de la Rose, beautifully illuminated; also all the armorial bearings, shields, banners, etc., of the barons of King John's time, the barons of Runnymede and the Charter, most exquisitely and minutely copied from monuments, stained glass, brass effigies, etc.; it was a fine work, beautifully executed for the late king, George IV. I wish it had been executed for me. I did get A—— to walk in the square with me once, but she likes it even less than I do; my intellectual conversation is no equivalent for the shop windows of Regent Street and the counters of the bazar, and she has gone out with my aunt every day since, "leaving the square to solitude and me;" so I take my book with me (I can read walking at my quickest pace), and like to do so.

Cecilia is sitting to Clint for her portrait; she will make either a very fine or a disagreeable picture; unless the artist is a man of much refinement it will be the latter.

Tuesday evening I played Belvidera. I was quite nervous at acting it again after so long a period. After the play my father and I went to Lady Dacre's and had a pleasant party enough. Mrs. Norton was there, more entertaining and

blinding beautiful than ever. Henry desired me to give her his "desperate love," to which she replied by sending the poor youth her "deadly scorn." Lord Melbourne desired to be introduced to me, and I think if he likes, he shall be the decrepit old nobleman you are so afraid of my marrying. I was charmed with his face, voice, and manner; we dine with him next Wednesday week, and I will write you word if the impression deepens.

My dear H——, only imagine my dismay: my father told me that after Easter I should have to play Lady Macbeth! It is no use thinking about it, for that only frightens me more; but, looking at it as calmly and reasonably as possible, surely it is too great an undertaking for so young a person as myself. Perhaps I may play it better than most girls of my age would; what will that amount to? That towering, tremendous woman, what a trial of courage and composure for me! If you were a good friend, now, you would come up to town "for that occasion only," and sustain me with your presence.

The beautiful Miss Bayley is at length married to William Ashley [the present Earl of Shaftesbury], and everybody is rejoicing with them or for them; it is pleasant to catch glimpses of fresh shade and flowers, as one goes along the dusty high-road of life.

I must now tell you what I am going to do, that you may know where to find me: to-morrow, I go to a private morning concert with my mother; in the evening, I act Beatrice, and after the play all sorts of people are coming here to supper. On Monday, I act Fazio; Wednesday, we dine at Lady Macdonald's; Thursday, I act Mrs. Haller; and Saturday, Beatrice again. I have not an idea what will be done for my benefit; we are all devising and proposing. I myself want them to bring out Massinger's *Maid of Honor*; I think it beautiful.

Now, dear H——, I must leave off, and sign my tickets. We all send our loves to you; my mother tells me not to let you forget her; she says she is afraid you class her with Mrs. John Kemble. If ever there were two dissimilar human beings, it is those two. Ever your affectionate

FANNY.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
March 13, 1831. }

DEAR H——: I received your letter yesterday, and must exult in my self-command, for Mrs. Jameson was with me, and I did not touch it till she was gone. Thank you first of all for Spenser; that is poetry! I was much benefited as well as delighted by it. Considering the power of poetry to raise one's mind and soul into the noblest moods, I do not think it is held in sufficient reverence nowadays; the bards of old were greater people in their society than our modern ones are; to be sure, modern poetry is not all of a purely elevating character, and poets are *paid*, besides being asked out to dinner, which the bards always were. I think the tone of a good deal of Campbell's Pleasures of Hope very noble, and some of Mrs. Hemans's things are very beautiful in sentiment as well as expression. But then, all that order of writing is so feeble compared with the poetry of our old masters, who do not so much appeal to our feelings as to our reason and imagination combined. I do not believe that to be sublime is in the power of a woman, any more than to be logical; and Mrs. Hemans, who is neither, writes charmingly, and one loves her as a Christian woman even more than one admires her as a writer.

You are quite right in saying I ought not to have been surprised at your tendency to receive gloomy impressions; but you know people who do not reflect are liable to be surprised very irrationally, because they are always considering effects, instead of causes. Your description of your visit to Kenilworth filled me with longing for the blue sky and the fresh air of the country, and your fellowship in that interesting place.

I should like to be with you, both when you go abroad to gather matter for your "wonderments," and when you sit at home to give vent to them.

Yes, it is very charming that the dove, the favorite type of gentleness and tenderness and "harmlessness," should have such a swift and vigorous power of flight; *suaviter* — *fortiter*, a good combination.

We are having the most tempestuous weather; A—— is horribly frightened, and I am rather awed. I got the encyclopædia to-night to study the cause of the equinoctial gales, which I thought we should both be the better for knowing, but could find nothing about them; can you tell me of any book or treatise upon this subject?

My dear H——, shut your eyes while you read this, because if you don't, they 'll never shut again. Constance is what I am to play for my benefit. I am horribly frightened; it is a cruel weight to lay upon my shoulders; however, there is nothing for it but doing my best, and leaving the rest to fate. I almost think *now* I could do Lady Macbeth better. I am like poor little Arthur, who begged to have his tongue cut off rather than have his eyes put out; that last scene of Constance, — think what an actress one should be to do it justice! Pray for me.

And so the Poles are crushed! what a piteous horror! Will there never come a day of retribution for this!

Mrs. Jameson came and sat with me some time yesterday evening, and read me a good deal of her work on Shakespeare's female characters; they are very pleasing sketches, — outlines, — but her criticism and analysis are rather graceful than profound or powerful. Tuesday next my mother and I spend the evening with her; Wednesday, we dine at Sir John Macdonald's; Thursday, I act Mrs. Haller; Friday, we have an evening party at home; Saturday, I play Beatrice; Monday, Constance (come up for it!); Tuesday we dine with Lord Melbourne; and this is as much of the book of fate as is unrolled to me at present.

Mrs. Harry came here to-day; it is the first time I have seen her this month; she is looking wretchedly, and talks of

returning to Edinburgh. My first feeling at hearing this was joy that I shall not go there and find the face and voice forever associated with Edinburgh in my heart away from it. But I am not *really* glad, for it is the failure of some plan of hers which obliges her to do this. I have the loves of all to give you, and they are all very troublesome, crying, "Give mine separately," "Don't lump mine;" so please take them each separately and singly. I have been sobbing my heart out over Constance this morning, and act Fazio to-night, which is hard work. Your affectionate

F.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, Saturday, }
March 19th.

DEAR H—: You ask if Mr. Trench's account of their Spanish escapade is likely to soften my father's view of the folly of the expedition. I think not, by any means,—as how should it? But the yesterday papers reported a successful attack upon Cadiz and the proclamation of Torrijos general-in-chief by the Constitutionalists, who were rising all over the country. This has been again contradicted to-day, and may have been a mere stock-jobbing story, after all. If it be true, however, the results may be of serious importance to my brother. Should the Constitutionalists get the upper hand, his adherence to Torrijos may place him in a prominent position, I am afraid; perhaps, however, though success may not alter my father's opinion of the original folly of John's undertaking, it may in some measure reconcile him to it. I suppose it is not impossible now that John should become an officer in the Spanish army, and that after so many various and contradictory plans his career may finally be that of a soldier. How strange and sad it all seems to me, to be sure!

You sometimes express surprise at what seems to you a want of patriotism—love of my own country—in me; but I think you mistake my feeling about living out of England. Were I residing in some of the lovely nooks of this pretty little island of ours, with green turf and fine old trees instead of dusty pavements and

sooty houses round me, I think I should not so often wish to go abroad; but London is, alas, my England (I know very little else of my own country), and London is not lovable, and I am sorry to say I *hate* it. Moreover, please to consider it is not any foreign capital, city, or town that I desire to exchange for my own native smoke-begrimed metropolis. My dream of life abroad is in some valley in Switzerland, with thousands feet deep of water at my feet, and thousands feet high of snow above my head; or some ledge of ruin-crowned rock by the Rhine, or some vine-hung terrace over the Mediterranean. I have a great respect for England, and a high esteem for English people. I admire my own country and its institutions and its government, its vast power and resources; I love its noble spirit of enlightened progress; but I fancy I should like to live among simple people and in a society of less complicated civilization. I have no sympathy with the commercial element which preponderates in the character of my country people, and *we* are too prosaic and matter of fact to be attractive or pleasant to *me*. I am not at all jealous of your love for the hamadryads; you would never like an oak better than me, unless a "talking oak," and there are not many like the last since those of Dodona.

You say it's a horrid thing one can't "try on one's body" and choose such a one as would suit one; but do you consider your body accidental, as it were, or do you really think we could do better for ourselves than has been done for us in this matter? After all, our souls get used to our bodies, and in some fashion alter and shape them to fit; then you know if we had different bodies we should be different people and not our *same selves* at all; if I had been tall, as I confess I in my heart of hearts wish I were, what another moral creature should I have been.

You urge me to work, dear H—, and study my profession, and were I to say I hate it, you would retort, "You do it, therefore take pains to do it well." And so I do, as well as I can; I have been studying Constance with my father,

and rubbed off some of the rough edges of it a little.

I am sorry to say I shall not have a good benefit; unluckily, the second reading of the Reform Bill comes on to-morrow (to-night, by the by, for it is Monday), and there will be as many people in the House of Commons as in *my* house, and many more in Parliament Street than in either; it is unfortunate for me, but cannot be helped. I was going to say, pray for me, but I forgot that you will not get this till "it is bed-time, Hal, and all is well." The publication of my play is not to take place till after this Reform fever has a little abated.

Dear H——, this is Wednesday, the 23d; Monday and King John and my Constance are all over; but I am at this moment still so *deaf with nervousness* as not to hear the ticking of my watch when held to one of my ears; the other side of my head is not deaf any longer *now*; but on Monday night I hardly heard one word I uttered through the whole play. It is rather hard that having endeavored (and succeeded wonderfully, too) in possessing my soul in peace during that trial of my courage, my nervous system should give way in this fashion. I had a knife of pain sticking in my side all through the play and all day long, Monday; as I did not hear myself speak, I cannot tell you anything of my performance. My dress was of the finest pale-blue merino, all folds and drapery like my Grecian Daughter costume, with an immense crimson mantle hung on my shoulders which I could hardly carry. My head-dress was exactly copied from one of my aunt's, and you cannot imagine how curiously like her I looked. My mother says, "You have done it better than I believe any other girl of your age would do it." But of course that is not a representation of Constance to satisfy her, or any one else, indeed. You know, dear H——, what my own feeling has been about this, and how utterly incapable I knew myself for such an undertaking; but you did not, nor could any one, know how dreadfully I suffered from the apprehension of failure which my reason told me was well founded. I assure you

that when I came on the stage I felt like some hunted creature driven to bay; I was really half wild with terror; the play went off admirably, but I lay, when my part was over, for an hour on my dressing-room floor, with only strength enough left to cry. Your letter to A—— revived me, and just brought me enough to life again to eat my supper, which I had not felt able to touch, in spite of my exhaustion and great need of it; when, however, I once began, my appetite justified the French proverb and took the turn of voracity, and I devoured like a Homeric hero. I promised to tell you something of our late dinner at Lord Melbourne's, but have left myself neither space nor time. It was very pleasant, and I fell out of my love for our host (who, moreover, is absorbed by Mrs. Norton) and into another love with Lord O——, Lord T——'s son, who is one of the most beautiful creatures of the male sex I ever saw; unluckily, he does not fulfill the necessary conditions of your theory, and is neither as old nor as decrepit as you have settled the nobleman I am to marry is to be; so he won't do.

We are going to a party at Devonshire House to-night. Here I am called away to receive some visitors. Pray write soon to your affectionate

FANNY.

To-morrow I act Constance, and Saturday Isabella, which is all I know for the present of the future. I have just bought A—— a beautiful guitar; I promised her one as soon as my play was out. My room is delicious with violets, and my new blue velvet gown heavenly in color and all other respects except the — well, *unheavenly* price Divy makes me pay for it.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
April 2, 1831. }

DEAR H——: I am truly sorry for M——'s illness, just at the height of all her gay season gayeties too; it is too provoking to have one's tackle out of order and lie on the beach with such a summer sea sparkling before one. I congratulate L—— on her father's relenting and canceling his edict against waltzing and galloping. And yet, I am always

rather sorry when a determination of that sort, firmly expressed, is departed from. Of course our views and opinions, not being infallible, are liable to change, and may not unreasonably be altered or weakened by circumstances and the more enlightened convictions of improved powers and enlarged experience, but it is as well, therefore, for our own sakes, not to promulgate them as if they were Persian decrees. One can step gracefully down from a lesser height, where one would fall from a greater. But with young people generally, I think, to retreat from a position you have assumed is to run the risk of losing some of their consideration and respect; for they have neither consciousness of their own frailty, nor charity for the frailty of others, nor the wisdom to perceive that a resolution may be better broken than kept; and though perhaps themselves gaining some desired end by the yielding of their elders, I believe any indulgence so granted (that is, after being emphatically denied) never fails to leave on the youthful mind an impression of want of judgment or determination in those they have to do with.

We dine with the Fitzhughs on Tuesday week; I like Emily much, though she will talk of human souls as "vile;" I gave her Channing to read, and she liked it very much, but said that his view of man's nature was not that of a Christian; I think her contempt for it still less such. As we are immortal in spite of death, so I think we are wonderful in spite of our weakness, and admirable in spite of our imperfection, and capable of all good in spite of all our evil. My dearest H——, I write this on Good Friday, but it will reach you on a less holy day, and you will wonder when and where I took orders; but I am practicing that I may write Henry's sermons for him; there is now some notion, as he has decidedly no vocation for the stage, of sending him to Oxford to study for the church! You will know what I feel about this; I can never endure that sacred calling being considered as a mere means of livelihood. A—— once said she would cut him if he became an actor; and I would rather see him a *respectable*

scavenger than such a clergyman as I fear he would make.

A——'s guitar is a beauty, and wears a broad blue scarf and has a sweet, low, soft voice. Mr. Pickersgill is going to paint my portrait; it is a present Major Dawkins makes my father and mother, but I do wish they would leave off trying to take my picture. My face is too bad for anything but nature, and never was intended for *still* life. The intention, however, is very kind, and the offer one that can scarcely be refused. I wish you would come and keep me awake through my sittings.

Our engagements—social and professional—are a dinner party at the Mayows to-morrow; an evening party on Monday; Tuesday, the opera; Wednesday I act Isabella; Thursday, a dinner at Mr. Harness's; Friday I act Bianca; Saturday we have a dinner party at home; the Monday following I act Constance; Tuesday there is a dance at the Fitzhughs'; and sundry dissipations looming in the horizon.

Good-by, and God bless you, my dear H——. I look forward to our meeting at Ardgillan, three months hence, with delight, and am affectionately yours,

F. A. K.

A—— and I begin our riding lessons on Wednesday next. We have got pretty dark-brown habits and red velvet waistcoats, and shall look like two nice little robin-redbreasts on horseback; all I dread is that she may be frightened to death, which might militate against her enjoyment, perhaps.

What you say about my brother John is very true; and though my first care is for his life, my next is for his happiness, which I believe more likely to be secured by his remaining in the midst of action and excitement abroad, than in any steady pursuit at home. My benefit was not as good as it ought to have been; it was not sufficiently advertised, and it took place on the night of the reading of the Reform Bill, which circumstance was exceedingly injurious to it.

To-day is John's birthday. I was in hopes it might not occur to my mother, but she alluded to it yesterday. I was

looking at that little sketch of him in her room this morning, with a heavy heart. His lot seems now cast indeed, and most strangely. I would give anything to see him and hear his voice again, but I fear to wish him back again amongst us. I am afraid that he would neither be happy himself, nor make others so.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, 1831.

It is a long time, dear H—, since I have written to you, and I feel it so with self-reproach. To-day, except paying a round of visits with my mother and acting this evening, I have nothing to prevent my talking with you in tolerable peace and quiet,—so here I am. You have no idea what a quantity of "things to be done" has been crowded into the last fortnight: studying Camiola, rehearsing for two hours and a half every other day, riding for two hours at a time, and sitting for my picture nearly as long, running from place to place about my dresses, and now having Lady Teazle and Mrs. Oakley to *get up*, immediately,—all this, with my nightly work or nightly gayeties, makes an amount of occupation of one sort and another that hardly leaves me time for thought.

You will be glad to hear that *The Maid of Honor* was entirely successful; that it will have a "great run," or bring much money to the theatre, I doubt. It is a *cold* play, according to the present taste of audiences, and there are undoubted defects in its construction which in the fastidious judgment of our critics weigh down its sterling beauties.

It has done me great service, and to you I may say that I think it the best thing I have acted. Indeed, I like my own performance of it so well (which you know does not often happen to me) that I beg you will make A— tell you something about it. I was beautifully dressed and looked very nice.

I am afraid my conversation with Arthur K— at our party last night was hardly long enough to have the effect you anticipated from it; for just as we were discoursing with much animation about dramatic costume, Mr. Milman

came and sat down by me, whereupon, with becoming deference, the young military gentleman withdrew and delivered me over to the reverend poet, and our broken talk was not taken up again.

We have heard nothing of John for some time now, and my mother has ceased to express, if not to feel, anxiety about him, and seems tranquil at present; but after all she has suffered on his account, it is not, perhaps, surprising that she should subside into the calm of mere exhaustion from that cruel over-excitement.

Our appeal before the Lords, after having been put off once this week, will in consequence of the threatened dissolution of Parliament be deferred *sine die*, as the phrase is. Oh, what weary work this is for those who are tremblingly waiting for a result of vital importance to their whole fate and fortune! Thank Heaven, I am liberally endowed with youth's peculiar power and privilege of disregarding future sorrow, and unless under the immediate pressure of calamity can keep the anticipation of it at bay. My journal has become a mere catalogue of the names of people I meet and places I go to. I have had no time latterly for anything but the briefest possible registry of my daily doings. Mrs. Harry Siddons has taken a lodging in this street, nearly opposite to us, so that I have the happiness of seeing her rather oftener than I have been able to do hitherto; the girls come over too, and as we have lately taken to acting charades and proverbs, we spend our evenings very pleasantly together.

We are going to get up a piece called *Napoleon*. I do not mean my cousins and ourselves, but that prosperous establishment, Covent Garden Theatre. Think of Bonaparte being acted! It makes one grin and shudder.

I have been three or four times to Mr. Pickersgill, and generally sit two hours at a time to him. I dare say he will make a nice picture of me, but his anxiety that it should in no respect resemble Sir Thomas Lawrence's drawing amuses me. I was in hopes that when I had done with him I should not have to sit to any-

body for anything again. But I find I am to undergo that boredom for a bust by Mr. Turnerelli. I wish I could impress upon all my artist friends that my face is an inimitable original which nature never intended should be copied. *Pazienza!* I must say, though, that I grudge the time thus spent. I want to get on with my play, but I'm afraid for the next three weeks that will be hopeless.

To add to my occupations past, present, and to come, not having enough of acting with my professional duties in that line, I am going to take part in some private theatricals. Lord Kamis Leveson wants to get up his version of Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, at Bridgewater House, and has begged me, as a favor, to act the heroine; all the rest are to be amateurs. I have consented to this, not knowing well how to refuse, yet for one or two reasons I almost think I had better not have done so. I expect to be excessively amused by it, but it will take up a terrible deal of my time, for I am sure they will need rehearsals without end. I do not know at all what our summer places are; but I believe we shall be acting in the provinces till September, when if all things are quiet in Paris my father proposes going over with me and one or two members of the Covent Garden company, and playing there for a month or so. I think I should like that. I fancy I should like acting to a French audience; they are people of great intellectual refinement and discrimination, and that is a pleasant quality in an audience. I think my father seems inclined to take A—— with us and leave her there. A musical education can nowhere better be obtained, and under the care of Mrs. Foster, about whom I believe I wrote to you once a long letter, there could be no anxiety about her welfare.

I showed that part of your last letter which concerned my aunt Dall to herself, because I knew it would please her, and so it did; and she bids me tell you that she values your good-will and esteem extremely, and should do so still more if you did not *misbestow so much of them on me*.

Emily Fitzhugh sent me this morning a seal with a pretty device, in consequence of my saying that I thought it was pleasanter to lean upon one's friends, morally, than to be leant upon by them, — an oak with ivy clinging to it and "*Chiedo sostegno*" for the motto. I do not think I shall use it to many people though.

To-morrow Sheridan Knowles dines with us, to read a new play he has written, in which I am to act. In the evening we go to Lady Cork's, Sunday we have a dinner-party here, Monday I act *Camiola*, Tuesday we go to Mrs. Harry's, Wednesday I act *Camiola*, and further I know not. Good-by, dear; ever yours,
F. A. K.

The piece which I have referred to in this letter, calling itself *Bonaparte*, was a sensational melodrama upon the fate and fortunes of the great emperor, beginning with his first exploits as a young artillery officer, himself pointing and firing the cannon at Toulon, to the last dreary agony of the heart-broken exile of St. Helena. It was well put upon the stage, and presented a series of historical pictures of considerable interest and effect, not a little of which was due to the great resemblance of Mr. Warde, who filled the principal part, to the portraits of Napoleon. He had himself, I believe, been in the army, and left it under the influence of a passion for the stage, which his dramatic ability hardly justified; for though he was a very respectable actor he had no genius whatever, and never rose above irreproachable mediocrity. But his military training and his peculiar likeness to Bonaparte helped him to make his part in this piece very striking and effective, though it was in itself the merest peg to hang "situations" on.

I was at this time sitting for my picture to Mr. Pickersgill, with whose portrait of my father in the part of Macbeth I have mentioned my mother's comically expressed dissatisfaction. Our kind friend, Major Dawkins, wished to give my father and mother a good portrait of me, and suggested Mr. Pickersgill, a

very eminent portrait-painter, as the artist who would be likely to execute it most satisfactorily. Mr. Pickersgill, himself, seemed very desirous to undertake it, and greatly as my sittings interfered with my leisure, of which I had but little, it was impossible under the circumstances that I should refuse, especially as he represented that if he succeeded, as he hoped to do, his painting me would be an advantage to him; portraits of public exhibitors being of course recognizable by the public, and, if good, serving the purpose of advertisements. Unluckily, Mrs. Jameson proposed accompanying me, in order to lighten by her very agreeable conversation the tedium of the process. Her intimate acquaintance with my face, with which Mr. Pickersgill was not familiar, and her own very considerable artistic knowledge and taste made her, however, less discreet in her comments and suggestions with regard to his operations than was altogether pleasant to him; and after exhibiting various symptoms of impatience, on one occasion he came so very near desiring her to mind her own business, that we broke off the sitting abruptly; and the offended painter adding, to my dismay, that it was quite evident he was not considered equal to the task he had undertaken, our whole attitude towards each other became so constrained, not to say disagreeable, that on taking my leave I declined returning any more, and what became of Mr. Pickersgill's beginning of me I do not know. Perhaps he finished it by memory, and it is one of the various portraits of me, *qui courent le monde*, for some of which I never sat, which were taken either from the stage or were mere efforts of memory of the artists; one of which, a head of Beatrice, painted by my friend Mr. Sully, of Philadelphia, was engraved as a frontispiece to a small volume of poems I published there, and was one of the best likenesses ever taken of me.

The success of *The Maid of Honor* gave me great pleasure. The sterling merits of the play do not perhaps outweigh the one insuperable defect of the despicable character of the hero; one

can hardly sympathize with Camiola's devotion to such an idol, and his unworthiness not only lessens the interest of the piece, but detracts from the effect of her otherwise very noble character. The performance of the part always gave me great pleasure, and there was at once a resemblance to and difference from my favorite character, Portia, that made it a study of much interest to me. Both the women, young, beautiful, and of unusual intellectual and moral excellence, are left heiresses to enormous wealth, and are in exceptional positions of power and freedom in the disposal of it. Portia, however, is debarred by the peculiar nature of her father's will from bestowing her person and fortune upon any one of her own choice; chance serves her to her wish (she was not born to be unhappy), and gives her to the man she loves, a handsome, extravagant young gentleman, who would certainly have been pronounced by all of us quite unworthy of her, until she proved him worthy by the very fact of her preference for him; while Camiola's lover is separated from her by the double obstacle of his royal birth and religious vow.

The golden daughter of the splendid republic receives and dismisses princes and kings as her suitors, indifferent to any but their personal merits; we feel she is their equal in the lowest as their superior in the highest of their "qualities;" with Camiola it is impossible not to suspect that her lover's rank must have had some share in the glamour he throws over her. In some Italian version of the story that I have read, Camiola is called the "merchant's daughter;" and contrasting her bearing and demeanor with the easy courtesy and sweet, genial graciousness of Portia, we feel that she must have been of lower birth and breeding than the magnificent and charming Venetian. Portia is almost always in an attitude of (unconscious) condescension in her relations with all around her; Camiola, in one of self-assertion or self-defense. There is an element of harshness, bordering upon coarseness, in the texture of her character, which in spite of her fine qualities makes itself un-

pleasantly felt, especially contrasted with that of Portia, to whom the idea of encountering insolence or insult must have been as *impossible* as to the French duchess, who, warned that if she went into the streets alone at night she would probably be insulted, replied with ineffable security and simplicity, "*Qui? moi?*" One can imagine the merchant's daughter *growing up* to the possession of her great wealth, through the narrowing and hardening influences of sordid circumstances and habits of careful calculation and rigid economy, thrifty, prudent, just, and eminently conscientious; of Portia one can only think as of a creature born in the very lap of luxury and nursed in the midst of sunny magnificence, whose very element was elegant opulence and refined splendor, and by whose cradle Fortune herself stood godmother. She seems like a perfect rose, blooming in a precious vase of gold and gems and exquisite workmanship. Camiola's contemptuous rebuff of her insolent courtier lover; her merciless ridicule of her fantastical, half-witted suitor; her bitter and harsh rebuke of Adorni when he draws his sword upon the man who had insulted her; above all, her hard and cold insensibility to his unbounded devotion, and the cruelty of making him the agent for the ransom of her lover from captivity (the selfishness of her passion inducing her to employ him because she knows how absolutely she may depend upon the unselfishness of his); and her final stern and peremptory claim of Bertrand's promise, are all things that Portia could never have done. Portia is the Lady of Belmont, and Camiola is the merchant's daughter, a very noble and magnanimous woman. In the munificent bestowal of their wealth, the one to ransom her husband's friend from death, the other to redeem her own lover from captivity, the manner of the gift is strikingly characteristic of the two natures. When Portia, radiant with the joy of relieving Bassanio's anguish, speaks of Antonio's heavy ransom as the "petty debt," we feel sure that if it had been half the fortune it would have seemed to her an insignificant price to pay for her

husband's peace of mind. Camiola reads the price set upon her lover's head, and with grave deliberation says, "Half my estate, Adorni," before she bids him begone and purchase at that cost the prince's release from captivity. Moreover, in claiming her right of purchase over him, at the very moment of his union with another woman, she gives a character of barter or sale to the whole transaction, and appeals for justice as a defrauded creditor, insisting upon her "money's worth," like Shylock himself, as if the love with which her heart is breaking had been a mere question of traffic between the heir of Sicily and the merchant's daughter. In spite of all which she is a very fine creature, immeasurably superior to the despicable man who accepts her favors and betrays her love. It is worthy of note that Bassanio, who is clearly nothing else remarkable, is every inch a gentleman, and in that respect no unfit mate for Portia; while the Sicilian prince is a blackguard, utterly beneath Camiola in every particular but that of his birth.

I remember two things connected with my performance of Camiola which amused me a good deal at the time. In the last scene, when she proclaims her intention of taking the veil, Camiola makes tardy acknowledgment to Adorni for his lifelong constancy and love by leaving him a third of her estate, with the simple words, "To thee, Adorni, for thy true and faithful service" (a characteristic proceeding on the part of the merchant's daughter. Portia would have given him the ring from her finger, or the flower from her bosom, besides the fortune). I used to pause upon the last words, endeavoring to convey, if one look and tone might do it, all the regretful gratitude which ought to have filled her heart, while uttering with her farewell that first, last, and only recognition of his infinite devotion to her. One evening, when the audience were perfectly silent and one might have "heard a pin drop," as the saying is, as I spoke these words, a loud and enthusiastic exclamation of "Beautiful!" uttered by a single voice resounded through the theatre, and was

followed by such a burst of applause that I was startled and almost for a moment frightened by the sudden explosion of feeling, for which I was quite unprepared, and which I have never forgotten.

Another 'night, as I was leaving the stage, after the play, I met behind the scenes my dear friend Mr. Harness, with old Mr. Sotheby (Botherby, as Byron impertinently called him); both were very kind in their commendation of my performance, but the latter kept repeating with much emphasis, "But how do you contrive to make yourself look so beautiful?" a rather equivocal compliment, which had a peculiar significance; my beauty, or rather my lack of it, being a sore subject between us, as I had made it the reason for refusing to act Mary Stuart in his play of Darnley, assuring him I was too ugly to look the part properly; so upon this accusation of making myself "look beautiful," I could only reply, with much laughing, "Good-looking enough for Camiola, but not for Queen Mary."

I received with great pleasure a congratulatory letter from Mrs. Jameson, which, in spite of my feeling her praise excessive, confirmed me in my opinion of the effect the piece ought to produce upon intelligent spectators. She had seen all the great dramatic performers of the Continental theatres, and had had many opportunities, both at home and abroad, of cultivating her taste and forming her judgment, and her opinion was, therefore, more valuable to me than much of the criticism and praise that I received.

The private theatricals at Bridgewater House were fruitful of serious consequences to me, and bestowed on me a lasting friendship and an ephemeral love: the one a source of much pleasure, the other of some pain. They entailed much intimate intercourse with Lord and Lady Kamis Leveson Gower, afterwards Egerton, and finally Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, who became kind and constant friends of mine. Victor Hugo's play of *Hernani*, full of fine and striking things, as well as of exaggerations verg-

ing on the ludicrous, had been most admirably rendered into rhymed verse by Lord Ellesmere. His translations from the German and his English version of *Faust*, which was one of the first attempts to give a poetical rendering in our language of Goethe's masterpiece, had won him some literary reputation, and his rhymed translation of *Hernani* was a performance calculated to add to it considerably. He was a very accomplished and charming person; good and amiable, clever, cultivated, and full of fine literary and artistic taste. He was singularly modest and shy, with a gentle diffidence of manner and sweet, melancholy expression in his handsome face that did no justice to a keen perception of humor and relish of fun, which nobody who did not know him intimately would have suspected him of.

Of Lady Ellesmere I have already said that she was a sort of idol of mine in my girlhood, when first I knew her, and to the end of her life continued to be an object of my affectionate admiration. She was excellently conscientious, true, and upright; of a direct and simple integrity of mind and character which her intercourse with the great world to which she belonged never impaired, and which made her singular and unpopular in the artificial society of English high life. Her appearance always seemed to me strikingly indicative of her mind and character. The nobly delicate and classical outline of her face, her pure, transparent complexion, and her clear, fearless eyes were all outward and visible expressions of her peculiar qualities. Her beautifully shaped head and fine profile always reminded me of the Pallas Athene on some antique gem, and the riding cap with the visor, which she first made fashionable, increased the classical resemblance. She was curiously wanting in imagination, and I never heard anything more comically literal than her description of her own utter *destitution* of poetical taste. After challenging in vain her admiration for the great poets of our language, I quoted to her, not without misgiving, some charmingly graceful and tender lines, addressed

to herself by her husband, and asked her if she did not like those: "Oh, yes," replied she, "I think they are very nice, but you know I think they would be just as nice *if they were not verses*, and whenever I hear any poetry that I like at all, I always think how much better I should like it if it was prose;" an explanation of her taste that irresistibly reminded me of the delightful Frenchman's sentiment about spinach: "*Je n'aime pas les épinards, et je suis si content que je ne les aime pas! parce que si je les aimais, j'en mangerais beaucoup, et je ne peux pas les souffrir.*"

My intercourse with Lady Ellesmere, which had been a good deal interrupted during the years I passed out of England, was renewed the year before her death, when I visited her at Hatchford, where she was residing in her widowhood, and where I promised her when I left her I would return and stay with her again, but was never fortunate enough to do so, her death occurring not long afterwards.

During one of my last visits to Worsley Hall, Lord Ellesmere's seat in Lancashire, Lady Ellesmere had taken me all over the beautiful church they were building near their house, which was to be his and her final resting-place. After her death I made a pilgrimage to it for her sake, and when the service was over and the young members of the family had left their place of worship near the grave of their parents, I went into the chapel, where a fine monument with his life-sized effigy in marble had been dedicated to him by her love, and where close beside it and below it lay the marble slab on which her name was inscribed.

Our performance at Bridgewater House was highly successful and created a great sensation, and we repeated it three times for the edification of the great gay world of London, sundry royal personages in-

cluded. Two of our company, Mr. Cra-ven and Mr. St. Aubin, were really good actors; the rest were of a tolerably decent inoffensiveness. Mrs. Bradshaw, the charming Maria Free of earlier days, accepted the few lines that had to be spoken by Donna Sol's duenna, and delivered the epilogue, which besides being very graceful and playful contains some lines for which I felt grateful to Lord Ellesmere's kindness, though he had certainly taken a poet's full license of embellishing his subject in his laudatory reference to his Donna Sol.

The whole thing amused me very much, and mixed up, as it soon came to be for me, with an element of real and serious interest, kept up the atmosphere of nervous excitement in which I was plunged from morning till night.

The play which Sheridan Knowles came to read to us was *The Hunchback*. He had already produced several successful dramas, of which the most striking was *Virginus*, in which Mr. Macready performed the Roman father so finely. The play Knowles now read to us had been originally taken by him to Drury Lane in the hope and expectation that Kean would accept the principal man's part of Master Walter. Various difficulties and disagreements arising, however, about the piece, the author brought it to my father; and great was my emotion and delight in hearing him read it. From the first moment I felt sure that it would succeed greatly, and that I should be able to do justice to the part of the heroine, and I was urgent with my father for its production. The verdict of the Green Room was not, however, nearly as favorable as I had expected; and I was surprised to find that when the piece was read to the assembled company it was received with considerable misgiving as to its chance of success.

Frances Anne Kemble.

DICKENS'S HARD TIMES.

DICKENS established a weekly periodical, called *Household Words*, on the 30th of March, 1850. On the 1st of April, 1854, he began in it the publication of the tale of *Hard Times*, which was continued in weekly installments until its completion in the number for the 12th of August. The circulation of *Household Words* was doubled by the appearance in its pages of this story. When published in a separate form, it was appropriately dedicated to Thomas Carlyle, who was Dickens's master in all matters relating to the "dismal science" of political economy.

During the composition of *Hard Times* the author was evidently in an embittered state of mind in respect to social and political questions. He must have felt that he was in some degree warring against the demonstrated laws of the production and distribution of wealth; yet he also felt that he was putting into prominence some laws of the human heart which he supposed political economists had studiously overlooked or ignored. He wrote to Charles Knight that he had no design to damage the really useful truths of political economy, but that his story was directed against those "who see figures and averages, and nothing else; who would take the average of cold in the Crimea during twelve months as a reason for clothing a soldier in nankeen on a night when he would be frozen to death in fur; and who would comfort the laborer in traveling twelve miles a day to and from his work by telling him that the average distance of one inhabited place from another, on the whole area of England, is only four miles." This is, of course, a caricatured statement of what statisticians propose to prove by their "figures and averages." Dickens would have been the first to laugh at such an economist and statistician as Michael Thomas Sadler, who mixed up figures of arithmetic and figures of rhetoric, tables of population and

gushing sentiments, in one odd jumble of doubtful calculations and bombastic declamations; yet Sadler is only an extreme case of an investigator who turns aside from his special work to introduce considerations which, however important in themselves, have nothing to do with the business he has in hand. Dickens's mind was so deficient in the power of generalization, so inapt to recognize the operation of inexorable law, that whatever offended his instinctive benevolent sentiments he was inclined to assail as untrue. Now there is no law the operation of which so frequently shocks our benevolent sentiments as the law of gravitation; yet no philanthropist, however accustomed he may be to subordinate scientific truth to amiable impulses, ever presumes to doubt the certain operation of that law. The great field for the contest between the head and the heart is the domain of political economy. The demonstrated laws of this science are often particularly offensive to many good men and good women, who wish well for their fellow-creatures, and who are pained by the obstacles which economic maxims present to their diffusive benevolence. The time will come when it will be as intellectually discreditable for an educated person to engage in a crusade against the established laws of political economy as in a crusade against the established laws of the physical universe; but the fact that men like Carlyle, Ruskin, and Dickens can write economic nonsense without losing intellectual caste shows that the science of political economy, before its beneficent truths come to be generally admitted, must go through a long struggle with benevolent sophisms and benevolent passions.

In naming this book Dickens found much difficulty. He sent the following titles to John Forster, as expressive of his general idea: 1. According to Cocker. 2. Prove it. 3. Stubborn Things. 4. Mr. Gradgrind's Facts. 5. The Grind-

stone. 6. *Hard Times*. 7. Two and Two are Four. 8. Something Tangible. 9. Our Hard-Headed Friend. 10. Rust and Dust. 11. Simple Arithmetic. 12. A Matter of Calculation. 13. A Mere Question of Figures. 14. The Gradgrind Philosophy. The author was in favor of one of three of these: 6, 13, and 14. Forster was in favor of either 2, 6, or 11. As both agreed on No. 6, that title was chosen. Yet certainly No. 14, *The Gradgrind Philosophy*, was the best of all, for it best indicated the purpose of the story. *Hard Times* is an extremely vague title, and might apply to almost any story that Dickens or any other novelist has written.

It is curious to note the different opinions of two widely differing men regarding the story itself. Ruskin says that "the essential value and truth of Dickens's writings have been unwisely lost sight of by many thoughtful persons, merely because he presents his truth with some color of caricature. Unwisely, because Dickens's caricature, though often gross, is never mistaken. Allowing for the manner of his telling them, the things he tells us are always true. I wish that he could think it right to limit his brilliant exaggeration to works written only for public amusement; and when he takes up a subject of high national importance, such as that he handled in *Hard Times*, that he would use severer and more accurate analysis. The usefulness of that work (to my mind, in several respects, the greatest he has written) is with many persons seriously diminished because Mr. Bounderby is a dramatic monster instead of a characteristic example of a worldly master, and Stephen Blackpool a dramatic perfection instead of a characteristic example of an honest workman. But let us not lose the use of Dickens's wit and insight because he chooses to speak in a circle of stage fire. He is entirely right in his main drift and purpose in every book he has written; and all of them, but especially *Hard Times*, should be studied with great care by persons interested in social questions. They will find much that is partial, and, because

partial, apparently unjust; but if they examine all the evidence on the other side, which Dickens seems to overlook, it will appear, after all the trouble, that his view was the finally right one, grossly and sharply told." This is the opinion of an eloquent thinker and writer who is most at variance with the principles which scientific economists consider to be scientifically established. On the opposite extreme we have the opinion of Macaulay, who records in his private diary, under the date of August 12, 1854, this disparaging criticism: "I read Dickens's *Hard Times*. One excessively touching, heart-breaking passage, and the rest sullen socialism. The evils he attacks he caricatures grossly and with little humor."

In judging the work, neither Ruskin nor Macaulay seems to have made any distinction between Dickens as a creator of character and Dickens as a humorous satirist of what he considers flagrant abuses. As a creator of character he is always tolerant and many-sided; as a satirist he is always intolerant and one-sided; and the only difference between his satire and that of other satirists consists in the fact that he has a wonderful power in individualizing abuses in persons. Juvenal, Dryden, and Pope, though keen satirists of character, are comparatively ineffective in the art of concealing their didactic purpose under an apparently dramatic form. So strong is Dickens's individualizing faculty, and so weak his faculty of generalization, that as a satirist he simply personifies his personal opinions. These opinions are formed by quick-witted impressions intensified by philanthropic emotions; they spring neither from any deep insight of reason nor from any careful processes of reasoning; and they are therefore contemptuously discarded as fallacies by all thinkers on social problems who are devoted to the investigation of social phenomena and the establishment of economic laws; but they are so vividly impersonated, and the classes satirized are so felicitously hit in some of their external characteristics and weak points, that many readers fail to discover the essential dif-

ference between such realities of character as Tony Weller and Mrs. Gamp, and such semblances of character as Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby. Whatever Dickens understands he humorously represents; whatever he does not understand he humorously misrepresents; but in either case, whether he conceives or misconceives, he conveys to the general reader an impression that he is as great in those characters in which he personifies his antipathies as in those in which he embodies his sympathies.

The operation of this satirical as contrasted with dramatic genius is apparent in almost every person who appears in *Hard Times*, except Seary and his companions of the circus combination. Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby are personified abstractions, after the method of Ben Jonson; but the charge that Macaulay brings against them, that they have little of Dickens's humor, must be received with qualifications. Mr. Bounderby, for example, as the satirical representative of a class, and not as a person who could have had any real existence,—as a person who gathers into himself all the vices of a horde of English manufacturers, without a ray of light being shed into his internal constitution of heart and mind,—is one of the wittiest and most humorous of Dickens's embodied sarcasms. Bounderby becomes a seeming character by being looked at and individualized from the point of view of imaginative antipathy. So surveyed, he seems real to thousands who observe their employers from the outside, and judge of them, not as they are, but as they appear to their embittered minds and hearts. Still, the artistic objection holds good that when a man resembling Mr. Bounderby is brought into the domain of romance or the drama, the great masters of romance and the drama commonly insist that he shall be not only externally represented but internally known. There is no authorized, no accredited way of exhibiting character but this, that the dramatist or novelist shall enter into the soul of the personage represented, shall sympathize with him sufficiently to know him, and shall represent his passions,

prejudices, and opinions as springing from some central will and individuality. This sympathy is consistent with the utmost hatred of the person described; but characterization becomes satire the moment that antipathy supersedes insight and the satirist berates the exterior manifestations of an individuality whose interior life he has not diligently explored and interpreted. Bounderby, therefore, is only a magnificent specimen of what satirical genius can do when divorced from the dramatist's idea of justice, and the dramatist's perception of those minute peculiarities of intellect, disposition, and feeling which distinguish one "bully of humility" from another.

It is ridiculous to assert, as Ruskin asserts, that *Hard Times* is Dickens's greatest work; for it is the one of all his works which should be distinguished from the others as specially wanting in that power of real characterization on which his reputation as a vivid delineator of human character and human life depends. The whole effect of the story, though it lacks neither amusing nor pathetic incidents, and though it contains passages of description which rank with his best efforts in combining truth of fact with truth of imagination, is ungenial and unpleasant. Indeed, in this book, he simply intensified popular discontent; he ignored or he was ignorant of those laws the violation of which is at the root of popular discontent; and proclaimed with his favorite ideal workman, Stephen Blackpool, that not only the relation between employers and employed, but the whole constitution of civilized society itself, was a hopeless "muddle," beyond the reach of human intelligence or humane feeling to explain and justify. It is to be observed here that all cheering views of the amelioration of the condition of the race come from those hard thinkers whose benevolent impulses push them to the investigation of natural and economic laws. Starting from the position of sentimental benevolence, and meeting unforeseen intellectual obstacles at every step in his progress, Dickens ends "in a muddle" by the necessity of his method. Had he been intellectually

equipped with the knowledge possessed by many men to whom in respect to genius he was immensely superior, he would never have landed in a conclusion so ignominious, and one which the average intellect of well-informed persons of the present day contemptuously rejects. If Dickens had contented himself with using his great powers of observation, sympathy, humor, imagination, and characterization in their appropriate fields, his lack of scientific training in the austere domain of social, legal, and political science would have been hardly perceptible; but after his immense popularity was assured by the success of *The Pickwick Papers*, he was smitten with the ambition to direct the public opinion of Great Britain by embodying, in exquisitely satirical caricatures, rash and hasty judgments on the whole government of Great Britain in all its departments, legislative, executive, and judicial. He overlooked uses, in order to fasten on abuses. His power to excite, at his will, laughter, or tears, or indignation was so great, that the victims of his mirthful wrath were not at first disposed to resent his debatable fallacies while enjoying his delicious fun. His invasion of the domain of political science with the palpable design of substituting benevolent instincts for established laws was carelessly condoned by the statesmen, legists, and economists whom he denounced and amused.

Indeed, the great characteristic of Dickens's early popularity was this, that it was confined to no class, but extended to all classes, rich and poor, noble and plebeian. The queen on the throne read him, and so did Hodge at the plow; and between the sovereign and her poorest subject there was no class which did not sound his praise as a humorist. Still, every student of the real genius of Dickens must be enprised at the judgment pronounced on his various romances by what may be called the higher, the professional, the educated classes, the classes which, both in England and in the United States, hold positions of trust and honor, and are bound, by the practical necessities of their posts, to be on a level with the advancing intelligence of the

age in legislative, economic, and judicial science. By these persons *The Pickwick Papers* are, as a general thing, preferred to any other of the works of Dickens. The Lord Chief Justice (afterwards Lord Chancellor) Campbell told Dickens that he would prefer the honor of having written that book to the honors which his professional exertions had obtained for him, that of being a peer of Parliament and the nominal head of the law. All persons who have had a sufficiently large acquaintance with the men of practical ability who have risen to power in the United States, whether as judges, statesmen, or political economists, must have been impressed with the opinion of these men as to the superiority of *The Pickwick Papers* over all the successive publications of Dickens. Yet it is as certain as any question coming before the literary critic can be, that a number of the works that followed *The Pickwick Papers* are superior to that publication, not only in force of sentiment, imagination, and characterization, but in everything which distinguishes the individual genius of Dickens, — a genius which up to the time of *David Copperfield* deepened and enlarged in the orderly process of its development. The secret of this preference for *The Pickwick Papers* is to be found in the fact that the author had, in that book, no favorite theory to push, no grand moral to enforce, no assault on principles about which educated men had made up their minds. These men could laugh heartily at Mr. Buzfuz and Mr. Justice Stareleigh; but when, as in *Bleak House*, there was a serious attempt to assail equity jurisprudence, they felt that the humorist had ventured on ground where he had nothing but his genius to compensate for his lack of experience and knowledge. Thus it is that a work which, with all its wealth of animal spirits, is comparatively shallow and superficial considered as a full expression of Dickens's powers of humor, pathos, narrative, description, imagination, and characterization, has obtained a preëminence above its successors, not because it contains what is best and deepest in Dickens's genius, but because it omits

certain matters relating to social and economical science, with which he was imperfectly acquainted, and on which his benevolence, misleading his genius, still urged him vehemently to dogmatize. His educated readers enjoyed his humor and pathos as before, but they were more or less irritated by the intrusion of social theories which they had long dismissed from their minds as exploded fallacies, and did not see that the wit was more pointed, the humor richer, the faculty of constructing a story more developed, the sentiment of humanity more earnest and profound, than in the inartistic incidents of *The Pickwick Papers*, over which they had laughed until they had cried, and cried until they had laughed again. They desired amusement merely; *The Pickwick Papers* are the most amusing of Dickens's works; and they were correspondingly vexed with an author who deviated from the course of amusing them into that of instructing them, only to emphasize notions which were behind the knowledge of the time, and which interfered with their enjoyment without giving them any intelligent instruction.

Still, allowing for the prepossessions of Dickens in writing *Hard Times*, and forgetting Adam Smith, Ricardo, and John Stuart Mill, — looking at him only as a humorous satirist profoundly disgusted with some prominent evils of his day, — we may warmly praise the book as one of the most perfect of its kind. The bleakness of the whole representation of human life proceeds from the Gradgrind Philosophy of Life, which emphasizes Fact and denounces all cultivation of the sentiments and the imagination. As a result of this system, Tom, the son of Mr. Gradgrind, becomes a selfish "whelp" and sneak thief; his daughter, Louisa, marries Mr. Bounderby under circumstances which point inevitably to a separation, either on account of adultery or incompatibility of temper and disposition; and young Bitzer, the plebeian product of the system, who glories in his own emancipation from all the ties of son, brother, and husband, who is eloquent on the improvidence of those who

marry and have children, and who congratulates himself that he has only one person to feed, and that 's the person he most likes to feed, namely, himself, is doomed to remain what he is, to the end of his life, a soulless, heartless, calculating machine, almost too mean to merit even the spurn of contempt. The first person who stirs the family of Mr. Gradgrind to a vague sense that the human mind possesses the faculty of imagination is Mr. Sleary, the circus-manager; and, in the end, he is the person who saves Tom Gradgrind from the disgrace of being arrested and tried as a felon. Dickens shows much art in making a man like Sleary, who represents the lowest element in the lowest order of popular amusements, the beneficent genius of the Gradgrind family, inclosed as they are in seemingly impenetrable surroundings of propriety, respectability, and prosaic fact. In depicting Sleary, the author escapes from satire into characterization, and adds to the population of Dickensland one of his most humorously conceived and consistently drawn personages. While his hand is in he strikes off portraits of Master Kiddermminster, Mr. E. W. B. Childers, and other members of the circus troupe with almost equal vigor and fidelity to fact. As a specimen of his humor, Sleary's description of the search which Merrylegs' dog made to find him, in order to inform him of his master's death, is incomparably good. Mr. Gradgrind, as a man of science, suggests that the dog was drawn to him by his instinct and his fine scent. Mr. Sleary shakes his head skeptically. His idea is, that the dog went to another dog that he met on his journey, and asked him if he knew of a person of the name of Sleary, in the horse-riding way, — stout man, — game eye? And the other dog said that he could n't say he knew him himself, but knew a dog who was likely to be acquainted with him, and then introduced him to that dog. And you know, Sleary added, that being much before the public, a number of dogs must be acquainted with me that I don't know. And Sleary goes on to show that after fourteen months' jour-

ney, the dog at last came to him in a very bad condition, lame and almost blind, threw himself up behind, stood on his fore legs, weak as he was, and then he wagged his tail and died. And then Sleary knew that the dog was the dog of Merrylegs. We have not put the narrative into Sleary's expressive lisp, and can only refer the reader to the original account in the eighth chapter of *Hard Times*.

The relation between Mr. James Hart-house and Louisa is one of the best "situations" in Dickens's novels. Hart-house represents a type of character which was the object of Dickens's special aversion, the younger son of a younger son of family,—"born bored," as St. Simon says of the Duke of Orleans, and passing listlessly through life in a constant dread of boredom, but seeking distractions and stimulants through new experiences,— "a thorough gentleman, made to the model of the time, weary of everything, and putting no more faith in anything than Lucifer." Contrasted with this jaded man of fashion is Louisa Gradgrind, the wife of Mr. Bounderby. Far from being morally and mentally wearied by too large an experience of life, she has had no experience of life at all. Her instincts, feelings, and imagination, as a woman, have been forced back into the interior recesses of her mind by the method of her education, and are therefore ever ready to burst forth, with an impetuosity corresponding to the force used in their repression and restraint. Now Dickens, as an English novelist, was prevented, by his English sense of decorum, from describing in detail those sensuous and passionate elements in her nature

which brought her to the point of agreeing to an elopement with her lover. A French novelist would have had no difficulty in this respect. Leaving out of view such romancers as Alexandre Dumas and Frédéric Soulié, with what pleasure would story-tellers of a higher order, like Théophile Gautier, Prosper Mérimée, George Sand, and Charles de Bernard, have recorded their minute analysis of every phase of passion in the breasts of the would-be adulterer and the would-be adulteress! As it is, the reader finds it difficult to understand the frenzy of soul, the terrible tumult of feeling, which rends the heart of Louisa as she flies to her father on the evening she has agreed to elope with her lover. Such madness as she displays in the culmination of passion might have been explained by exhibiting, step by step, the growth of her passion. Instead of this, we are overwhelmed by the sudden passage of ice into fire without any warning of the perilous transformation.

The method of the French novelists is doubtless corrupting in just the degree in which it is interpretative. Whatever may be said of it, it at least accounts, on the logic of passion, for those crimes against the sanctity of the marriage relation which all good people deplore, but which few good people seem to understand.

It is needless to add, in this connection, any remarks on the singular purity of the relation existing between Rachel and Stephen Blackpool. Any reader who can contemplate it without feeling the tears gather in his eyes is hopelessly insensible to the pathos of Dickens in its most touching manifestations.

Edwin P. Whipple.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It was Balzac, I think, who used to listen with what patience he could to discussions of current affairs, but finally would break in with the exclamation, "Let us talk about real matters; let us discuss the characters in my last novel." It is with this sense of the difference between things real and things of the moment that I wish the readers of *The Atlantic* would turn aside from the presidential question, to consider a subject recently brought before Congress which concerns such lasting matters as national literature and well-being. We are to be a nation, whoever is president; but whether or not national literature is to have a healthy growth depends in part upon the reception which Congress gives to the bill introduced by Mr. Seelye in the House of Representatives for the removal of duties upon all imported books. At present, government institutions and institutions of learning may import books free of duty; books, too, more than twenty years old may be imported free. Upon all others an *ad valorem* duty is laid.

At first blush it looks like a bill to encourage learning, but it proves to be a very unblushing measure indeed, and its proper title would be, A Bill to encourage Importers of English Books and discourage the Producers of American Books. Here and there a special student is aggrieved at the high price charged for an English, unprinted work, and is told that the high duty imposed makes the price in this country excessive. A removal of the duty would enable him to get his book a little cheaper; but let us suppose that this special student is also a writer, who is buying English books that he may qualify himself to write one for his own countrymen. He has been congratulating himself that his library has cost less since the removal of the iniquitous tax on learning, as he has heard it called; he has, perhaps, also found it a pleasure to look at the fresh

English books of all kinds which seem to accumulate rapidly on the book-seller's counter, and with a connoisseur's eye he finds a charm in them which the occasional American books he sees seem to lack. Now he goes armed with his manuscript to the publisher's office, and after a chat upon books in general he comes to his own in particular. This is what he may expect to hear:—

"The title and subject of your book are attractive; we will suppose the treatment to be sound and good, and if you will bear all the expenses of manufacture and publication, I shall be happy to publish your book for you, charging a commission of ten per cent. on the retail price for my services as agent. I cannot risk my money in the enterprise because the publishing of books in America has become too hazardous. If you can reduce your book to the dimensions of a magazine article, I can perhaps print it in my magazine. But as to books, I am as rapidly as possible confining myself to the publication of special works which are local in their character and cannot well be made and published abroad, such as law books and a certain class of school books. I once published books for children, taking pains to illustrate them well and to make them descriptive of American life, history, and nature; but I found that people in buying books for children were mainly impressed by three considerations: cheapness, abundance of illustration, and general attractiveness. The English books were cheaper, more profusely illustrated, and externally often more attractive, and were bought in preference. To be sure these books taught of English nature, and reflected a society different in many respects from our own, but the bookstores were full of them; it was difficult to make mine as cheap and as pretty, even though the reading matter was better, and when the tariff was taken off, competition was impossible, and I gave up publishing books

for children, to the regret of some very competent authors who were obliged to take up the less congenial work of teaching, and of some judicious parents who found it hard to give their children an American education.

"Well, that lopped off what was once, — especially during the war, when there was practically a protective tariff on books, owing to high rates of exchange, — an important part of my business, but I continued to publish books in general literature until I found that I was waging an uneven contest there. I was handicapped in the race with the English publishers. The cost of living, in this country, for the printer is higher than it is in England, both because it is higher for all classes, and because our printer has become accustomed to a cheerful manner of living which to the Englishman would be luxury. We don't think it so, because we have added to our stock of necessities the best education for our children, sunlight and good water in our houses, and good food for body and for mind. But the result is that as manual labor is ninety per cent. of the cost of stereotype plates, we can't make books as cheaply as in England; and as people in buying books only now and then have an intelligent preference for an American author, the cheapest books are sold most freely, and the English books are cheapest. A man who wishes to amuse himself at the play rarely cares whether the manager is an Englishman or American, or whether the play is English, American, or French; and the person who wants a novel or book of travels for casual reading will go to the bookstore and take that which is cheapest and brightest looking. As the writers of books in England greatly outnumber those in America, and as English book-makers can undersell American book-makers, the bookstores are filling with English books to the exclusion of American.

"The sum of the matter is this: authorship of books in America goes with publishing of books in America. Here and there, an author will ask his introduction through a London house, but

those cases are exceptional, although the effect of the present system is to place the author in the hands of the London publisher. Here and there, too, an exceptional book will insist upon recognition, and will be bought and kept in the bookstores, irrespective of English competition. But in order that the publisher may carry on a business in which such books shall have a place, he must succeed moderately with a score of lesser books, each having its minor success, but going to swell the general business. The interests of authors and publishers are identical, not antagonistic; if the legislation and general prosperity of the country make publishing a successful industry, then authors may expect to find publishers who, as capitalists, will undertake their books. If through adverse legislation and the imposition of heavy burdens publishing is unprofitable, the chances for authors will steadily diminish."

I hope the disappointed author will go home and reflect whether it was quite worth his while to buy a few books a little cheaper, if the reason for this was the reason also that the publishing business was rendered sluggish and unprofitable.

— I was turning over a subject in my mind the other day, and some things (thoughts, we will charitably call them) occurred to me in regard to the uncertainty of one's possession of personal courage, of the sort which is equal to occasions. I know that I should always be brave enough before or after the fact; the doubt I have is in regard to the moment of peril. What occurred to me I threw into the form of drama (which I believe is a kind of writing you wish to encourage), the dialogue taking place between two young men who are intimate friends, but of different shades of politics.

One (continuing the talk). If we are actually to come to blows and have the internecine war into which the fanatics seem disposed to plunge us, this question of courage has a new and personal application. I have sometimes doubted whether I have any.

The Other. I cannot conceive myself mixed up in an internecine war. I should not know how to act. Fancy having to stick a bayonet into our good-natured postmaster or collector here! Before I could thrust hard enough to be of any avail, I should want somebody to convince me beyond peradventure that he was a black-hearted villain who had been run out of the place where he used to live, and that he meditated something atrocious towards me and mine if he was not dispatched. It would most likely be necessary to go off to attack or defend some place, as Washington, where we have not intimate associations, and where the persons are against whom we have a prejudice. Then the fighting would begin very easily.

One. I should not like it any the better for that. As I was saying, I am at a loss whether I possess such a quality as physical courage or not. It has never been tested. I was never garroted, or saw anybody fall off a bridge, or was offered any opportunity to act in a way that was physically resolute, to say nothing of heroic. It is an even thing whether in case of emergency I should meet it half-way respectably, or do something of which I should afterwards be ashamed. At the best, I should probably be scared out of a year's growth. It is not a pleasant thing, I can tell you, to have such an uncertainty hanging over one.

The Other. You are not by any means the only person in the world who does not understand himself in this matter. I am inclined to think it is the normal condition of most respectably brought up young men of quiet dispositions. It is a defect of education. Our institutions of learning ought to have some Spartan device for steadying the nerves and familiarizing one with the practice of regarding himself as a belligerent. A chair of experimental infant or heiress rescuing, or of applied bull-dozing, might not be a bad idea. Without some such practice they might as well expect a fellow who has only a theoretical idea of music to sit down to the piano-forte and dash off a symphony of Beethoven at sight.

One. Still, I have had at times—as

I suppose everybody else has—vague symptoms of a feeling like doing something in the way of a first-class wind-up, —something for the good of somebody or something, you know.

The Other. Oh, you have. Well, I should say there was hope in that.

One. The ending of Carton, now, in the Tale of Two Cities; I think it is one of the most inspiring things in all literature. It seems as if one must be all right at last, regardless of what he had been, if he could close his career like that.

The Other. I fear I have forgotten it. Let me see,—he went to the guillotine in somebody's place, did he not?

One. Yes; that of the happy lover of the girl who had refused him on account of his general good-for-nothingness. It was a sublime sacrifice.

The Other. Do you think the fortunate one would have been capable of such a thing?

One. I am afraid not; happiness is too selfish, or rather, perhaps, it has too much to lose.

The Other. Does the feeling you speak of induce you to keep always on the lookout for the first chance at runaway teams, and so on?

One. Well, no; not to any extent. My practice is to see if there is not somebody else more anxious to take the job than myself. Up to this time I have always found that there was. I give enthusiastic volunteers the widest facilities. The feeling I speak of is undoubtedly a fag end of mawkish sentimentalism nourished by too much romance reading.

The Other. Now I shall stand up for the romancers. I think this is one of the noblest uses of literature, that in presenting ideals which cause a thrill of admiration as we idly turn the pages, it creates the possibility that, in some sudden access of enthusiasm, we may decide that there are things better than a whole skin after all, and try to be like the heroes.

One. If that is the case, may I trouble you to pass me a fresh cigar from that box under your elbow? These are Morro Castle's latest. They are better than the dark ones you took of him.

—Your Boston publisher, Loring, in reprinting Ashford Owen's tale, *A Lost Love*, has done something more like a personal favor to certain people than he probably knows. I am not going to review it, — I suppose your Club is not the place for that, — and I only wanted to speak of it because of the curiously enthusiastic *following* — worship, cult — that it has among certain refined American women. I do not know anything about the fact, but I should doubt, on general principles, whether it was equally a cult with English women. My observation is that it was expressly written for some ten or a dozen ladies of my acquaintance, who read it fifteen or twenty years in the English edition, and who have ever since gone about proselyting people to it. I have — don't you think we all have? — a strong prejudice against books which are much talked into me; and I held out long against *A Lost Love*, with a stubbornness which I now feel to have been heathen. It seems to me that I know no other book so simply and merely and just sufficiently touching. I have heard a book decried as not having more than three thrills in it; I don't know whether *A Lost Love* has even so many; but as a friend of mine said of it, the other day, it has a real gulp: you will understand the sort of heart-break meant, which will not suffer you to read the book aloud quite to the end. It is not at all an exciting story, I should say: the scene is largely that everlasting English country house, which is in itself almost enough to render any action and person loathsome; but the manner in which the skeptical reader is convicted of his former hardness of heart and darkness of mind, as the story progresses, must be highly gratifying to the early *Lost Lovers*, — as I may call them. What should be so wonderful about a young girl's not getting the man whom she loves, and who loves her as much as, if not more than, he loves the brilliant woman who does get him? That is the author's secret, and you are made to know that it is a very great matter, — a matter of life and death. The little book is truth

and life, treated with consummate, un-failing, uninsistent art. There is no bearing on; where your voice breaks in reading it aloud is simply the last of touches, as light as they are deathly sad. Which is the saddest, the most poignant of all, is a nice question, and each follower of the book will have his or her (mostly her) own mind about it; but to my thinking there is at least nothing forlornier than where Georgy Sandon, having come up to London from the country where she had grown familiar with the kindly mother of the man she loves, finds herself at this good lady's house, very strange and shy and frightened, when some other ladies call. "The elder lady" — I apologize to all the original *Lost Lovers* for quoting; they have the book by heart — "told some story; and, being opposite to Georgy, courteously recognized her presence, addressing it partly to her; but it was a story the point of which hung on the knowledge of Charles Seymour and his peculiar idiosyncrasies. *Georgy did not know him, and felt the separation from them all which that implied.*" When I came to this place I felt incomparably homesick and forsaken. The little book is full of such keen and rather recondite knowledge of the heart.

But when I began to write, it was really not so much with the intention of speaking of *A Lost Love*, as of touching on a fact in literature of which it is an eminent instance: I mean books with a following. They are not often — I don't know that they are ever — books of the first fame; though I am inclined to think they are books of the first quality, relegated by some obscure circumstance or condition of their being to a secondary renown. But for this reason those who praise them rave of them, and recompense them for the absence of the general favor by a passionate constancy. Every reader will have some such book in his mind. I can think now of Mr. Curtis's *Prue* and I, as distinguished among American books by the fervid devotion of its followers; I suppose Paul Ferroll, terrible as it was, enjoyed an enthusiastic following; Björnson's *Arne*

promised to be of the same idolized sort, but too many people came to know it was good, and that spoiled its worship. For a long time Browning was a cult; and Tourguéneff, if it is true that his books sell only enough to pay expenses, is still so in our country; Henry Taylor is strictly and merely a cult of the narrowest kind. But it was books I meant, not authors; and I wish some other correspondent of yours would help me to enlarge my list.

P. S. A friend, on whom I tried *A Lost Love*, after writing the foregoing, brings back the book with the announcement that it is very subtly written, but not particularly touching.

— Coming into my house, here in Florence, the other day, Signor Pietrocola Rossetti (cousin to Dante and William Rossetti) saw my youngest boy, then in his *months*, before he could walk, flying across the room in his *cestino*, — a basket support, — intent on baby mischief, and was so struck with his look and movement that he immediately perpetrated this poetical *jeu d'esprit*: —

PEPINO.

Ninna, Nanna.

Tutto fuoco, e lampi, e fiamma
Ne' belli occhi sfogoranti;
Rimirate l' amorino
Mio Pepino
Solfanino,
Ruba-côre della Mamma.

Creatura inerme e frale
Nel cestino rinserato
Salta come un' augellino '
Di Pepino
Farfallino,
Dove mai nascendi l' ale ?

Ei non parla, e ognun l' intende;
Non favella, ma cinguetta,
Ma il parlar del bambolino
Mio Pepino,
Cinguettino,
È d' amor che l' alme accende.

S' egli viene dalle stelle,
Certo, è Marte il suo pianeta,
Perchè questo paladino,
Mio Pepino,
Litighino,
Urla e batte le sorelle.

Se dal pargolo dell' Ida
Viene, egli è tonante Giove,

Che' nel suo furor divino
È Pepino
Un Achillino
Che minaccia, e tuona, e grida !

Se da Pallade discende
Egli è cima di dottore,
Ma il saper del mio bambino
Bel Pepino,
Saccettino,
Dotto è tal che niun l' intende.

Se da Venere egli viene
Gual per tutte le fanciulle !
Perchè il vispo cicciutino
Mio Pepino
È un amorino
Ch' arde il sangue nelle vene.

Ma nell' impeto d' amore
Sciamò ormai la Genitrice :
' Questo caro Cherubino,
Bel Pepino,
Bel blondino,
M' è venuto dal Signore ! "

Tutto fuoco, e lampi, e fiamma
Ne' belli occhi sfogoranti,
Rimirate l' amorino
Mio Pepino
Solfanino,
Ruba-côre della Mamma !

— As to *The Scarlet Letter*, as dramatized by the Comte de Nagac and Mrs. Lander, and lately produced at the Boston Theatre, I wish you could present one point which has not been brought out at all in the newspapers: and this is, that the successful putting on the stage of so finished and subtle a work of fiction as this romance of Hawthorne's is an effort on a plane entirely above the attempts at play writing which have hitherto claimed to be the true and only "American drama." Strictly speaking, I suppose this stage version must be called a melodrama; *The Scarlet Letter* transplanted into the atmosphere of the theatre could hardly be anything else. Yet it is not quite true to call it simply a melodrama, for it comes so near being tragedy, and tragedy of a high order, too. The book itself is not melodramatic, but tragic; and the play gets its superior tone by closely following the original work. It is richly picturesque, powerful in holding the attention of a mixed audience, and very pathetic in the closing scene. When you reflect that this is an American drama, as well as Kit, the Arkansas Traveler, or Paul Revere,

or Saratoga, Marriage, and Metamora, you begin to see an opening for something in the way of real dramatic creation based on purely American themes, whenever some man of genius among us shall act on an inspiration to mold his thought for the stage, without the aid of adapters.

— There are two kinds of extremists with which I confess myself sadly unable to deal. One is the tyrant of faith, and one is the tyrant of skepticism, and they are both, in their separate ways, dreadful despots. The magnificent condescension with which my extremist of the first class treats every human problem that has ever come beneath his observation is a fact that deserves comment. Indeed, there is very little that he does not accurately and lucidly account for. Nature has very few secrets from him; most of the vexed questions that have made clever men rub their foreheads for centuries melt away before his magic investigations. He talks a great deal about the ways of Providence, and shows an easy familiarity with the subject of final causes that makes me nervously wonder whether, after all, the well-known limitations of science have not been mistakenly established. He explains the most baffling mysteries of human existence with that tranquil decisiveness which scorns contradiction. He pities Mr. Herbert Spencer with a kind of annihilating compassion; he sometimes persuades himself that he has utterly hurt to death the Darwinian theory; he thinks that evolution is only a mantle under which certain traditional horns and cloven hoofs are concealed, and his omission to tear aside this contemptible disguise is merely through a serene disdain of the whole trivial proceeding. If you tell him that you do not understand the possibility of a miracle, he will laugh very heartily indeed and ask you if there is anything you *do* understand, from a star to a blade of grass.

My extremist of the second class is a very different sort of person. It is only justice to say that he is commonly not, at the furthest, outside of his twenties. Quite often he has recently returned from a German university, though he is

frequently a graduate of Harvard or Columbia. He gives a knowing smile when anything is said about the immortality of the soul, as though mentally remarking that he has had private information of an opposite character from certain indisputable authorities. When you mention to him some of the finest points in transcendentalism he will shake his head in pity and murmur "Poetry" to you. He has a contempt for the imagination; he is sorry to hear you say that it has had anything whatever to do with science, which he passionately reveres. If you speak of going to church he usually looks amused. If you talk to him of the vast spiritual suggestiveness found in such purely abstract questions as the ideals of beauty, truth, or love, he will pretend not to understand you and declare that you do not put your statements into the forms of "thinkable propositions." If you mention "spirit," he will act as though you had said something in Hindostance. He sometimes tells you so much about the superb skepticism of Buckle, Mill, Huxley, or Tyndall, that you have misgivings as to whether you yourself have read these writers attentively enough; it does not strike you until later that perhaps he may possess only a smattering of their works and merely show himself one of those extremely small fish that often swim in the wakes of larger ones. Some of our great leaders of thought in this nineteenth century, I think, have suffered from the pompous and utterly shallow "skepticism" shown by my extremist of the second class. But after all, I cannot say whether he is any worse than my extremist of the first class.

— If the great American novel is to have its scene laid in New York, I am afraid that it cannot pass into fame except over the veto of not a few reigning critics. During the past four years I have written two novels, which judged purely as pieces of literary work may have been extremely bad. I am inclined to believe that they were not; but as such convictions have never confined themselves to writers of merit, I do not presume to rank my own as at all valua-

ble. Let it be allowed, then, that my two novels were very slight performances indeed; the point which I wish to present is not that they were or were not proclaimed as such, but that they were, in several cases, declared wholly to misrepresent New York society. The people whom I had chosen to describe were of what I know to be the aristocracy of New York, and in most cases the gay, fashionable portion of it. The word "aristocracy" is advisedly used; I do not mean plutocracy; I mean, rather, a certain body of people, who are perhaps five thousand in number, and who claim (no matter how strongly, how logically, or how successfully this claim may be disputed) to constitute the finer social element of our metropolis. I know these people; I have been put face to face with their virtues and their faults since childhood; I am not now speaking either praisefully or blamefully of them; I do not say whether their birth is or is not as good as they often declare; I do not assert that there are or are not many people of yesterday who have crowded in among these Van Rensselaers, Stuyvesants, Livingstons, and other widely-known Knickerbocker families; I merely make one simple statement: this New York aristocracy, self-constituted though it may be, and worthy of all imaginable republican scorn, *exists*.

But there are several New York critics who stoutly affirm that it does not exist. I have, they inform me, described what has no foundation in fact. It is not a question of whether my people are silly, flippant, unworthy of being written about; it is the mere point of their existence alone. There are no such people; there is no aristocracy in New York; there is nothing but a struggle of one rich man or woman to outdo the other. The snobbery, arrogance, and pride of birth, no less than the difficulty of *entrée* within certain circles, have no being outside of my own imagination. So say my "critics." I have conceded, it will be kindly remembered, that my two novels are without literary value, and therefore in my own case let it be supposed that no special injury is done.

But how will the case be with future Thackerays, if they ever appear among us? The social dividing lines of a people are of inestimable service to a novelist; he cannot, indeed, do without them. It is somehow the literary curse of our country as regards the writing of fiction that what few lines of this sort truly exist are denied by those living nearest them. I do not know any active man of letters in New York who moves in the circles previously referred to; it may be that he would disdain them if circumstance had thrown him among them, but this is surely no reason why he should deny that they are. It is possible to conceive of a novel which treats of life among these New York aristocrats, and is also a well-written, sensible novel. But if such a book ever appears, it will be denounced as a falsehood.

— Now that we have the Memoir of Charles Kingsley, I suppose we shall all take the chance to put this much-discussed reformer back on to the scales again, for reweighing and labeling. That such a book should be at all surprises many of us who heard the canon but a short time before his death express his indignation and disgust at all memoirs or biographies. "As a rule," he said, "the record is made by a friend or member of the family whose sole claim to literary distinction lies in his connection with the dead man, and who is, therefore, least fitted to convey a correct idea of him to the public. In any case," he added, vehemently, "what right has the public to your private life or mine? Such work as we can do belongs to it. Nothing more." The protest, however, may have been but the ebullition of a passing mood, as Mrs. Kingsley assuredly would know and respect any fixed determination to hold the public at arm's-length from his grave. Though indeed so strong was Canon Kingsley's affection for his family that I have no doubt he is quite willing to-day that they should lay bare his most secret thought to the world if it gratifies their fond pride in him.

The majority of Americans, as a matter of course, will be as discontented

with the book as they were with the man himself. Middle-aged people to whom Alton Locke had been a voice crying in the wilderness of their youth demanded the prophet, and would have none of this canon with his conservative orthodox virtues. They appealed from Cæsar sober to Cæsar drunk with the divine ichor; and not finding him, denounced him savagely. He had sold his birth-right for a mess of church patronage, and a very small mess, at that. Now nobody could come in contact with Charles Kingsley for ten minutes and believe that he had ever sold or throttled a conviction knowingly. He was a man sincere to rudeness, and there had been no great falsehood in his past life to diminish his stern self-respect. He had merely changed his point of view. Charles Kingsley was the exponent of radical tailors, poachers' wives, and their base-born babies; and if Canon Kingsley chose to express to us the meaning of a cathedral or the opinions of the cultured class in England, it was because he had been pushed by circumstances into closer contact with them than the younger man. His eyes were just as keen to discover virtue and reason as when he was Lancelot and twenty-five. And after all, the poacher has not a monopoly of virtue or reasons.

— One of your contributors recently rallied a Boston house which advertises for sale a collection of rugs *illustrating purely Oriental thought*. As the accepted theory about such work is that it illustrates blind impulse and feeling, and not thought at all, the carpet man probably got no more than his deserts. But may I offer for what it is worth this speculation: whether the arabesque of ornament with which not only Turkish rugs but all the rest of the work of man's hands is so thickly covered may not, after all, have in each of its characters and combinations a definite significance like that of handwriting or hieroglyphics. It would not be that of its executors, because they are often ignorant persons professedly without any, but a meaning infused into it by some inflexible law. In short, are not our paper-hangings a

mysterious system of handwriting on the wall, and our carpets, furniture chintzes, and dress goods a record of current or past events or intimate emotions? Perhaps some future Champollion will decipher the secret and open to the world a vast new revelation more full of vital significance than anything we have been able to keep in the usual way.

— Mr. James's Conversation about Daniel Deronda is clever. But the critics generally seem to pass over the most complete and distinct character in the book, namely, Grandcourt himself. He is the one we remember when the volume is closed; Gwendolen too, of course, but principally in connection with him, and his narrow eyes. No woman cares in the least for Deronda; if she says she does, she is talking for appearance' sake. I have met only two Theodoras, and they were wives of clergymen, talking for "the parish," and for their children who sat near.

— This Club, I hope, is not too exclusively æsthetic in its tastes to let me write in it of a quaint-looking little book which has lately come into my hands. The book is called *A Wreath of Stray Leaves, to the Memory of Emily Bliss Gould*, and though it contains many clever and pretty things by such distinguished members of the Anglo-American colony at Rome as Messrs. Adolphus Trollope, W. W. Story, Matthew Arnold, William Howitt, Cowden Clarke, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Trollope, and others, it interests me mostly because it was printed by the poor little Italian people whom the good woman it commemorates picked up out of the streets of Rome, clothed, housed, fed, and taught letters and their saving art. Every one who has been at Rome of late years has known of Mrs. Gould and her work, and whoever knew of her must have heard with a sense of something like personal loss of her death in the midst of the work to which she had dedicated herself. I never saw her school, but I have seen something of the Protestant ragged-schools in Naples, and I could imagine the good which an establishment supplementing literary in-

struction with all the influences of a veritable home — she called it so, and aimed to make it nothing less — would do among the children of a race so susceptible to all intellectual and spiritual influences as the Italian. It seems to have fulfilled her utmost hopes of good, and she lived long enough to see a promise of permanence in it. She had intended to make it self-supporting, and she had found that she could not do better than have her boys taught to be printers, — to whom the political regeneration of Italy gives increasing employment, — and the now-memorial Wreath of Stray Leaves was planned by their self-sacrificing friend and teacher as a convincing proof of their proficiency in their trade. Since her death the home has gone into the hands of the Waldensen Church in Rome (strange to think of that old martyr-faith there!), and with the help of Christian charity everywhere will be carried on as she planned it. The committee in charge of it is made up of English and American people, and of Italian Protestants, and its success so far has met only with welcome from the Italians, who are not always pleased with foreign efforts for their redemption. Of course, more money is needed to establish it beyond failure, and I suppose the American agents (Messrs. Edward Lamson, 66 Sears Building, Boston, and A. S. Barnes, 111 William Street, New York) will give any desired information about it.

— I have been reading, without great edification, the collection of Balzac's letters, lately published by MM. Michel Lévy. The book is, indeed, one not to pore over or to recur to. Though interesting as a whole, Balzac's correspondence is painful reading, and contains little of the wisdom that we desire to store up. Much is made clear in his career that was hitherto relatively vague, but neither the artist nor the man particularly gains by it. The man seems terribly egotistical; the artist seems to take a narrow and sordid view of his art. The artist and the man in Balzac were indeed one and the same; he was, from the beginning, simply a colossal scribbling-machine. He regarded his life-time as a

sheet of blank paper, and society as a huge inkstand. What the letters throw into admirable relief, however, is the artisan, as I may call it, — the worker. Here, Balzac was heroic and unequaled, and these volumes prove that the familiar legends and anecdotes about his enormous industry fall rather below the facts. For many years he worked habitually fifteen and eighteen hours a day. When one considers the nature of this work and the exhausting character of sustained imaginative writing, of perpetual invention, which is, as compared with most other brain labor, what the expenditure of capital is to the expenditure of income, such achievements seem marvelous; we wonder what such a head, and such a physical structure generally, were made of. Balzac's head and his whole constitution, however, broke down; not immediately, but when he had reached what might have been merely a robust maturity. He was barely fifty years of age when he died. The letters, which are conspicuous for their want of editorship, begin in the year 1819, just after he had come up to Paris, with the reluctant consent of his family, to make by his pen the fortune that was so long in coming to him; and they terminate with the last lines that fell from his hand, — a note to Théophile Gautier, dictated upon his death-bed in 1850. They are addressed for the most part to his relatives and to his nearest friends; and it is noticeable that his principal correspondents were women: his sister, the person whom (at least in his youth) he seems to have loved best in the world; his mother, who survived him; Madame Carraud; Madame Hanska, the Polish lady to whom he had been "attentive" for years and whom, after many obstacles, he married a few months before his death. Madame Hanska was rich, but on marrying Balzac she gave up her property to her children. This point is worth touching on in speaking of a record which is above all a history of the consuming desire to make a fortune. The letters are almost exclusively a register of Balzac's money-matters. These form his inveterate, his absorbing topic, and the present publica-

tion throws a great deal of additional light upon them. The writer rarely alludes to anything else or appears to suppose that his correspondent can be interested in anything else. There are no observations, no descriptions, no gossip, no anecdotes. They are all gloomy business letters, with here and there an interval of gloomy sentiment, or more rarely a cry of almost ferocious exultation over difficulties vanquished. The want of time to observe, to narrate, to gossip, or even to feel, is what they chiefly express. Balzac had no time to do anything but write, write, and still write; one wonders when and where and how he collected his enormous fund of material. The basis of all this is his debt, — the heavy pecuniary obligations he contracted from 1825 to 1830 by unsuccessful commercial ventures, especially by his famous attempt to establish a printing-house. He had apparently gone to work on a large scale. The printing-house came to grief, and by the catastrophe his whole fortune was mortgaged. He became above all things, as M. Taine says, an *homme d'affaires*. Novel-writing, for him, meant business, and business meant novel-writing. His earlier works were poorly paid, and up to 1840 he appears to have had very little money for his personal use. But gradually he won the race; he made large sums, cleared off his debts, and gained a somewhat luxurious independence. His most expensive taste seems to have been that of *bric-a-brac* and upholstery. By this time, however, as I said, his health was gone, and he lived to occupy but a few months the beautiful house in the Rue Fortunée to whose adornments the Parents Pauvres and the Paysans had contributed. The letters, altogether, give an impression of an extraordinary nature; a nature of little delicacy, but of extreme robustness, frankness, and lovingness, and of a certain wholesome simplicity which was not to be expected. Upon his genius itself they throw not a particle of light. They explain how the bad parts of his great work come to be so strangely bad; but they leave the

finer portions enshrouded in the mystery of his magnificent inspiration.

— In reading lately, in *The Nation*, some remote praise of Mr. James's story of *The American* by a critic who "confessed to having had at first a feeling of irritation at being called upon to take an interest in a specimen of a type which, as a type, was to say the least not æsthetically attractive," I felt a concern which I wish to express for the condition of a mind so febrile in its sensitiveness as to be shocked at the bare thought of a type like Newman being introduced into a novel, as hero. I at once perceived how greatly this select being must have to limit his reading of fiction, in order to retain any nervous system whatever. Such a story as *Le Père Goriot*, or *César Birotteau*, for example, would not simply subject him to "nervous irritation" at the start, but must prostrate him for days. Freytag's *Soll und Haben* would be very damaging to him. Adam Bede, *Silas Warner*, and *Alton Locke* should be kept under lock and key wherever there is danger of this gentleman's accidentally getting hold of them. I do not quite like to think of the consequences of his coming in contact with *Thackeray's Hoggarty Diamond*; and there are people so common in Shakespeare's plays that I am sure those dramas cannot be pleasant reading to *The Nation's* critic. How does he manage with *Sancho Panza*, or *Gil Blas*? So superior a critic is cut off from the great variety of fiction in which ruder readers take delight. For instance, in a case like *Reade's Love Me Little, Love Me Long*, the lover, Dodd, is not a whit more æsthetic than the lover, Newman, in Mr. James's *American*. A devout admirer of *The Nation*, however, tells me we should be glad that a person of such nice discrimination has not long before this perished through suffering from vulgar types in literature. I should like to believe that the case is not so bad as it seems, and that this critic appears more precariously situated than he is, simply because he has allowed himself to talk rubbish.

RECENT LITERATURE.

MISS PRESTON has done well to collect in one volume¹ the various essays which have appeared from time to time in the pages of this magazine, treating at some length of those French poets who in recent and older days have been fullest of real poetry. Thanks to her research and her skill in translating, we are enabled to enjoy the writings of the little school of Provençal bards, who in the middle of the nineteenth century have disproved the hasty generalization that civilization has driven out of existence all naïve poetry. In the beginning of the book is found an analysis with copious translations of Mistral's *Calendau*, the poem which succeeded his *Mirèio*, itself known to us by Miss Preston's complete version. Next to this is an account of Aubanel, followed by a very interesting notice of Jasmin and his works. What Miss Preston herself writes is to the point, and well calculated to give to the reader what would otherwise be almost inaccessible information. She makes a brief synopsis of the writings of these different authors, and illustrates her comments and criticisms with specimens of their work done into English verse. These bits of translation are admirable; generally the essayist who tries his hand at translating poetical extracts from another tongue thinks he is doing well if he can end his lines with rhyming words, but there is no such unsatisfactory work here. Miss Preston writes verse which shall very accurately and agreeably represent the original, and the value of her book is very much greater on that account, for she does not merely tell us this or that author is good, or touching, or wise; she gives us the testimony, or a part at least of the testimony, on which she makes up her mind, and thereby enables us to judge for ourselves.

These authors about whom she has written so well are certainly interesting men. Their simplicity is unlike the labored naturalness of those English poets who, in order to escape being artificial, apparently go over their writings and substitute short words for long ones; that is to say, they have natural, not affected simplicity. Nor

yet, furthermore, is it merely facility of execution; Jasmin disproved that in a letter, quoted by Sainte-Beuve, in which he declined a competitive examination in writing verses on a given subject, or rather three given subjects, with a would-be literary rival. He spoke therein of the slowness with which he worked: "My five poems," he said, "have cost me twelve years of work, and yet they contain only two thousand four hundred verses." The merit of these men is their originality, their bursting into song under what would be considered adverse circumstances. Jasmin, for instance, was a barber, and one who carried on his business while writing. In English literature such an apparent discord is by no means unknown. Burns is the most prominent example, but it was certainly a surprise to the literary circles of France when there appeared these writers in a dialect for which Parisians need a translation as well as ourselves.

There is a distinct difference between these three writers who are here mentioned, which Miss Preston has made clear in her translations. They are alike, of course, in many ways, and especially in the directness and richness of their language, but while one arranges his rhymes in original but rather cloying measures, another uses directer methods; yet they all are put with equal success into English. We need not quote what has so recently appeared in these pages, but the reader cannot open the volume without coming upon some ingenious, smooth, and poetical version of the poetical original.

The essays already mentioned take up half, and the most interesting half, of the volume. They bring us something absolutely new, while the rest of the book goes over tolerably well-trodden ground. The *Troubadours* are chiefly the subject of the remaining chapters, which give us in a brief form some of the researches of modern scholars, with again Miss Preston's always good translations. The book closes with a chapter on the *Arthurians*. While it is true that there is nothing novel or very profound in the last part of the book, it forms altogether

¹ *Troubadours and Trouvères, New and Old*. By HARRIET W. PRESTON, Author of *Aspendale*, *Love*

in the Nineteenth Century, Translator of *Mirèio*, etc Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876

er a valuable addition to works on modern literature, and it has something which most erudite books are pretty sure to lack in the grace of the verses with which it is well filled. We hope Miss Preston will go on in the field where she has so well begun and give us more books which shall so well combine poetry and learning. Such gifts are not too common together, nor even apart, for that matter.

—There is no question, we think, that Philip Nolan's *Friends*¹ is Mr. Hale's completest and best novel. The scene is laid in New Orleans and Texas at the beginning of the present century, and the story is founded on the troubles incident upon the transfer of Louisiana to the United States. Mr. Hale seems entirely to have mastered the details of that puzzling political situation, and if the lazy reader sometimes finds himself perplexed among them, it is probably no more than he would have done had he been alive and present at the time. At all events, they furnish the ground-work for a good plot and a series of unusual and romantic incidents. The characters, too, are for the most part well drawn, and several of them are admirable, especially the two women, Eunice and Inez Perry, the one twice the other's age, yet both technically young women, and united by a bond of generous and tender friendship much more common in life than heretofore in books. But the true hero of the story is the proud, positive, loyal, defiant, and ungrammatical old family servant, Ransom, with his furious patriotism, and his reckless contempt of all foreigners, whom he included in a single class and characterized indifferently as "niggers" and "eyedolators." The strength of Ransom's national prejudices and his forcible manner of expressing them involved him in some trouble, as the reader may imagine from a single specimen of his eloquence.

"'Yes'm. This man always wins. Say his soldiers come over here to learn fightin'. Say General Washington had to show 'em how. Say Roshimbow's comin' over to the islands now. I knew that one, Roshimbow, myself; held his hoss for him one day down to Pomfret meetin'-house, when he stopped to get authin' to drink at the tavern. General Washington was showin' him about fightin' then, an' so was old General Knox

and Colonel Greaton; and now he's tellin' this other one. That's the way they knows how to do it. French is nothin'. Don't know nothin'. This other one, he's an Eyetalian.'"

"This other one, who thus received the art of war at second-hand from Colonel Greaton, of the Massachusetts line, and from George Washington, was the person better known in history as Napoleon Bonaparte."

Concerning Philip Nolan himself, the ostensible hero of the book, we have, however, to protest. He was a good man, doubtless, but he is a great artistic mistake. All who remember *The Man without a Country*—and let us hope that nobody of this generation has forgotten, or will ever forget it—know that this was the name chosen at hap-hazard for the imaginary hero of that powerful and sorrowful tale, which brought the worth of their country home to so many hearts at one of the darkest hours of her history. Afterwards, Mr. Hale discovered that the name was actually borne by a rather famous frontier's-man at the beginning of the century, and he was moved to try and repair the injustice which he felt he had done the name of Philip Nolan by associating it with the crime of treason. But by conscientiously explaining away his Philip Nolan, he runs the risk of invalidating the singularly solemn lesson which his creature's fate conveyed: that a great conception like that is a vast deal more alive and real than the memory of any man once forgotten can be made after the lapse of seventy-five years; if the veritable Philip Nolan were really alive somewhere and cognizant of mundane affairs, and if he were indeed the simple, dauntless patriot whom Mr. Hale endeavors to present in the present expiatory volume, he would, doubtless, much rather have the lesson of his double's life enforced, than the memory of his own career revived.

—It is hard to criticise *The Gold of Chickaree*,² or stories like it, without making use of such violent methods as excite the scorn of those who criticise the critics. They say mere denunciation is of no service and should never be employed; as if there were not too many books already without truth or beauty, which cry aloud for some one to point out in print, as every one does

¹ *Philip Nolan's Friends. A Story of the Change of Western Empire.* By EDWARD E. HALE. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877.

² *The Gold of Chickaree.* By SUSAN and ANNA

WARNER. Authors of *Wide, Wide World*, *Dollars and Cents*, *Wych Hazel*, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876.

in conversation, their utter worthlessness. The Gold of Chickaree is a continuation of Wych Hazel, and the two stories are as much alike as two halves of a slate pencil. Wych Hazel herself is rich and insufferably pert; her lover, Rollo, Dane, Duke, or Olaf, as he is called indifferently, is rich and in his ways "masterful." The earlier novel ends with the engagement of these two, and here is described their sudden marriage, which they forebore announcing even to their guests at dinner, who were unexpectedly delighted by witnessing this wedding later in the evening. This is a capital notion for entertaining company, and far superior to music, singing, or charades. The other incidents of the novel are of the flimsiest sort; round dancing and the theatre come in for intolerant abuse. All the poor people get Christmas presents, and one son of Belial, who is anxious to run away with his neighbor's wife, is bought off for thirty thousand dollars, a mere bagatelle in this moral Monte Christo. For the same sum of money it might have been possible to close a theatre for a winter or to bribe penniless young men to give up dancing a dozen Germans. Besides their lavish extravagance, the most noteworthy thing about the people is their morbid self-consciousness; they are never at their ease; they are forever trying to impress one another with their own brilliant wit. It is a poor story.

—In the matter of luxuriance the vegetation of California is miserably barren—in spite of its enormous grapes, figs, oranges, squashes, trees, etc.—compared with the style of Mr. Fisher when he writes of the much-favored land where only man is vile.¹ What he has to say is often sensible enough, but his way of saying it, of accumulating titbits of French, Spanish, German, Latin, and Greek words and phrases, which he handles in the jauntiest manner possible, his irrepressible joviality, his air of a man of the world who has read Rabelais, Sterne, and Carlyle and the encyclopædia in order to acquire the grace of G. A. Sala, all combine to enrage the reader whom these arts were intended to delight. No one ever saw such declamatory writing outside of the columns of The London Telegraph. Here, for instance, are a few of Mr. Fisher's remarks on domestic unhappiness in California: "Thousands have bruised their heels

in love affairs, in ill-assorted marriages; the comedians of the world live by these things; but tens of thousands have bruised their heads in a lonely living death,—and this is where the real tragedies begin. It was a pity the fates hindered Goethe of Frederica, or of Lili, or of the Frau von Stein; but better even the vulgar Christiane Vulpius at the head of his table than no one. Rousseau might have been a greater man had he won Julie; or, for a while, a happier man had the De Warens married with him; but failing these, better Thérèse Levasseur than a cold hearth and a homeless heart. Henry Fielding, Robert Southey, Tom Moore, Heinrich Heine, William Blake, were more fortunate in lowly marriages than most emperors have been with thrones to choose from. But the poor Californian has neither the throne to choose from nor the cottage."

This paragraph is a very fair example of the way the book is written, and shows just about what proportion of it is devoted to California, and how much to a rehash of miscellaneous information about the rest of the world. After all, we ought to be grateful that Mr. Fisher did not speak of Harry Fielding, Bob Southey, and Bill Blake.

After this specimen of the author's powers, it may seem like empty flattery to say that this brief compendium of ancient and modern history really does contain a good deal of information about the State which gives the title to the book, but it is true. Every fact is a text for fine writing, and metaphors and illustrations from all quarters of the globe distract the reader, but the kernel underlying them all shows that Mr. Fisher has noticed some of the prominent traits of Californian civilization. The errors of democracy do not demand careful examination to be seen, and he has seen them. The men are fierce money-getters, the politicians are what everybody knows them to be, and they and other elements of that society are clearly shown up here. Unfortunately, the book contains nothing that will be new to pessimistic Americans, and abroad it will doubtless be welcome for its exposure of our sins; still we can console ourselves with the thought that in time it will be forgotten.

—The subject of the geographical distribution of animals² was one with which

¹ *The Californians*. By WALTER M. FISHER. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

² *The Geographical Distribution of Animals. With a Study of the Relations of Living and Ex-*

tinct Faunas as elucidating the Past Changes of the Earth's Surface. By ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1876. Two vols 8vo, pp. xxiii., 603; ix., 607

naturalists formerly concerned themselves but little. Taking it for granted that animals were especially adapted to live in certain localities, or were created with especial reference to their fitness for the localities in which they are found, it was not surmised that there could be any reason for the existence of a given species in a given place further than its fitness for the physical conditions of the place; and as this fitness was assumed once for all, there was an end of all scientific investigation of the matter. It was supposed that, in general, certain groups of animals were made to live within the tropics, others in the temperate and others in the frigid zones, but that the groups living within the tropics or in the temperate zones were similar all around the world. If it had been pointed out that the living edentata of South America or the living marsupials of Australia strikingly resemble the extinct edentata and marsupials of these two continents, the fact would have been taken only to imply that, after one group of animals had been annihilated, another similar group had been created in the same region, because in the eternal constitution of things South America is fitted to be the home of edentata and Australia to be the home of marsupials.

This kind of classification by zones had all the crudeness of the old classification of languages as classical, modern, and Oriental; and as long as such a single theory of adaptation was entertained as final, there was not likely to be much intelligent or fruitful scrutiny of the habitats of animals. But facts brought to light during the past forty years have quite upset these crude and simple theories, and have shown that the distribution of animals is an exceedingly complex phenomenon, and of the greatest interest, moreover, for the light which it throws on the past history of life on the globe. For example, the native animals of Australia and New Zealand are beginning very rapidly to retreat and disappear before the corresponding animals which Europeans have carried to those countries; and this shows that there is no especial or peculiar relation of fitness between the animals and their habitat. Again, while deer range all over America, Europe, and Asia, through the greatest diversities of climatic conditions, there are none in Africa south of the desert; and the case is similar with bears and pigs. So, on the other hand, though the physical conditions of life are very similar in Australia, South Africa, and

the Argentine Republic, there is no similarity whatever between the faunas of these regions. In the seas separated by the Isthmus of Darien, the conditions of life are almost identical, yet the marine faunas are entirely distinct. And in general the range of any group of animals is found to be limited strictly and constantly by natural barriers, such as high mountain-chains or impassable seas, but only vaguely and irregularly by alterations in climate or soil. In view of such facts, the geological succession of similar organisms in the same locality is now held to imply that the later organisms are the slightly modified descendants of the earlier ones, both the earlier and the later having been kept within their habitat by the same persistent natural barriers. The present and past distribution of animals becomes thus a curious and interesting illustration of the Darwinian theory, and at the same time throws considerable light on the history of the geographical changes which have taken place on the earth's surface. To the naturalists of our own time the native country of a group of animals is a matter of as much importance as its structure and habits; and the study of distribution has become as much a recognized part of biology as the study of embryology or classification.

Those who studied carefully the able and fascinating work of Mr. Wallace on the Malay Archipelago cannot have failed to recognize with what a masterly hand the problems of distribution were there treated. There is no other field of natural history which the illustrious author has made so thoroughly his own. In the two volumes before us he exhibits an erudition fairly comparable with that which characterized Mr. Darwin's remarkable treatise on domesticated animals; and he has given us a work which quite throws into the shade everything else that has been published on the subject. The four grand divisions of the work treat of the means of dispersal of animals and the geographical condition which affect distribution; of the distribution of extinct animals; of the zoological regions of the earth's surface; and of the geographical relations of the chief families of land animals. For students of biology such a book needs no other recommendation than is given by the name of its author: all such students will welcome it as an invaluable and much-needed manual for daily reference. But to the general reader also it is of great interest, for it is a most powerful contribution to the defense of the famous

theory which Mr. Wallace thought out simultaneously with Mr. Darwin, and it is written in that simple and winning style which makes all Mr. Wallace's books so pleasant to read.

—The anonymous author of *The Jericho Road*¹ is clearly a person of strong, honest sympathies, possessed of a keen insight into several phases of character and of skill for the setting forth of his story. The book has been ascribed to several well-known Western writers, Robert Collyer and David Swing amongst others; the style being so simple as to sustain the imputation of baldness. But whoever the writer may be, the little book is one which we think he might safely and with satisfaction acknowledge. "While reading," he says in his preface, "of the poor fellow who had so hard a time on the road to Jericho, I have often wondered what would *have* happened had not the good Samaritan come along." The story is a vivid illustration of what might have happened, in that emergency, in Eastern Illinois, some twenty years ago, and has of course a general truth which the reader can easily apply to other circumstances under which helpless, inoffensive men are crushed out of life by men and women pretending to be Christians. The first half of the tale is less good than the latter half, in which a greater variety of character appears. The counterfeiters are especially well represented, there, and the figure of Lem Pankett, the wretched hero, assumes an interest which the author fails to give it in the beginning. A richer, stronger style and a greater degree of art would have remedied this as well as other defects; and if the writer is not too old to learn, we think there is reason to expect from him work of equal interest with this, and more lasting value.

—The author of *Student Life at Harvard*² has attempted, he tells us in the preface, "to give a faithful picture of student life at Harvard University, as it appeared to under-graduates then, rather more than half a score of years ago." He also feels that "he will be found to have given a full, if not a brilliant, exposition of the subject. Memoranda made immediately after the occurrence of the incidents described form the basis of the book, while a large portion of the chapters on boating were borrowed from the diary of a well-known Harvard oarsman." Nobody will deny the fullness of his

¹ *The Jericho Road; A Story of Western Life.* Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1877.

treatment of the subject; everything finds its place in the book, from the agony of the entrance examination to the series of engagements that distinguish Class Day; everything, that is, except the studies to which just so much reference is made as will enable the inexperienced reader to perceive that the scene is laid at a place devoted to the instruction of youth. It is, perhaps, possible to suggest that in aiming at fullness certain other qualities which are yet of considerable importance in a work of fiction have been overlooked. It is true that a number of incidents have been strung together which once gave considerable delight to callow youth, but it is hard to imagine any one retaining for a dozen years sufficient pride or sufficient interest in them to consider these specimens of rowdyishness worth being lugged from their deserved neglect to serve as fair examples of the amusements at the college in that time. A novel is not necessarily good, because most of the events described are true, and it is not a crushing answer to an unfavorable criticism to say that if the things really happened no one has a right to blame the man who recorded them. Those who were in Harvard College at the time, not photographed, but, if the expression can be used, tin-typed this novel, will recall much of the book; but they are greatly to be pitied if they have no pleasanter recollections of those four years of their youth, recollections that find no place in this chronicle of horse-play and worse. The tone of the book, in spite of the priggishness of Villiers, is bad and demoralizing, for even in the remote antiquity of a dozen years the life of the students was not wholly made up of running away with horse-cars, abusing fellow-students, gambling, and general rakishness; and even the carefully disemboweled oaths this author uses give no fair specimen of the ordinary conversation of the time. It is not a trivial matter, the injustice done a great college by a novelist who lets his scrap-book take the place of invention, and a boyish pride in things he ought to have been ashamed of a dozen years ago take that of the imagination. Moreover, serious objection should be raised against the free caricature of the faculty of the college; it is surely anything but good manners to put into print anecdotes about a number of gentlemen still living, and what anecdotes! They are absolutely decrepit with unven-

² *Student Life at Harvard.* Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1876.

able old age, and however entertaining they may have been to this author during the first week of his residence at Cambridge, there would seem to be no pressing need for this renewal of his childish delight in calling his instructors by derisive nicknames, and for trying to misrepresent their ways and turn them to ridicule.

Serious condemnation of the construction of the novel is superfluous, for it falls to pieces by its own weight; languid love affairs, enlivened by the merry game of Copenhagen, form part of the book, and the faithful reading of Tom Brown at Oxford is shown by the diluted passion of the hero for a milliner girl on Harvard Square, — really an heiress defrauded of her rights, and restored to them by the exertions of an undergraduate who transacts what business is necessary at the probate court. It is singular to find the students of that time reported as using the word *chum* when addressing one another; they might equally well say *comrade* so far as naturalness goes. We may add, too, for the benefit of those who were contemporaries in college of Sam and Villiers, etc., that the most noticeable flight of the author's imagination is that which represents the class flimsily disguised in this book as victorious in all its boat races.

—In reading over again Mr. Lowell's three Centennial odes,¹ now collected from the pages of *The Atlantic* into book form, we have been struck anew with the great number of great lines in them. The poems are all in a lofty air, and the passages that mark a still vaster height are to be best appreciated when one's sympathy has attained the mood from which they spring, through study of the entire poems. But they are also of that instant fitness which makes verse memorable, and serviceable for common minds visited by glimpses of things too fine and good for common phrase; and it seems as if they must become the language of all those who wish to speak as strongly as they feel concerning our country and her fame. Of men who rush on death in a high cause, what better can be said than is said of the "embattled farmers" at Concord: —

"They felt the habit-hallowed world give way
Beneath their feet, and on they went,
Unhappy who was last.

Man's Hope, star-girdled, sprang with them,
And over ways untrod the feet of Doom strode on.

¹ *Three Memorial Poems.* By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

And yet the enduring half they chose
Whose choice decides a man life's slave or king.

For manhood is the one immortal thing
Beneath Time's changeful sky,
And, where it lightened once, from age to age
Men come to learn, in grateful pilgrimage,
That length of days is knowing when to die."

As for the magnificent passage beginning "I, Freedom, dwell with Knowledge," it might fitly be the *vade mecum* of every American who would think as coolly as he feels warmly about America; it seems to us a final expression of common sense and political wisdom; and as for the following lines from the Centennial Fourth of July ode, when was ever one sort of truth about our country half so sweetly and nobly said?

"She builds not on the ground, but in the mind,
Her open-hearted palaces.
Her march the plump mow marks, the sleepless wheel,
The golden sheaf, the self-awayed commonweal;
The happy homesteads hid in orchard trees
Whose sacrificial smokes through peaceful air
Rise lost in heaven, the household's silent prayer;
What architect hath bettered these?
With softened eye the westward traveler sees
A thousand miles of neighbors side by side,
Holding, by toil-won titles fresh from God
The lands no serf or seigneur ever trod,
With manhood latent in the very sod,
Where the long billow of the wheatfield's tide
Flows to the sky across the prairie wide."

In another line the poet sums up and utters the best that America means for the race, where he says, —

"That none can breathe her air nor grow humane,"
— a truth that broadens and deepens as you think of it.

Not merely the patriotic inspirations are memorable in these poems; there are other lines and passages whose beauty and freshness and wisdom must commend them to more universal moods: —

"Words pass as wind, but where good deeds were
done

A power abides, transfused from sire to son."

"Long-trained in murder-brooding forests lone."

"Who find no genius in a mind so clear
That its grave depths seem obvious and near."

"No broken arch that ministers
To some sad instinct in the breast."

"Poets, as their heads grow gray,
Look from too far behind the eyes,
Too long-experienced to be wise
In guileless youth's diviner way;
Life sings not now but prophecies."

"God of our fathers, Thou who wast,
Art, and shalt be when those eye-wise who flout
Thy secret presence shall be lost
In the great light that dazzles them to doubt."

Such verses are the points that must always take the light first, but to praise them alone would be meagre recognition of the odes, in which power and grace are allied in a beauty strong and distinct as that of bronze. The Commemoration ode came before them, and that remains supreme; but it does not obscure them; and we think most will agree with us that these three odes have an advantage in being grouped together for a continuous reading. Their variety and their harmony are at once apparent, and perhaps the reader will revise his judgment, as we own we have done, concerning their comparative merits. The Fourth of July ode now seems to us richer in special passages than either of the others, and its fragmentary character is less striking than it was when first printed; it has a fine unity which will more and more appear. Of course the lyrical superiority of the Concord ode is obvious; there is a thrilling and picturesque expression, as in the lines,—

"Dance in your jollity, bells,"

"The bay of the deep-mouthed guns,
The gathering buzz of the drums,"

which the other odes lack; and they contain no strophe so good in their way as those beginning, "Whiter than moonshine upon snow," and "Our fathers found her in the woods." But the ode Under the Old Elm is easily better in perhaps better things; certainly it seems to have come from a tranquil mind, and in its broad, strong movement is the sense of repose which one misses in the Concord ode. Shall we own also that we like it better for those touches of irrepressible humor which freak its gravity here and there? If it were well to have Washington characterized in his great completeness, surely it was also well to have his men's quaint manliness sketched so deliciously as in these lines:—

"A motley rout was that which came to stare,
In raiment tanned by years of sun and storm,
Of every shape that was not uniform,
Dotted with regimentals here and there;
An army all of captains, used to pray
And stiff in fight, but serious drill's despair,
Skilled to debate their orders, not obey;
Deacons there were, selectmen, men of note
In half-tamed hamlets ambushed round with
woods,
Ready to settle Freewill by a vote."

—Of the first eight volumes of Mr. Longfellow's happily imagined collection of Poems of Places,¹ four are devoted to England

and Wales, one to Ireland, and three to Scotland, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden. The first volume opens with a few—too few—introductory passages of the editor's exquisite prose, touching travel and the companionship in famous places of the poets without whom the world would be unstoried, and then, except in some of his sparingly quoted verse, he appears no more throughout the work. But his taste, catholic and generous as it is refined, is constantly felt; and the touch of his delicate fancy is no less perceptible in the arrangement of certain features. He is to make, in this collection, the tour of the globe, and he begins with Montgomery's poem of A Voyage Round the World. Then comes Allston's America to Great Britain; his own Lighthouse watches us out of sight of shore; Dr. Holmes's fine interpretation of the poetry and picturesqueness of The Steamship follows, with Whittier's poem on The Atlantic Cable; then with Byron's lines on the Ocean, passages from Shakespeare and Goldsmith on Traveling and The Traveler, and other poems of like associations, we make our imaginary voyage across the Atlantic, and are landed in England at the Inn of which Shenstone wrote.

The order of the selections is alphabetical, but in the case of each country the more strictly local poems are preceded by some pieces generally patriotic and descriptive; in the case of England, where alone this does not happen, there follows the alphabetic close a number of compensatory miscellaneous poems. The editor has not confined himself to such poems as could be given entire, but has availed himself of passages concerning places wherever he has found them in longer poems; and he uses translations as well as pieces originally English, as soon as he leaves the air of English speech. Doubtless because of their length and the difficulty of quoting from them, few of the old ballads or extracts from ballads are given; but the reader has nowhere to complain of the meagreness of the collection. The editor's trouble must have been to keep it within any reasonable bounds; and though it was not possible to make any selection of the sort without omitting pieces dear to the taste or affection of some one, we think the editor will be blamed rather for the liberality of his choice, by the hasty critic. We think, also, that this critic will reconsider his judgment on a second or third examination of the volumes, and will find himself in a grateful and contented mind

¹ *Poems of Places*. Edited by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877

with them. He need not on this account, of course, relinquish the secret conviction that he could himself have done much better. The collection is, indeed, not only remarkably successful, but is, aside from the proper interest of the various poems, curiously entertaining and instructive. In the volumes devoted to England and Wales alone, Wordsworth is quoted no less than eighty-five times, so much more universally descriptive is that poet than one would have thought; and yet we missed from poems on Durham the ballad of the little girl whose cloak caught ruinously in the wheel of the chaise! Of Byron there is as singularly little as there is curiously much of Wordsworth; we only find him five times; but he will doubtless appear the more abundantly abroad, when we come to the Latin lands and the favorite haunts of the guide-books. It is odd, also, to observe how much more localized the modern poetry is than the old; perhaps the exclusion of the ballads leaves the balance greater; but the taste for landscape-writing, brought in by Rousseau, must account for a vast real preponderance. The old poets name the place where something happened; the moderns seem to fondle the scenes with which they have personal or literary associations.

The English poems are better than the Scotch, and the Scotch better than the Irish, for the reason that the Scotch and English are better poets. After Moore, in his cream-laid verse, Mr. Aubrey de Vere seems chiefly to support the claims of Ireland to a place in serious and polished poetry; there is enough of the Father Prout and the half-comic sort, and a little of the really sweet and pathetic, with much of the tiresomely patriotic and the indefinitely lyrical. Kitty of Coleraine seems one of the best poems of places ever written about Ireland; the less strictly localized pieces under the title of Miscellaneous at the close of the volume are finer than any equal number of the others, except those by Allingham and Campbell.

Among the Norwegians poems, the reader will give a high place to those by Mr. Boyesen, which were written in English and first published in this magazine.

We shall have more to say of this collection as the succeeding volumes appear. But it is not now too early to recommend it as a poetic library of an unique and charming kind. It is the fit companion of every cul-

tivated and sympathetic traveler; to home-keeping wits of the same quality it should equally approve itself; and it cannot help teaching all readers to love poets and poetry more.

—There is a good deal of sameness about Mr. Chadwick's metrical pieces.¹ They have the air—though it may be a misleading one—of having been written with too great an ease: they are lucid and limpid statements of emotion, rather than poems. With but few exceptions they start from some slender basis of fact and thought, and pass by similes or abrupt transitions into a closing strain of devout aspiration. The suggestion is often extremely slight; anything, apparently, will serve; and the Picnic Song and many of the other pieces headed Times and Seasons contain absolutely nothing entitling them to preservation. A vein of sentimentality runs through the whole of this small volume, which will be distasteful to readers who look for the deeper dignity of poetic feeling. The Harbor Lights is a pretty ballad which escapes this taint; The Golden Robin's Nest would be wholly captivating by its pensive fancy were it not for the uncalled-for silliness of calling birds "birdies;" and some of the sonnets have a gravity that lifts them above the general level of the collection.

—The American Architect and Building News,² which has completed its first volume, is a publication which ought to reach many readers outside of the profession to which it is more directly addressed. Hardly any person desirous of a really liberal art culture can afford not to read it. Apart from the interest which all people who have built or hope to build a house must have in seeing and reading of houses which other people are building, it has claims of a genuine sort on the otherwise general reader. We have observed in *The Architect* a constant purpose to treat professional questions in their largest relation to the interests of the community, while not neglecting their technical discussion. The selections and notes are always interesting, and the conscientiously thorough editing of the periodical is apparent in every number. Its literature is of a high order, and its treatment of such questions as come within its scope invariably good-tempered and dignified. As a record of what is doing in architecture throughout the whole country it is indispensable. It gives each week three or four

¹ *A Book of Poems.* By JOHN W. CHADWICK. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

² *The American Architect and Building News* Vol. I. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

designs for private houses and public buildings in heliotype illustration and with letterpress comment and description; and these designs of actually completed or projected structures form a most interesting testimony to our advance in the art which probably is the first to convey the idea of beauty to the common mind. We heartily commend *The Architect* to our readers. Its prosperity will be to the credit and advantage of the public no less than that of the architectural profession and all the building trades.

—To people used to the positive poverty of our own pictorial publications, and the comparative meagreness of the English illustrated periodicals, it will not be easy, by means of a literary notice, to give an idea of the choice richness of *L'Art*,¹ the Parisian art journal, now in its second year. We have at hand the four large quarto volumes into which the fifty-two numbers for 1876 are necessarily divided—a library of information and criticism which it will be the reader's fault if he does not make measurably an education in matters of art. Each weekly installment contains twenty-four pages of letterpress, the text abundantly illustrated with cuts which give a new sense of the beauty and force of wood-engraving; and to this liberal provision are always added one or more full-page engravings on wood, and one full-page etching. The subjects of the etchings are oftentimes from modern French painters, but sometimes they are reproductions of older pictures in galleries little visited by the copyist. For example, in the first volume for 1876 three or four etchings—the best of the whole year, to our thinking—are from portraits in the collection of Mr. William T. Blodgett, of New York (to whom, in connection with the Metropolitan Art Museum, an article is devoted); and private collections all over Europe are laid under contribution to make these etchings interesting. *L'Art* is kept informed, by correspondence and by careful editorial observance, of all that is of moment in art, not only in Paris and London but in all countries of the Continent and in our own; there is sometimes a letter from New York, and always notes of what our artists have done. In the preceding year, the two papers on *Contemporary Art* in Europe, contributed by Mr. William H. Hoppin to *The Atlantic Monthly*, which

had been translated in full and republished in an art journal in Brussels, were reviewed and flatteringly commented upon by *L'Art*; in a number for 1876, space is given to a long extract from articles whose singular value naturally found its best recognition where art-criticism is best understood. But these are very minor features of *L'Art*, however gratifying to us, so long used to being left out in the cold by Europeans where questions of art are concerned. Among its principal facts are the articles on eminent modern sculptors and painters, chiefly French and English; and among these we may invite the reader's attention first to the papers on Carpeaux, — that vigorous genius who seems to have been born to reveal in his portrait busts and heads a new hope for his art, so strong, so vivid, so real, and so original are they all. These papers, fully illustrated from his works, are three in number, but they only suggest the abundance of *L'Art* in such things. There is an article on Meissonnier, now so well known here and destined to be known still better by the engravings of his famous picture, "1807," purchased by the late A. T. Stewart, which forms the text of the criticism, and from which two figures of fiery action, the colonel and the trumpeter of the 12th Cuirassiers, are given. Frederick Walker, the English painter, is the subject of a long paper; Du Maurier, so familiar to us all by his book-illustrations and his pictures in *Punch*, of another; Turner and Claude Lorraine are considered together; there is a paper on Regnault and his method. It is useless to catalogue these things; the reader sees the scope and variety afforded. Another exceedingly interesting series of contributions to *L'Art* are the illustrated studies by different critics of villas, palaces, and churches in Italy, famous for a special richness of their decorations in picture and sculpture, studies whose charm for the Italian traveler, and whose use for all, whether they have seen the originals or not, one could not exaggerate. But it is not to the arts of design alone that *L'Art* is devoted; there is in these volumes a number of delightful sketches of great French actors in character, with notices of their lives and criticisms of their performance; and music is represented in papers on the great composers, conspicuously Verdi.

We touch *L'Art* at points, merely; as we said, it is hard to convey an adequate sense of its abundance and variety. It is simply a treasure; whoever has it knows all con-

¹ *Librairie de l'Art*. Revue hebdomadaire. Illustrée. Deuxième Année. Paris: A. BALLU, Éditeur. New York: J. W. Bouton.

temporary art and its springs; without it so much knowledge is scarcely accessible.

—Miss Owen's volume¹ will be found an interesting hand-book for travelers who in their search for the picturesque are casting about for those guides which shall enable them to dilate with the proper emotions before the masterpieces of early painting. This is, however, hardly a strictly accurate statement, for the picturesque is not what she has chosen for especial comment. She is a devout, unflinching follower of Ruskin, and that eminent authority has edited her work and so given it the stamp of his approval. His active work in the book is very slight; he has contributed a few notes here and there, correcting little matters of detail, but he has not inserted what in his brief preface he calls "the stormy chiaroscuro of my own preference and reprobation." This disclaimer, however, does not affect the main importance of the book, for Miss Owen is but the mouthpiece of Ruskin; she has imbibed every one of his theories with no attempt at discrimination, and consequently she disdains with rigid severity any compromise with such inferior excellence as is seen in Raffaele's pictures, for instance, where, according to Miss Owen, "exaggerated dramatic representation . . . is visible above all moral and spiritual qualities," a remark which has called forth Mr. Ruskin's warm approval and induced him to write, in a foot-note, "Intensely and accurately true." It is strange that he does not recognize the origin of this view, which is that of the whole book, namely, his own writings. But if we treat the book on its own merits, as if Mr. Ruskin had never put pen to paper, it will be found of value as a compendium of the history of art from its rude appearance in the Catacombs down to the time of the Renaissance. It does not supersede, nor is it intended that it should, books of greater research, like Mr. C. C. Perkins's *Tuscan Sculptors*, or the works of Lord Lindsay and others, but it condenses the information they contain, and so is well calculated to serve as the foundation for severer labor or to condense in the reader's mind a great deal of scattered reading. It does more than this, however; outside of Mr. Ruskin there is no slavish copying, and the author handles well a large amount of material, with not unfrequent gleams of originality, and certainly with a zeal far superior

to that seen in many art manuals. But rigid adherence to her creed and its founders carries her very far. While she is a sympathetic guide to Byzantine, Italian, and Teutonic art before the period of the great men who stand at the summit, she treats them with considerable scorn. Raffaele, as was to be expected, from Miss Owen's enlisting with the followers of Ruskin, comes in for the heaviest denunciations, and here most readers will part from her. Fortunately the main part of the book deals with his predecessors, whose merits are well and sympathetically written about. Some will admire her style, others again will be colder towards the sort of semi-eloquent sing-song into which English writers are apt to fall when they begin to write about pictures they like. Ruskin is more often really eloquent than not, but some later writers are confusing and obscure. Miss Owen inclines to this fault, but escapes its worst appearance.

If Raffaele is treated with undue severity, Mr. Holman Hunt has no cause to be displeased with what is said about his merits. Thus, in a foot-note we find, "The highest idealism is consistent with the fullest naturalism, as in many of Botticelli's pictures, or as in Hunt's Finding of the Saviour in the Temple." In comparison with these pictures Raffaele's "insipid sentimentality" marks his "work indelibly with the stamp of vulgarity; the vulgarity of minds capable of approaching familiarly the most ineffable subjects, without being detained by awe or inspired by love." Those who do not know Mr. Hunt's work cannot do better than look at some engraving of one of them at any picture-dealer's, and they will be able to judge for themselves of the great inconvenience of a theory to those who write about the fine arts.

—The central thought of *A Living Faith*,² by Mr. George S. Merriam, is that religion has mainly to do with right living. That conduct is the substance of religion; that religious emotion is not the staple of religion, but only a result and incident, and is in no way to be sought for itself, but is to come at the end of a long continuance in right living; that love is the principle of the universe; that justice is beneficent; that there is implanted in the breast of man the light of conscience, which guides him, — these thoughts are presented by Mr. Mer-

¹ *The Art Schools of Medieval Christendom*. By A. C. OWEN. Edited by J. RUSKIN, Ch. Ch., Oxford, Slade Professor. London: Mosley and Smith. 1876.

² *A Living Faith*. By GEORGE S. MERRIAM. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1876.

riam with such freshness and originality as to make them appear almost novel. The various chapters of the book were not written, the author tells us, with the intention of publishing them together, but the writer has nevertheless such a large sense of the relationship of his leading ideas that the book leaves upon the mind a very strong and unique total impression. It has great grasp and lucidity of thought and depth of feeling. It has also a quality which is the highest that a work of the kind can possess, and one which is rare—authority. The thoughts which with many writers are only thoughts, in Mr. Merriam's hands become realities. This authority is associated with an unusual degree of moderation. Along with the author's controlling sense of the vital difference between right and wrong, there is that tenderness which belongs to so much of the best literature of the time. The reader will be glad of the contact of such a firm and hopeful mind, and will be glad to look out with the eyes of one who has such faith in the soul and in the future of society, and who is able to assign such weighty reasons for his faith.

—The Rev. Mr. Field's volume¹ is not, properly speaking, a book. It is merely a series of letters written from Europe to a weekly paper, and now printed together. There is matter of interest in them, but they are often tedious and in no way remarkable. We had supposed that the day had gone by for incorporating even in collections of this sort an account of the Atlantic voyage so feeble as that in Mr. Field's opening letter. There seems to be no good reason why every one who goes abroad for health and is deluded into writing letters for the papers should fall in with the wasteful and idle custom of reprinting them with a binding.

—Every one who likes autobiography will be glad that the Earl of Albemarle reached the age of seventy; for on his doing so depended, as he tells us, his undertaking to write the volume of reminiscences just published in this country.² It is a thoroughly pleasant, entertaining book, containing much that is fresh and interesting in a biographical way, and many excellent anecdotes. The author, born in the last year of the last century, is the descendant of the Keppels of Guelderland, and of that Keppel who removed to England with Will-

iam of Orange in 1688, and became the king's trusted confidant and the first Earl of Albemarle. Being the third son of his parents, he did not succeed to the earldom until he was fifty-two; and, indeed, the whole story of his life is that of a person who has advanced in importance through a tenacious hold on life and the circumstance of his aristocratic connection, rather than by means of any very striking qualities of his own. Having been dismissed from Westminster school for a truancy, he found himself commissioned as an ensign in the army at the age of sixteen, and just in time to take part in the brief campaign of Waterloo. His record of personal experience in this great battle is exceedingly vivid and interesting. It appears, however, to have been the only occasion on which he saw active service. Most of his military life was passed as an aid in India; he was also Grand Equerry to the Duke of Sussex; his journey from India overland through Russia in 1824 supplied the material for a book which brought him some fame, and his visit to the Balkan in 1830 was the occasion of another volume. The first procured his promotion to an unattached majority; he sat in Parliament for a time, and was gradually advanced to be a full general of the army. The account of his earlier years gives a lively picture of the little Princess Charlotte, George IV.'s daughter, and some glimpses of Charles James Fox; but nearly every chapter is seasoned with reminiscences of the many distinguished and brilliant people whom the author, in his various capacities, had such excellent opportunities for meeting. Among these appear Tom Moore, Mrs. Norton, Theodore Hook, and Horace Smith, the only literary people who seem to have come nearer than the horizon of the writer. All is told with praiseworthy simplicity. The whole style and tone give one the impression of a very amiable person. The author has that faculty essential to autobiography, and apparently frequent in English men and women, which helps him to contemplate the smallest incidents with a pleased absorption. But there appears here and there a slight insensibility which may perhaps be inseparable from this disposition to pass one's life in review as a simply picturesque succession of anecdotes and encounters. For example, the earl, after narrating a most touching

¹ *From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn.* By HENRY M. FIELD, D. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877.

² *Fifty Years of my Life.* By GEORGE THOMAS, Earl of Albemarle. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1876.

story of Napoleon's harshness to a page, and his speedy contrition, on the morning of Waterloo, alludes to the emperor a little farther on as not possessing "a single redeeming trait," and as being "utterly devoid of human sympathy." It happens somewhat oddly that the other instance relates to the Duke of Wellington. It seems that Mrs. Patterson (afterwards Lady Wellesley), granddaughter of Carroll of Carrollton, was with Wellington at Brussels the year after the battle, and was very urgent to visit the field in company with the conqueror. He complied, and was so depressed by the memories thus recalled that he could scarcely speak a word during the whole evening afterward. One is naturally indignant at the sensational curiosity that could propose such an ordeal to a great general, merely to gratify a whim; but Lord Albemarle informs us with an air of urbanely surprised interest that the American lady often told him "that, desirous as she had been to visit so famed a spot under such auspices, she would not have made the request she did if she could have foreseen" the consequences. But the Earl of Albemarle makes himself entertaining enough to be forgiven this sort of shortcoming.

—Now that so many writers and publishers are engaged in pressing brand-new histories of the United States into the market, it becomes important to recall with what masterly completeness Mr. Bancroft has treated so great a theme; and the recent centenary edition of his history¹ gives emphasis to the recollection. This edition has been thoroughly revised by the author, and considerable excisions have been made; at the same time the several portions of the work have been gathered into greater uniformity and printed in a compact, excellent shape. Mr. Bancroft, as his old readers know, is at times diffuse, though this fault has been in part mitigated. He is less philosophical in the professedly philosophical portions of his writing than in his general mode of dealing with the subject: in the latter—that is, the comprehensive grasp of the whole matter, both in outline and in detail—he takes, we need hardly say, extremely high rank. Mr. Hildreth's history is more succinct; it is a little more facile in the reading; but no one can slight the wide-

spread surroundings of our history without narrowing its horizon very uncomfortably. It was a grand insight on Mr. Bancroft's part that he recognized this in the very inception of his plan. The history of the colonies, he says, was the history of the crimes of European governments; but it was also that of charters, and the minutiae of these are insufferably dry to all but professional students. Yet Mr. Bancroft had the independence of popularity which enabled him to push on indefatigably through this pre-revolutionary *débris* of documents; and no one who has not read the earlier volumes of his work can by any other means arrive at so perfect a conception, as they supply, of the fundamental nature of popular government in this part of the world. And American readers cannot be too grateful for the luminousness with which Mr. Bancroft has made clear the ultimate relations of our story with the story of the world. His European chapters, admirably forceful compends in themselves, continually throw open the portals which connect the annals of our northern half-continent with the great record-hall of the Old World. Nor do his descriptions of the war period of the Revolution fall short; they are rich in that impetuous accumulation of fact combined with reserve of statement which constitutes the best eloquence of historians. Our first great native historian will probably prove our best in his chosen direction. He is the explorer who has traced the great outline. Others may supplement and in part improve what Mr. Bancroft has done; but it is as true today as when Edward Everett first declared it, that this writer has superseded the necessity of any other attempting the same work.

—The Carlyle Anthology² is an excellent collection of pithy extracts from the works of a man whose views on many subjects have become a part of our inevitable inheritance of thought. Of Scott, Carlyle repeats, "No man has written so many volumes with so few sentences that can be quoted." Curiously enough, that is one reason why he can't be "condensed." Like suits like, in this matter, and detachableness is a characteristic of Carlyle's style, often transiently concealed by a fuliginous cloud of words. This anthology, therefore, is a legitimate and useful work.

¹ *Bancroft's History of the United States of America. Centenary Edition.* Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1876.

² *The Carlyle Anthology.* Selected and arranged, with the Author's sanction, by EDWARD BARRETT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1876.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

*Un Coin du Monde*² is the title of as bright and amusing a French novel as has appeared for some time. To call it even a novel is to treat it with possibly excessive courtesy, for it has hardly the stuff to make an item in a newspaper; but the story, slight as it is, is so well told, with such pleasing grace and naturalness, that those who for a long time have missed the once abundant supply of French novels will gladly take up the book, and let themselves be entertained and possibly puzzled by its well-constructed plot. All that the story tells is the social contest between a charming marquise, Madame de Livonne, whose character is beyond reproach, and Madame de Garges, whose reputation is slightly tarnished. In the letters of these two women and of the other characters, we have set before us the wrath of the first-named lady at finding that the other has succeeded in getting herself invited to act with her in a play which is soon to be performed, and Madame de Garges' joy at being successful in her little intrigue. With this the book opens, but soon more important game is started, and gradually the plot unrolls into something more serious. Still, it nowhere takes the reader into very deep water, and it is not the story which will give him especial pleasure, but rather the neat way in which it is told. The device of constructing a novel out of the letters of the people is one that has survived a good deal of abuse, and when it is employed, as it is here, to let the story tell itself, as it were, rather than be told, where formality would seem absurdly pompous, it does very well. It should be remembered, however, that it needs a light hand to avoid in the letters that solemnity which has its equivalent on the stage in the serious conversations between two characters, where bringing chairs to the footlights prefaces a long recital of the past and tiresome explanation of the present. Even in this little book it is possible to wonder whether an accomplished intriguer would ever confess to a friend quite such guile as is expressed in some of the letters of the evil-minded heroine; but yet it is possible in fact and is necessary for the good of the story, and so may be pardoned.

This objection being done away with, there is no further complaint to be made against the little novel, of which after all the sole merit is that it does what it undertakes to do in a neat way. It brings a whiff of elegantly easy workmanship to the reader and then it stops, and one wonders at its triviality and finds it hard to see what he fancied so much. The book itself is a cipher, but it is useful as a reminder of some of those qualities which the French alone possess and which have a value in the eyes of those who care for grace and ingenuity. It is easy to exaggerate their importance, but it is also easy to overlook them entirely.

— In *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*³ the late M. Fromentin collected the essays he had written for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* recording the impressions made upon him by a visit to the art galleries of Holland and Belgium. There is this great merit in the book, that it was written by an artist and not by a literary man; for an artist when he can write at all is surely the man best fitted to discourse upon pictures. Although the painter paints for the world at large, the average opinion of the world at large with regard to his work is not necessarily of the highest value, and is naturally made up of dilutions of the opinions of different critics who have given the pictures more or less study. These often do well, and it would be foolish to decry them as a class, but all of them, save such as are exceptionally accomplished, must be insensible to many of the qualities which a painter, from his tastes and training, is capable of perceiving without difficulty. His testimony then is likely to be of value, for he can come nearer to putting himself into the artist's position and to seeing what it was he tried to express and the way he set about expressing it than can the literary critic, who may be sensitive to the impression made upon him by the work of art, and may comprehend its picturesqueness, while he is comparatively insensible to the artistic value of its execution. A musician will always be the best judge of the beauty of Beethoven's symphonies, for instance, not merely because he will have the best understanding of the technicalities of composition, which is, however, a great deal, but because his nature is one to which music especially speaks; and in the same way an artist will derive from a picture a

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

² *Un Coin du Monde*. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1876.

³ *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*. Belgique, Hollande. Par EUGÈNE FROMENTIN. Paris: E. Plon et Cie. 1876.

sympathetic pleasure which laymen will perhaps feel, but with less intensity. Any question of this sort is to be settled, if it is to be settled at all, by examination of the individual cases rather than by statement of general principles, and, putting this test to Fromentin's book, the balance will be found to turn in favor of the artist's judgment about the pictures he visited and wrote of. His whole merit would fall to the ground if it were not that he is also the master of a fine literary style. His books had already brought him a good deal of fame; *Un Été dans le Sahara* is in its way really a masterpiece, so brilliant and glowing are the descriptions of the tropics, and his novel, *Dominique*, is a very able production. Consequently, he was well equipped for his task; he had something to say and he knew how to say it, for his style in this book is wonderfully inspiring and earnest. He spoke from a full heart.

The first part of the volume treats of Rubens at considerable length, and it is really pleasant to find a good word said for a master who receives a great deal of formal admiration and very little that is really felt. All the rest of us acknowledge his greatness and echo more or less rapturous praise of his skill and talent, but there are few who can say why they admire him. Now Fromentin praises Rubens with real eloquence; he admires him as a man and as a painter, and he sets forth all his merits clearly and enthusiastically. It is with especial zeal that he descants on his value as a painter, on his swift and ready invention, on his mastery of color. A few lines may serve to exemplify his manner: "Continually to make use of nature, to take individuals in real life and introduce them into his fictions, was with Rubens a habit, because it was one of the necessities, a weakness as much as a power of his mind. Nature was his great, inexhaustible store-house. What was it he really sought? Subjects? No; he borrowed his subjects from history, from legends, from fable, from Holy Writ, and always more or less from his fancy. Attitudes, gestures, expressions? Still less; the gestures and expressions came naturally from him, and by the logic of a well-conceived subject were derived from the necessities of the action he had to represent, which was generally dramatic. What he asked of nature was what his imagination furnished only imperfectly, when he had to

represent a person alive from head to foot, that is to say, definite characters, individuals, and types. These types he accepted rather than chose. He took them as they existed about him in the society of his time, in all ranks and classes, indeed in all races, — princes, soldiers, ecclesiastics, monks, tradesmen, blacksmiths, boatmen, hard-working men especially." This disconnected fragment is hardly of more service to the reader than would be a sentence of a speech he might hear in passing by the open door of a public hall, but it may indicate Fromentin's energy. When he comes to speak of Rembrandt's *Ronde de Nuit*, we find him critical, and he refrains from praising the picture, as is generally done, on account of its unsatisfactoriness in representing that painter at his best. The portraits, he claims, can hardly be held to be life-like, the construction of the picture was one enforced upon the artist rather than one chosen by him, and the coloring which has been so extravagantly admired is not impressive. At any rate, Fromentin's views are more fairly found in his book, and he always gives his reason for praising or blaming what he sees. He does not simply record inconsequent impressions, nor if he does not like a man's pictures does he rest contented with putting all the blame on that man.

— M. Chotteau has written a history of what was done by the French in America during the war of the Revolution.¹ It bears marks of having been put together to fill the popular demand for information, in France, about what we are now celebrating with much fervor; but this does not harm the book, even if it excludes it from the rank of real authorities on the subject. M. Laboulaye has written a characteristic preface.

— A book on Corneille² is not one that is likely to call forth rapturous expressions of joy from most English-speaking readers of the French. That great dramatist has a reputation that is carefully handed down from one generation to another, inclosed in a number of admiring adjectives, and is seldom put to the test of a new examination. His plays are read by those who are learning the language and hardly by others, and there are not many foreigners who enjoy them as they are enjoyed by the author's fellow-countrymen. Even in France his fame rests on a few plays only, and not on

¹ *Les Français en Amérique*. Par LEON CHOTTEAU. Paris: Charpentier (New York: F. W. Christern).

² *Corneille Inconnu*. Par JULES LEVALLOIS. Paris: Didier. 1876.

his whole work. M. Jules Levallois considers this exclusion of part of Corneille unfair, and in his interesting book, *Corneille Inconnu*, he undertakes to show how much injustice has been done the poet. His book is interesting, because Levallois has a very real admiration for the dramatist, and although he fights what must be a losing battle, he does it with ingenuity and enthusiasm. He introduces some valuable chapters treating of different sides of Corneille. He shows how there grew the tradition that but a part of his work was good, and how unfairly Voltaire left his mark on the popular verdict concerning the greater part, of which it is not impossible that he felt some jealousy. It is pointed out, as has been done before, that the qualities which went to Voltaire's composition were by no means those which best capacitated him for comprehending a man of the seriousness, the dignity, and the reserve of Corneille, and the narrow quibbling of much of Voltaire's commentary is set in its true light. When Levallois undertakes to teach how much excellence there is in many of the unread plays he makes a very good show, and would seem to convict the French of excessive readiness to leave untouched a good part of the work of one of the greatest of their authors. That he proves his point can be both affirmed and denied: while he shows that much he presents almost for the first time to the reading public is of real merit, he yet does not make it certain that Corneille is a writer of uniformly equal excellence, but he does what is really as good in throwing light on the personal relations between Molière and Corneille, and the growth of the comedy from its beginnings in the *Menteur* until it was afterwards fully matured by Molière. The other chapters of Corneille's life, the manner in which he

filled his plays with distant reference to the politics of the time, his contest with Richelieu, his love matters, his money troubles, the account of his translation of the *Imitatio Christi*, are all set forth here, not always as anything new, but in such a way as to bring out what was finest in the great poet. This finest, too, was very fine; for, to leave the incidents of his life out of the question, there is no lack of nobility in his tragedies. It is interesting to read about his life because the most artificial speeches of his Gallicized Romans are full of so much that is noble, and in a way heroic, that we cannot help admiring the poet who wrote them, whose personality, moreover, is only half concealed under all the flowers of rhetoric of the conventional eloquence. But apart from that interest, there are all sorts of qualities in the poetry, which deserve praise. It is full of a sort of grandeur which is not one common in the world, and when all the objections are made and it is proved, as has been done by Lessing, that Corneille altered history without improving it, or that nothing could be less natural than this writing, there is a charm which ardent foes would acknowledge to be anything except a poetical one. But there are not so many books in the world from which a certain sort of pleasure is always to be derived, that we can afford to shun books because they do not come up to our notion of poetry. How many people are really sensitive to the beauty of a Greek play? And Corneille, in a less degree, should be taken on trust in the same way and without endeavoring to make him over again. If there are any who admire him, let them take up Levallois's book and they will learn to like him more. Those who despise him may in the same way learn to look upon him with less impatience.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

American Unitarian Association, Boston: Endeavors after the Christian Life. Discourses by James Martineau. Reprinted from the Sixth English Edition.

Annual Report of the President of Harvard College. 1875-76.

Aurora Public School. Course of Study and Manual of Instruction. Published by order of the Board of Education.

A. S. Barnes & Co., New York: The History of Liberty: A Paper read before the New York Historical Society, February 6, 1866. By John F. Aiken.

Richard Bentley and Son, London: Studies in English Art. By Frederick Wedmore.

J. W. Bouton, New York: The Epicurean. A Tale. With Vignette Illustrations by J. M. W.

Turner, Esq., R. A.; and Alciphron. A Poem. By Thomas Moore.

Robert Carter and Bros., New York: The Development Hypothesis: Is it Sufficient? By James McCosh, D. D., LL. D.

Catholic Publication Society, New York: Poems; Devotional and Occasional. By Benjamin Dionysius Hill, C. S. P.

Centennial History of Erie County, New York: Being its Annals from the Earliest Recorded Events to the Hundredth Year of American Independence. By Crisfield Johnson.

Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger, Philadelphia: The Centennial Frog, and other Stories.

Columbia College, New York: An Historical Sketch of Columbia College.

Darwin. By Robert McK. Ormsby.

Dodd, Mead, & Co., New York: Near to Nature's Heart. By Rev. E. P. Roe.—Jehovah-Jesus: The Oneness of God: The True Trinity. By Robert D. Weeks.—Religion and the State; or, The Bible and the Public Schools. By Samuel T. Spear, D. D.—Elsie's Motherhood. By Martha Farquharson.

J. B. Ford & Co., New York: Mothers and Daughters. Practical Studies for the Conservation of the Health of Girls. By Tullio Suzzara Verdi, A. M., M. D.—Footsteps of the Master. By Harriet Beecher Stowe.

William F. Gill & Co., Boston: The National Ode: The Memorial Freedom Poem. By Bayard Taylor. Illustrated.—Hold the Fort. By P. P. Bliss. With Illustrations by Miss L. B. Humphrey and Robert Lewis.

S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago: Viking Tales of the North. The Sagas of Thorstein, Viking's Son, and Fridthjof the Bold. Translated from the Icelandic by Rasmus B. Anderson, A. M., and Jón Bjarnason. Also Tegnér's Fridthjof's Saga. Translated into English by George Stephens.

Grim and Heath, Boston: A Manual of Instruction in Latin, on the Basis of a Latin Method. Prepared by J. H. Allen and J. B. Greenough.—Addison and Goldsmith. Pamphlet Sections of Hudson's Text-Books of Prose and Poetry.

Hanscom & Co., New York: A Song of America, and Minor Lyrics. By V. Voldo.

History of the Public School System of California. By John Sweet.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Condensed Classics. Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. Condensed by Rosier Johnson.

Hurd and Houghton, New York: Confessions of an English Opium-Eater, and Kindred Papers. By Thomas De Quincey.—Autobiographical Sketches. By Thomas De Quincey.—Literary Criticism. By Thomas De Quincey.—Colony Ballads. By George L. Raymond.—Public Health Reports and Papers. Volume II. Presented at the Meetings of the American Public Health Association in the years 1874-1875.

Legend of Nonnenwerth, and other Poems. By Mary T. Maloney.

Lindsay and Baker, Philadelphia: Poems. By Clement Biddle.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: The Teachings of Providence; or, New Lessons on Old Subjects. By Rev. J. B. Gross.—The Century: Its Fruits and its Festival. Being a History and Description of the Centennial Exhibition, with a Preliminary Outline of Modern Progress. By Edward C. Bruce. With Numerous Illustrations.—Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius. By Rev. James Davies, M. A.

Lockwood, Brooks, & Co., Boston: Christ in the Life. Sermons. With a Selection of Poems. By Edmund H. Sears.—Long Ago. A Year of Child Life. By Ellis Gray. Illustrated from Designs by Susan Hale, Julia P. Dabney, and Ellen Day Hale.

Macmillan & Co., London and New York: A Course of Practical Instruction in Elementary Biology. By T. H. Huxley, LL. D., Sec. R. S., assisted

by H. N. Martin, B. A., M. B., D. Sc.—Historical and Architectural Sketches: chiefly Italian. By Edward A. Freeman, D. C. L., LL. D. With Twenty-two Illustrations from Drawings by the Author.—Rambles and Studies in Greece. By J. P. Mahaffy.—Modern Physical Fatalism and the Doctrine of Evolution, including an Examination of Mr. H. Spencer's First Principles. By Thomas Rawson Birks, M. A., Professor of Moral Philosophy, Cambridge.—Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards First Marquess of Lansdowne. With Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence. By Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice. Volume III.

James Miller, New York: The Two Great Commandments. Sermons by the Rev. Orville Dewey.—Washington: A Drama, in Five Acts. By Martin F. Tupper.

Nelson and Phillips, New York: King Saul. A Tragedy. By Byron A. Brooks.

Noyes, Snow, & Co., Boston: Long Look House. A Book for Boys and Girls. By Edward Abbott. Silhouette Illustrations by Helen Maria Hinds.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: Captain Sam; or, The Boy Scouts of 1814. By George Cary Eggleston.—Boys of Other Countries. Stories for American Boys. By Bayard Taylor. Illustrated.—The Barton Experiment. By the Author of Helen's Babies.—The Plains of the Great West and their Inhabitants. By Richard Irving Dodge, Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. A. With an Introduction by William Blackmore. Illustrated.

Report of the Commissioners of Education for the Year 1875.

Report on the Geology of the Eastern Portion of the Uinta Mountains and a Region of Country adjacent thereto. With Atlas. By J. W. Powell.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: Reason, Faith, and Duty. Sermons preached chiefly in the College Chapel. By James Walker, D. D., LL. D., late President of Harvard College.—Sappho. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Franz Grillparzer. Translated by Ellen Frothingham.—Goethe's West-Easterly Divan. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by John Weiss.

A. Roman & Co., New York and San Francisco: Archology; or, the Science of Government. By S. V. Blakeslee.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: Roman History. The Early Empire. From the Assassination of Julius Caesar to that of Domitian. By W. W. Capes, M. A. With Two Maps.—The Adventures of Captain Mago; or, A Phœnician Expedition, n. c. 1000. By Léon Cahun. Illustrated by P. Philpoteaux, and translated from the French by Ellen E. Frewer.

Sheldon & Co., New York: A Complete Life of General George A. Custer, Major-General of Volunteers, Brevet Major-General U. S. Army, and Lieutenant-Colonel Seventh U. S. Cavalry. By Frederick Whittaker.

D. Van Nostrand, New York: Notes on Life Insurance. Third Edition, Revised, Enlarged, and Rearranged. By Gustavus W. Smith.—The Fleets of the World. The Galley Period. By Foxhall A. Parker, Commodore U. S. Navy.

MUSIC.

THE Christmas performance of Händel's *Messiah* by the Handel and Haydn Society was looked forward to with special interest by all who had heard that the oratorio was to be given this time with "additional accompaniments" by Robert Franz. The only score of the *Messiah* that is commonly used is Mozart's. Händel's score, in the shape it has come down to us, is but a mere skeleton, as far as the orchestra is concerned. It is well known that Händel himself was in the habit of doing much of the instrumental "filling out" at the organ when his works were performed. But there is great reason for believing that this was not the only completion of the meagre score of the *Messiah* that Händel used. A great deal of the instrumental part of the work was probably written out in the form of orchestral parts, and never embodied in the score itself. All these parts were unfortunately lost in the great fire that destroyed the old Covent Garden Theatre, in 1808. No duplicates have ever been discovered. Mozart did much toward completing the score for the performance of the work in Vienna, in 1789. Of course he had only the printed score to work upon. Internal evidence shows that he was much hurried in his work, for the first portion of it is, upon the whole, much better than the last. But, however admirable some parts of Mozart's score are (witness, "O thou that tellest," and "The people that walked in darkness"), the score is, upon the whole, unsatisfactory, it being in several places incomplete, and in other places totally at variance with Händel's style. We wonder what Händel would have said to Mozart's scoring of "I know that my Redeemer liveth"! If any one expected to find that Franz had done for the *Messiah* what he did so admirably for Bach's *Passion*, he was grievously disappointed on Christmas Eve. Franz did not work on Händel's score at all; he merely added some modest wind-parts to certain places in the Mozart score where their want was most painfully felt; he did not change a note of Mozart's, did not even fill up all the bare places he had left in his score. So the performance could not boast of much in the way of novelty, except that Mr. Lang, who had on previous occasions been accustomed to fill up the bare places

in the airs with soft, sustained chords on the organ, now let the orchestra have its own way, and used the organ simply to sustain the voices in the choruses. The result was that in the closing cadences of the airs, the only accompaniment to be heard was the dull rumbling of the double basses.

But, speaking of novelty, now that the Christmas performance of the *Messiah* has become a time-honored institution with us, and we are all so familiar with those portions of it which are generally performed, might it not be worth while to let us hear some of the numbers that have never been given here? There is in the *Messiah* an almost unworked mine of beauty. Why cannot we hear, for instance, the wonderful *curioso*, "He gave his back to the smiters," that forms the second part of the air, "He was despised," and the duet for contralto and tenor, "O death, where is thy sting"? The by no means great air, "How beautiful are the feet," might be cut out for once to make room for either of these. It would be refreshing to hear the effective chorus, "The Lord gave the word," once more after so many years' silence. The same might be said of "But thanks be to God." There is too much in the *Messiah* for the entire work to be given in one evening, but why must we always hear just the same portions of it?

The performance was up to the Handel and Haydn Society's best level. Mr. William Winch sang the tenor music excellently well, and we have never heard Mr. Myron W. Whitney sing with so much spirit and fire as he did in "Why do the nations." Miss Lillian B. Norton, a young graduate of the New England Conservatory, made her *début* in oratorio. This young lady, who possesses an unusually fine soprano voice besides showing much true musical instinct, made a marked impression in those portions of the soprano music of which she had previously made a special study, namely, in the recitatives in the first part, and in "Rejoice greatly." Mrs. J. W. Weston sang with admirable good taste and sincere reverence for the great music. Her performance might have been a more brilliant success with the audience had she not generously ceded her two most effective airs to the young *débütante*. Miss Matilda Phillips deserves all

praise for her really superb singing of the contralto airs and recitatives. She is an acquisition for all music lovers especially to congratulate themselves upon; an exceptionally fine singer with an exceptionally fine voice, and the true artist nature.

— We have before us two sets of songs by F. L. Ritter.¹ They are all interesting, many of them much more than interesting, full of real sentiment gracefully and musically expressed. We find in them none of those merely "conventional beauties which pedagogues and ragged-school teachers admire;" no attempts at galvanizing into mock life the mummies of dead musical forms. The way in which some few of them dissolve into vapor by the voice

part ending off the key instead of with the accustomed closing cadence may sound a thought affected, as if suggested to the intellect by the spirit of the text, rather than spontaneously growing out of the inspiration of the composer, but we would by no means condemn this sort of thing; we have only heard it better done by other writers. But it is pleasant to find songs of such a high character written, if not by an American, at least on this side of the water.

— C. Henshaw Dana's *In the Hushes of the Midnight*² has many fascinating effects of harmony, besides an easily flowing, singable melody. The whole song has a drowsy, poetical atmosphere about it, that is not wanting in charm.

EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY:—

DEAR SIR,—My article on Greek at Harvard College in your January number has called forth criticism of a kind that very much surprises me, coming, as it seems to do, from persons who have enjoyed the benefits of Harvard and Greek culture.

Every one who has criticised my article unfavorably has spoken of it as a violent and ill-natured attack upon Harvard College, written by a person profoundly ignorant of the facts he pretended to deal with. I am very sorry that my article should have any appearance of violence, or should have caused offense to any one. It was written with no such intent, as will appear from the following facts regarding its origin:—

In the autumn of 1875 I was asked, by the chairman of the visiting committee of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, to allow myself to be placed on the sub-committee appointed to examine into the condition of classical studies. I objected strongly, for reasons which seemed to me valid then, as they do now. I replied that I was unacquainted with the educational condition and needs of New England, as well as with

the standard of excellence which Harvard College aimed at, and that I did not wish to place myself, a stranger, in an invidious attitude, as presuming to criticise the work of men who were far better scholars than myself, and who must know their own business better than I or any one in my position could possibly know it. It was only after considerable suasion that I withdrew my objections and agreed to serve on the sub-committee. Having, however, once assumed a duty, I endeavored to perform it to the best of my ability. Aware how little insight into the value of a teacher's work can be obtained from a few visits to his classes, and unwilling to subject professors or tutors to that annoyance which comes from the presence of would-be critical strangers in a class-room, I refrained almost entirely from visiting the classes, and turned for information to other sources, namely, to professors, tutors, graduates, and students. The result of my inquiries I set down in a paper which, in the spring of 1876, I read before the sub-committee on classics, the chairman of the general committee being also present. I did so simply and solely for the purpose of seeing whether the information of the other

¹ *Six Songs*. Composed by F. L. RITTER. Op. 6. New York: G. Schirmer.

Fünf Lieder. Composit von F. L. RITTER. Op. 10. New York: Edward Schubert & Co.

² *In the Hushes of the Midnight*. Song. Words by T. B. ALDRICH. Music by C. HENSHAW DANA. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

members of the sub-committee, who were all graduates of Harvard and deeply interested as well as informed in all that related to her, coincided with what I had gleaned, and of correcting such false impressions as I might have received. The sub-committee voted unanimously that my paper, with certain corrections which they suggested, should either be made a special report to the board of overseers or embodied in the committee's general report. I agreed to rewrite the paper, making the necessary changes, and hand it over to the sub-committee to use as it should see fit. Desiring of still further criticism, however, I shortly after handed my MS. to the head-master of the Roxbury Latin School, who very kindly sent me some valuable notes on it. He was so pleased, however, with the paper generally, that he called together a meeting of Latin school and high school teachers to hear it read. At that meeting I listened attentively to all objections, and did my best to remember such as appeared to me valid. It was only then that I ventured to rewrite my paper and give it the form in which it appeared in *The Atlantic*. As soon as it was finished I carried the MS. to a meeting of the sub-committee, and handed it to the chairman with the request that it might be sent to each of the members in turn for perusal and approval, before being used as a report to the board of overseers. Unfortunately, I cannot tell how many of the members did peruse it, but I know it came into the hands of the chairman of the general committee, who embodied its main suggestions in his report, which report was afterwards adopted by both the general committee and the board of overseers. The MS. was finally returned to me by a member of the sub-committee, with a note containing expressions of interest and none of disapproval. I then thought I had certainly done enough to justify me in believing that my paper was free from misstatements, and I still think that the gentlemen who formed the sub-committee were as competent judges and as good authorities as any of those who have virulently criticised me.

It was at the suggestion of members of the sub-committee and other gentlemen interested in the progress of classical studies that I ventured to hand my MS. to you. When I did so, I expressly authorized you to let it appear with my name, if you should so prefer. I have no need or desire to use the cloak or the *prestige* of any periodical for what I hold to be the truth. And, notwithstanding all that has been said, I be-

lieve that my paper contains very little that is not strictly true. For that little I am very sorry. One of my illustrations was unfortunate, the facts upon which it was based having occurred much less recently than I had been led to suppose; still it is true that a gentleman, now teaching Greek in Harvard College "did once put the declension of *μῦσα* in one of the papers, and the majority of the candidates did make some mistake in it." Matters are no doubt very much improved at the present day; but I do not think that my illustration conveyed any incorrect impression, since I find that in a semi-annual examination given to the *best division* of a recent Sophomore class, not one student in ten was able to parse all of five parts of Greek verbs, although these were not in any way specially difficult. It is not long since another teacher of Greek in Harvard College said to me, speaking of students of Greek, "They don't know anything," a remark which need not be taken too literally. Whatever may be said of my illustration, the fact remains that candidates for admission to Harvard College do come up, for the most part, miserably prepared and for the most part very unfit to enter upon a profitable course of study in Greek.

In my whole paper, so far as I yet know, there is but one statement calculated to convey an erroneous impression, and that I now most cheerfully correct. I wrote, "No graduate of Harvard ever left it with a knowledge of Greek sufficient to enable him to read at sight any important literary, historical, or philosophical work in that language." This, I find, is misleading. Two gentlemen, graduates of Harvard, have publicly informed me that they formed exceptions to my "sweeping assertion." The first is T. W. H., of Newport, R. I. (I have been accustomed to respect these initials as attached to profound articles in *The Woman's Journal*), who affirms that he "not only could, but did, read at sight, after graduating, such authors as Herodotus, Homer, and the dramatists, excepting, of course, the choruses, which are notoriously more difficult," and adds, "What I did, hundreds of others must have done as well, and dozens of others better." As Mr. T. W. H. has surely too much logical fairness and modesty to allow him to introduce an *argumentum ad hominem* and instance his own scholarship, if he could cite with certainty any other, I must be allowed to look upon the latter assertion as merely a surmise, and, I think, it is a mistaken one. Mr. T. W. H.'s fel-

low-claimant for Greek scholarship is a writer in *The Springfield Republican* to whom I do not find it necessary to say anything.

The truth of the matter seems to be that "in former times, before the elective system was fairly introduced, when every student had to take his chance in an alphabetical section in the required Greek for three years, it was not very common for students to attain any great ease in reading Greek outside of their college course. Still, *some even then studied it by themselves*, and gained no slight knowledge of Greek literature." This, I suspect, explains the cases of the two gentlemen above referred to, and it certainly adds to the credit of their achievement. But, after all, such unusual acquirement had nothing to do with their relation to Harvard College, and therefore does not come into any argument dealing with that institution. The informant, whom I have been quoting, and whose intimate knowledge of the facts of the case is beyond all dispute, goes on to say that, in the last six or seven years, the number of men who have left college able to read Greek has been somewhat greater than before, there having been "several" in every class. But even for those no more is claimed than that they could read Greek in which no difficulty was offered by either the subject or the choric form, while the smallness of their number, as compared with the number that take Greek and graduate, shows that their proficiency is not due to any demand which the college, looking to the general average of attainment, makes or could consistently make, but to spontaneous work on the part of the students themselves. On the whole, therefore, while my original statement was misleading, yet, taken with the reference which in my argument it plainly had, it was, so far as I can yet see, correct enough. And, after all, the objections made to two or three unimportant statements in my paper do not in the least touch the general facts of the case, or make less evident the need for a thorough-

going change in the matter of Greek study. All my critics, I think, have been frank enough to admit that there is great need for reform, and if I have contributed to make that fact more generally known, and suggested a possible method whereby the enormous waste of valuable time now expended upon the fruitless study of Greek may be prevented, without detriment to the students, I have done all that I desired to do.

There are many contested points in my paper, which I should be glad to discuss; but I must leave them, and will add only a few more words to guard myself against the suspicion of having tried to depreciate the scholarship of the professors and tutors of Harvard College. These gentlemen, who, I feel certain, knew from the first that I was the author of the paper in question, know also that I have the utmost respect for their scholarship and themselves. Some of them are my personal friends, and nothing could be farther from my mind than the thought of injuring either them or the institution which honors them with its confidence. The short-comings of the Greek at Harvard lie not at their door, but at that of a condition of public education, which they see as clearly and deplore as deeply as any one can. One of them writes to me: "The standard of preparation is very far below what it should be." . . . "No branches which are out of the courses of study required by the mass of boys and girls that throng our schools will ever be properly taught in them, and it will be long before people will find this out." Harvard College has selected for her professors of Greek not men who have contented themselves with what she was able to give, but men who have enjoyed all the benefits of education abroad; and she has, moreover, done her best, by instituting evening courses in which these gentlemen read the masterpieces of Greek literature in *English*, to make general that knowledge which only very few can obtain from the originals. Very truly yours,

THOMAS DAVIDSON.

